This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

206
8

LELAND·STANFORD·JVNIOR·VNIVERSITY

4 ws sf |

IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY.

Comann na Sgríḃeann Gaeḋilge.

VOL. I.

Giolla an Ḟiuġa

OR,

THE LAD OF THE FERULE.

Eaċtra Cloinne Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe

OR,

ADVENTURES
OF THE
CHILDREN OF THE KING OF NORWAY.

STANFORD LIBRARY

EDITED,

With Translation, Notes, and Glossary,

BY

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.,
(An Craoiḃín Aoiḃinn),
PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY;
PRESIDENT OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE, ETC., ETC.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY,
BY DAVID NUTT, 270 & 271, STRAND.
1899.

PRINTED AT THE
DUBLIN UNIVERSITY PRESS
BY PONSONBY & WELDRICK.

236483

15

PREFACE.

In addition to the information already given respecting the Society's foundation, aims, membership, and intentions, there is need only of a few words touching the work that lies before us, and the need of its being done.

It is of high importance that the great mass of MS. Irish literature of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, now exposed to the risks of destruction, much of it being in single paper transcripts, should be rendered safe and accessible in print. Much of the inner history and thought of the Irish people for the last three centuries is enshrined in these frail papers.

To the student of language the publication of modern and middle Irish texts is a real and long-felt need, and it is one that only a Society such as ours can hope adequately to satisfy.

That those who speak and read Irish, as well as those that are interested in the tongue and history of Ireland, should have trustworthy and handy texts of the standard literature of that tongue placed within their reach, is surely a laudable and moderate object.

The work of the Irish Text Society is to fulfil these wants. It is a work of national importance, but it has been left to private hands to carry out. Still, with sufficient support, and sufficient self-sacrifice and energy, it can be carried out by a Society of workers and helpers.

If, in the next twenty-five years, with far more copious and more interesting and more valuable material, we can do for Irish Literature, new and old, what the Early English Text Society has been able to do for old and medieval English Literature in the last twenty-five years, we shall not have existed in vain. We have also the encouraging examples of the Scandinavian Texts Societies, and the Anciens Textes Français. The good work done in a few volumes by the too shortlived Ossianic Society, and by the Irish Archæological Societies, is well known.

To our Irish members it is permissible to quote, once more, Hugh M'Curtin's lines, they put the case from an Irish point of view, perhaps, as well as it could be put:—

A uaisle 'Eireann áilne,
A ċrú na g-céimeann combáide,
Tréigiḋ ḃur d-tromṡuan gan ón;
Céimiḋ lomluaḋ ḃur leaḃar.

Trom an téiḋm so ṫarlaiḋ daoiḃ,
Idir mnáiḃ agus macaoiṁ,
Ar séanaḋ seanráḋ ḃur sean,
Cóṁráḋ solus ḃur sin̄sear.

Níor ḋealḃ an doṁan uile,
Teangaiḋ is milse mórṫuile,
De briaṫraiḃ is brioċtṡnuite blas,
Caint is ciaintilte cuntus.

Ma traiġtear tiobruid an ḟis,
Leaḃair uama a's iris,
Falaċ ḃur sgeul ni sgrios gan,
Gan fios ḃur g-céimean̄ coṫrom.

The work before us is happily work that all who care for knowledge and literature, whether Irish, Welsh, or Breton, whether Celt or non-Celt, can join in. There is plenty of scope for scholars of all grades—those who cannot edit can photograph or copy, those that care not for copying may have special gifts as collectors of living songs and tales, those that cannot collect may help with indices, etc. The work will not be light, and the patience, temper, and devotion of the I. T. S. will be tried before its objects are adequately accomplished. At least a beginning has now been made, thanks to the energetic and patriotic historian of native Irish Literature; and, though in our case it is not quite true that Túꞅ maiṫ leaṫ na h-oibꞃe, still a good beginning is something to augur hopefully from.

F. YORK POWELL,
Chairman, I.T.S.

July, 1899.

giolla an ḟiuġa

OR,

THE LAD OF THE FERULE.

---

eaċtra cloinne ríġ na h-ioruaiḋe

OR,

ADVENTURES OF THE CHILDREN OF THE KING OF NORWAY.

INTRODUCTION.

The two stories, printed in this first volume of the Irish Texts Society, are specimens of two different classes of tales which were, almost up to the present day, very popular with the native Irish, but of which scarcely a single specimen exists in print. For this reason I have chosen to edit them here, not, of course, as fair specimens of Irish literature, but as specimens of a peculiar class of story, which it is hoped will be of interest to folklorists, and which, on account of the good and idiomatic language in which they are couched, will offer a moderately easy reading-book to students. The first of these, "The Adventures of the Lad of the Ferule," has, in language and general character, a much closer relationship to the still-existing folk-tale as it survives, even yet, upon the mouths of old men, than has the second one, which is more antique in language, and more literary in expression. It will be well to say a few words about each story separately.

I.

"The Adventures of the Lad of the Ferule" was first mentioned by Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady in a list of thirty or forty popular stories of the same kind, which he printed in his preface to the Fenian tale of "Diarmuid and Gráinne," published by him for the Ossianic Society in 1857. This particular tale, however, appeared to have been lost, for M. D'Arbois de Jubainville did not find a single copy of it in any of the libraries which he searched while compiling his catalogue of the Epic Literature of Ireland. Old John O'Daly, of Anglesea-street, had a copy, but when he died, his invaluable collections of modern Irish manuscripts were not purchased by the Royal Irish Academy, as they might have been for a few pounds, but were allowed to be dispersed to the four winds of heaven, and to be hopelessly lost to the country. I saw some of them years later in Quaritch's. After this I was under the impression that this particular story was lost, and I was agreeably surprised to come across an excellent copy of it in a well-written and voluminous manuscript, compiled during the first part of this century, by one Michael O'Mongain or Mangan, which was lent me by my friend, Mr. Thomas Houlihan, of Killard, a farmer in the County Clare. Seeing that the story had so precarious an existence, I thought well to save it by printing it. Soon afterwards my friend Mr. Robert Stewart Macalister, by good luck, found another manuscript of the same story, made by Mr. Daniel Mac Cabe, of Banteer, which was lent him by Mr. J. G. O'Keefe, of the London Irish Literary Society. Of this he very kindly made me a transcript, and I have edited from a careful comparison between it, which I term B, and O'Mongain's manuscript, which I have made the base of the text, and which I allude to as A.[1]

To those who are unaccustomed to the ways of the traditional Irish storyteller, "The Lad of the Ferule" will appear entirely wanting in sequence, though it really is not altogether so. The story is briefly as follows:—First a mysterious stranger comes with a present of two wonderful hounds to Murough, son of Brian Boru—

---

[1] There is no very great difference between the two MSS., all the most salient differences of reading are given in the notes. Outside of these, the most marked distinction between them is the love of impersonal and passive forms in O'Mongain's MS., which are almost always translated into the concrete in the other. Thus, O'Mongain will write—(1) do h-éisteaḋ leis; (2) do fiafruiġeaḋ de gaċ aon; (3) dá dtiocfaoi, where MacCabe's MS. reads—(1) d'éist an ṁór-ċuideaċt leis; (2) d'fiafruiġ siad de gaċ aon; (3) dá dtiocfaḋ neaċ. Since writing the above I discovered yet a third copy of this story in Maynooth

he who afterwards perished at Clontarf—saying "they were sent by the Queen of Pride as a present." He then disappears, and there is no more heard in the story about him, or the Queen of Pride, or her message. Next, Murough makes a great hunting with his two hounds, and all his people desert him, so that he is unable to carry home his game. In this dilemma another mysterious stranger approaches him, and offers to carry it home for him, and to become his servant for a year if Murough will give him what he asks for at the end of the year. Murough agrees. What he asks for is a ferule to fit his stick. The only ferule that will fit it turns out to be, along with a caldron of marvellous powers, at the bottom of a lake in the care of a serpent. Murough kills the serpent, and recovers ferule and caldron. Then the mysterious servant seizes the caldron, and dives under the lake with it. Murough follows to recover the caldron, and finds himself in another land below the lake, which the story-teller equates with Tír na n-Óg, the Land of the ever-young. This country he finds ruined by a giant. He slays the giant, sets free the country, recovers the caldron, and returns.

Now, the reader familiar with Irish story-telling will understand at once that all this machinery of the hounds, the hunting, and the ferule, was put in motion by a mysterious being, a god in fact (a similar being appears in some stories as Lugh, and in others as Manannán), to the end, that he might save Tír na n-Óg. It is he who appears as the messenger with the two hounds, and an untrue tale about the Queen of Pride. It is he again who, having by means of his hounds placed Murough in a dilemma, takes service with him as his gillie; and it is he who finally entices him down into Tír na

---

College, with the following colophon—Iar na sgrioḃaḋ liomsa Eoġan Toibín ċum usáide agus ar uralaṁ easboig corcaiġe .i. an t-aṫair Seaġan O'Murċaḋ, an 6aḋ lá don ṁí December annsa mbliaġain d'aois ar dTiġearna 1817. My friend Dr. Hickey showed me this MS., which had been written for Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork. On a hasty perusal of it I could not see that it in any way materially differed from the copies I have used.

n-Óg, and makes use of him to set free the country. I feel quite certain that this is the way the story would be understood, and was meant to be understood, by all native Irish readers.

At what time this story was first composed, or at what time it was first committed to writing, there is no means of telling. But it is noticeable that, so far back as eight hundred years ago, Murough, son of Brian Boru, was credited with adventures in the fairy world. We read, in the Wars of the Gael with the Gaill, a work written in the end of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth century, that when Dúnlang, who had promised Murough never to abandon him, suddenly appears beside him on the very eve of the battle of Clontarf, Murough gently reproached him and said, "Great must be the love and attachment of some woman for thee which has induced thee to abandon me." "Alas!" answered Dúnlang, fresh from the embraces of his fairy sweetheart, "the delight which I have abandoned for thee is greater if thou didst but know it, namely, life without death, without cold, without thirst, without hunger, without decay, beyond any delight of the delights of the earth to me, until the judgment." "*Often*," said Murough, "*was I offered, in hills and in fairy mansions, this world and these gifts*, but I never abandoned, for one night, my country nor mine inheritance for them." It is quite possible that stories may have been current about Murough's exploits, adventures, and courtships in the land of faërie, and the present tale may be a survival of them. As to the fight with the serpent in the lake, compare the story of the Death of Fergus in "Silva Gadelica," from a text of the fifteenth century, and the serpent in the Táin Bo Traich from a text of the twelfth century. The language of this tale is modern, and it does not differ very much from what may be heard from old story-tellers of the present day. I suspect that it had been told for ages before it was written down, and that, in fact, it may never have been committed to paper at all until perhaps a century or two ago.

II.

"The Adventures of the Sons of the King of Ioruaidh" [or Norway?] is a specimen of a different stamp of story. It does not deal with Ireland at all, nor with Irish people. It is not a growth of the soil, nor a distinct folk-lore development, in anything like the same sense as "The Lad of the Ferule" is. It probably did not pass through the mouths of many generations as a folk-tale before it was committed to writing. It smacks of pen and paper and cumbrous invention far more than the other story. It contains ten different poems inserted in the text, and from at least one of these poems—see the last one, p. 194—containing allusions to circumstances not mentioned in the text, it would appear as though the prose had been partly built up upon them. There are in all 188 lines of verse. Seven of the poems are in a rather loose metre, a mixture of Cassbhairdne and Little Rannaigheacht, an unusual verse-form, which makes me think that these poems originated from the same hand, especially as they do not observe alliteration and are careless in form. Two of the poems are in Deibhidh metre, and one in Great Rannaigheacht, but alliteration and the finer niceties of verse are not observed in any of them. For some reason or other this story has always been a great favourite with Irish scribes, and it is contained in quite a number of existing manuscripts. The manuscript which I have taken for the basis of the text was written by one Aodh Mac Dómhnaill of, I think, the County Down, for Tomás O'Luinigh or Lenin in 1714. Although faultily spelt and carelessly written, I found it to be perhaps the most voluminous and best-told version of the story, and there is not in it such a confusing mixture of ancient word-forms with modern ones as in some of the other MSS. I made a minute and careful comparison of Mac Dómhnaill's text (which I term A), copied for me by my friend Tadhg O'Donnchadha, with the copy of the same story preserved in the fine MS. H. 2. 6 in Trinity College, Dublin, which professes to be a copy of the Book of Brian Maguire, a copy made in $17\frac{16}{17}$ by Seán Magabhráin. This fine manuscript contains 456 large pages, and the preface is sufficiently curious to give it here.

"Ag so leaḃar Ḃriain Ṁe Guiḋir, mic Concaḃair modara, mic briain, mic Seáin, mic Feiḋleime duiḃ, mic Giollaṗattraig, mic Eamuinn na Cúile .i. Maguiḋir, mic Ṫomáis óig, mic Tomais móir .i. aon ceann coṫuiġṫe agus congḃála ḟleaċta Giollaṗattraig mic Emuinn na Cúile, biataċ iomlán, congḃus teaċ aoiḋeaḋ prinsipalta le haḃaiġ uasal agus isiol, eigsi agus ollaṁan, aos ciúil agus oirfite, oide oileaṁna agus altruim na nord ccráiḃṫeaċ anaimsir persecution, deirceaċ agus tioḋlaiceaċ do boċtaiḃ do baintreaḃuiḃ agus do ḋileaċtuiḃ agus do deiḃleinniḃ dearóile De: duine do caill moran airgid le haṫnuaḋuġaḋ le sgrioḃa agus le fuasglaḋ iomȧd leaḃar o Ġallaiḃ agus o Gaeḋealaiḃ, ċum maiṫiosa na cundae, do ṁéaduġaḋ anma agus onora an cine da ḃfuil Dé, agus do cum a ḋul a leas agus a soċar da anam, agus go ndeacaiḋ.

"Jany. ye 2, 17$\frac{16}{17}$."

"Here is the Book of Brian Maguire, son of Concabhar the surly, son of Brian, son of Seán, son of Feidhlim the black, son of Gillapatrick, son of Eámonn *na Cúile*, namely, Maguire, son of Thomas óg, son of Thomas mór, namely, the one nourishing and upholding head of the race of Gillapatrick, son of Eámonn *na Cúile*, a complete hospitaller, who keeps a principal guest house for high and low, for poet and ollamh, for musicians and minstrels, the rearing and fostering teacher of the pious orders in time of persecution, giver and bestower of alms to the poor, to widows, and to orphans, and to the wretched impoverished of God; a man who lost much money in renewing, in writing, and in ransoming many books, from the foreigners and from the Gaels, to the good of the county, to increase the fame and honour of the race from which he is, to increase the glory and honour of God, and for it to go to the good and profit of his soul, and that it may!

"January the 2nd, 17$\frac{16}{17}$."

This excellent MS. which contains many old forms disused in the other[1] I call H. If two people attempted for a wager to say exactly the same thing in different words, they could hardly succeed better than A and H. In comparing them it was a perpetual source of astonishment to me how, without any alteration in the sense, the two manuscripts picked out different words and phrases to express precisely the same thought. The prototypes from which they were written were perhaps penned from the dictation of different story-tellers who each used his own words, while neither of them took the slightest liberty with the story itself.

---

[1] As "aroile" for "eile," noċa for ni, fil for tá, ol for ar, luiḋ for ċuaiḋ and verbal forms, ad concadar, do ronsat, noċar ḟeadsad, leansum ṫugsum, suiġeastar, etc.

Besides these I used three other more recent MSS., 23. L. 39 of the Royal Irish Academy [which I call L], a good Munster manuscript, written in a beautiful hand by one Seághan O'Domhnaill in 1778. Another marked 23. L. 27, written by Seághan O'Cinéide in 1738, and another, a northern manuscript, 23 A. 25, written by one Séamus Mac Ciarnáin, in a small duodecimo volume, in a large bold hand, in 1770. I have also, in my own possession, a fragment of the story in a beautiful but imperfect manuscript by a northern scribe of the last century, I think Patrick O'Prunty; but most of the pages are unfortunately lost.

I had completed my comparison of these MSS., and prepared my text from them, when, knowing that a copy of this story had been mentioned as having been found in Colgan's cell at Louvain after his death in 1658, I thought that I would search the Library of the Franciscans on Merchants Quay, Dublin, to try if it still survived, although neither D'Arbois de Jubainville, nor Sir John Gilbert who catalogued their books for the Government, mention it as extant. I was lucky enough, thanks to the kindness of the Librarian, Father O'Reilly, to find this very MS. It is one of various contents on paper, bound up in the remains of a beautifully-written old Irish vellum, under which is a second cover consisting of an illuminated Latin vellum, and it probably dates from the end of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth century. The writing is in many places very indistinct, through time and use, and it abounds so in contractions that it would be absolutely impossible to edit the story from it alone.[1] In my notes I have called it P. The story of "The Sons of the King of Norway" commences at p. 23 of the MS., and is continued to p. 54, when another and much later and poorer hand takes it up to p. 68. Then the story is continued in the original hand to its end on p. 83. This manuscript, which is, I believe, a northern one, abounds in curious forms, and contains traces of a language far more archaic than any spoken or written in 1600,[1] which makes me believe that this story was a written one in perhaps the fourteenth century, a fact which, except for the discovery of this MS., I should never have suspected. So far as the story goes, it does not differ appreciably from the modern manuscripts, and I have compared carefully with it a large portion of my text.

---

[1] Thus, the letter n with a stroke and dot over it stands not only for no but for naċ and neaċ. A stroke over ꞇ stands not only for ꞇan but for ꞇíꞃe. A stroke over ꝼ stands not only for ꝼéin but for ꝼuil. A stroke over an ꞅ stands not only for aċꞇ but for ꞅaoꞃ! Often only the initial letter of a word is given, and one has to guess the word from the context, as cl. ᵹ̄ ⁊ cl- ꝼ ⁊ cl- ꝺ, which stands for cláꞃ ᵹoꞃm aᵹuꞅ cláꞃ ꝼionn aᵹuꞅ cláꞃ ꝺuḃ, a fact one could not have guessed without another copy. This MS. also contains an imperfect copy of the Death of Cuchulain, the Breach of Magh Muirtheimhne, the Fight at the Ford, the Story of Cearbhall and Farbhlaith, and one hundred and nine pages of poems by such bards as Tadhg Dall, and Tadhg Óg O'Higinn, O'Gnimh, O'Ruanadha O'Hussey, Geoffrey *Fionn* O'Daly, Owen Magrath, Cearbhall *Buidhe* O'Daly, Conor *Ruadh* Mac Coinmidhe, Miler Magrath, Flann Óg Magrath, etc.

As this story also may appear somewhat confused to the reader, it will be useful to summarize it here, as follows:—The three sons of the King of Ioruaidh are out hunting one day when they meet a strange lady, Bright-eyed Féithlinn [Fay-lin], who, being herself under *geasa* [gassa], or enchantment, is desirous of having it taken off by the three warriors. She accordingly puts them under *geasa* to search the world till they find her out. They do not find her, but they meet an island and a palace, with a remarkable cat as its sole inhabitant. Afterwards they fall in with the daughter of the King of the White Men, whom they rescue. She tells them that the cat they had seen is Féithlinn, who had put them under *geasa*, and that she is her own half-sister. On learning this they sail away at once to seek again the cat and the island, but cannot find them. They are attacked by the son of the King of Sorcha,[2] but beat him off. They sail then with a great fleet to Sorcha, to avenge themselves, but all their men and two of themselves are slain there by treachery, the eldest brother Cod alone surviving. Féithlinn, who had originally put them under *geasa*, comes to Cod now in the form of a swan, and brings him a mantle to put round his slain brothers, which will keep them for ever as fresh as though they had been only just slain. She departs, and Cod meets the enchanted Lady Bethuinè, who is a descendant of the previous reigning house in Sorcha, whose people had been dethroned by the ancestors of the King of Sorcha whom Cod had just slain. She accordingly befriends him, and puts him on the track of a salve that can bring his brothers again to life. Cod goes in search of it, and reaches the Forest of Wonders, where many adventures befall him; and Bright-faced Sun, the daughter of the King of the Forest, befriends him, and gives him a magic rod. While he is with her, Féithlinn brings away the salve, and restores to life his two brothers, and on his return to Bethuinè, in Sorcha, he finds them alive there before him. He and Gold-armed Iollan, a warrior whom he had saved in the Forest of Wonders, sail to Greece, to restore to Bright-faced Sun her lover, who had been enchanted by the daughter of the King of Greece. They do this after hard fighting, and Cod returns with her lover to Bright-faced Sun. In the meantime, his brothers have been conquering the world, but meeting with the City of the Red Stream, which is surrounded by a river of fire, they cannot conquer that, but are themselves taken prisoners by Eiteall [Ett-yăl], daughter of the King of the World, who is chieftainness of the city. Cod and his friends hear this, and beleaguer the city. They are aided by a magic mantle given them by the King of the White Men, whose daughter, Féithlinn's half-sister, they had saved. The King of the World hears this, and assembles all his feudatory kings to rescue his daughter. But Cod finds out the secret of the fire, and his friend Buinnè Roughstrong captures the stone which will dry up the flames. The King of the World dies, his army is defeated, the city captured, and Cod, son of the King of Norway, becomes King of the World.

---

[1] Thus, mıllꞃı ocuꞅ buꞃbo ꝼıono a mblaṫa, *i.e.* their blossoms were sweeter and harsher [stronger] than wine. p is generally put for b, as ꝺoıp for ꝺoıḃ. o is used frequently for a, as aıꞃꞇċeallo for aıꞃꝺ-ċealla, ꝼıꞃ éꝺṁaꞃo for ꝼıꞃ éaꝺṁaꞃa, etc.

[2] Sorcha is often translated Portugal; it is a name that occurs frequently in folk stories, but I feel sure that it has no geographical significance.

This story, in which much of the stock-in-trade of the Celtic story-teller is employed, is one which, for the student of comparative folk-lore, would lend itself to frequent annotation, but I have rigorously refrained from the temptation to extend this volume by folk-lore notes, such not being properly within the scope of the

Irish Texts Society, which like the Early English Texts Society is, I believe, intended to somewhat subordinate the æsthetic and historical side of Irish Literature to the philological. It remains now to explain the freedoms I have taken with my texts.

III.

The two texts from which I edit the "Lad of the Ferule" were both Munster texts, and the story is a Munster story. Neither of them were very good texts, or in any way regular in orthography. There appeared to me to be no use in allowing mere orthographical and kindred errors to stand, and hence I reduced the text for the most part to the regular standard language of all Ireland by making a few consistent changes which I shall here particularize.

In the first place the most of the capitals, hyphens, and punctuations are mine. I have (*a*) consistently edited the preposition de, meaning 'of' or 'from' or 'off,' instead of the ambiguous form do, and the simple preposition ar, 'on,' for air, and i, 'in,' for a, and ann a, for the various forms, ion a, ina, iona, anna, &c.; and ann soin for annsin, 'there.'

(*b*) I have corrected the following misspellings and grammatical inaccuracies: criuḃal for ṡiuḃal, a n-armaiḃ for a n-arma [nom. case], ċúġainn and fúġam for ċugainn and fúm, adḃáġail for adḃáil, socra for socraiġ, de ḟeóide for de ḟeóidiḃ, buaḋċail for buaċaill, inġíon for inġean, dtara for dara, deantúṁar for déantúr, go mo for go mbuḋ, tre na plucaḋ for tre na plucaiḃ, ag sgoltaḋ corpuiḃ for ag sgoltaḋ corp, ċonnairceadar for ċonncadar, deinid for déanaid, ṫairgidir for ṫarraingidír. If I had had a third manuscript I would probably have found the true forms.

(*c*) The more peculiarly Munster forms which I have ventured to change, and which are of much more importance, as they represent not mistakes or inaccuracies, but a real dialect, are fearra for fearr, síne and brise for síneaḋ and briseaḋ, ṫáine for ṫáinig, ná feacadar for nać ḃfacadar, ná biḋeać for nać mbiḋeać, feacar for facar, drom for druim, greiḋm (pronounced *grime*) for greim, and camm for cam.

(*d*) I have edited do ráiḋ for do ráḋ, guṫ for guiṫ, d'éiriġ for d'éirġe, uirri for uirṫe, márać for máireać, cosṁúil for cosaṁail, and the letter g for cc, and io for ea in such verbs as rinneas. The above is an almost complete list of the changes made to reduce the text to a uniform standard, and in some cases the forms I have adhered to were used alongside of the forms I rejected.

In the case of "The Children of the King of Norway," there were so many available MSS. of the story that if I found a misspelling or a provincial form in one of them I was sure to find the correct form in another. The manuscript which I took for the basis of the text, that of Aodh Mac Domhnaill, I take to have been written in the County Down, because, immediately after finishing the story of "The Children of the King of Norway," he either composes or copies a curious piece with the following heading:—"Here is a letter that was sent to a minister who came to us here in the parish of Drumarath, to deliver a sermon in Irish, in order to turn the people with him to the Protestant religion."[1] This parish is in the County Down, and I have little doubt that the scribe was a native of it. He frequently falls into dialectical peculiarities, which are of great interest, as they represent the farthest possible geographical and dialectical divergence from the language of the "Lad of the Ferule," which is that of south-west Munster, as this is that of north-east Ulster. The principal peculiarities of this scribe's dialect are as follows:—

(*a*) Frequent omission of f in the future and conditional, as béarad for béarfad, déandíst for déanfadaois. This shows that the f of these tenses had already begun to be dropped in the north nearly two hundred years ago.

---

[1] Ag so liter cuiraḋ dionsaiḋ minister tainig deanam seanmoire a Gaoidilg cugain an so go pairais Druimarath cum daoine tiompo leis ar an creidioṁ Protestan, ⁊c.

(*b*) The occasional shortening of the infinitive ending -uġaḋ, as coruġ and mearúḋ for coruġaḋ and mearuġaḋ, which is exactly what we find in central Connacht at the present day, where the ending -uġaḋ is pronounced as though it were the monosyllable úġ', or aḋ.

(*c*) A tendency to strengthen the final s of the first and third persons plural of the conditional active, by adding t to it, as ṫigidíst and ṫigdist for ṫigidís, ḃéaramuist for ḃéarfamaois, and déandíst for déanfadaois. This tendency to strengthen the final s has been carried into the adverb arís, which is frequently written both ríst and aríst, as it is at this day pronounced in most parts of Connacht.

(*d*) The forms of the pronouns and prepositional pronouns offer some peculiar features, the most noticeable being the dialectic mur for ḃur, not uncommon in Northern MSS., ḃuaim and ḃuait, as in Scotland, [fuaim and fuait may be heard in Béara at the opposite extreme of Ireland] for uaim and uait, díof and dioḃṫa [no doubt pronounced dífa] for díoḃ, and dúsa or dúṁsa for dam-sa or daṁ-sa, a pronunciation which is at this day largely used in Connacht. The final m in dam is often aspirated, but I do not know what the exact pronunciation may have been. There is a great variety in the orthography of the pronouns, as saoiḃ-si for siḃ-se, dioḃsa for daoiḃ-se, lioḃ-si for liḃ-se, acú for aca [as is the usage at present in Connacht], and uaḋa for uaiḋ.

The principal irregularities in the text of this story with which I have not interfered relate to (*a*) eclipsis by prepositions, (*b*) erratic verbal forms, (*c*) the genitive plural of nouns, (*d*) duplicate forms of words, (*e*) doubling of consonants.

(*a*) The prepositions go, "with," ar, in, tre, and fo, do not uniformly eclipse, as they do at the present day, for we meet such forms as go cloċaiḃ, ins an cáṫraiġ, tres an ceó, fo an cloiḋe, ar an breiṫeaṁnas, side by side with the regular eclipsed forms.

(*b*) We meet the irregular verbal forms muna n-iarraiḋ siḃ (p. 54), muna dtugaiḋ siḃ (pp. 102, 138), for the regular n-iarrann and dtugann. A do also slips in before the present passive, apparently in the sense of a relative pronoun, in na geara do cuirṫear, on p. 120 ; and before the future relative, is tríd do ṫiucfas, on p. 144. We find beaḋ, beiṫ, and biaḋ, for the 3rd person sing., conditional, of beiṫ.[1]

(*c*) The forms of the acc. plural are frequently used, as I have noticed them used in conversation at the present day in Connacht, for the regular genitive plural forms: as d' úrlannaiḃ a sleaga, "off the handles of their spears," where the proper form would be sleaġ; do ġaḃail a ndórnta, p. 140; ag féaċain na ceiṫre árda, p. 58; ag ceartuġaḋ a gcranna, p. 76; ag innsin sgéala.

(*d*) We meet different forms or different spellings of certain words, almost on the same page, as ré and raé, na laoiḋ and na laoiḋe, friṫiḃ and fríoṫaiḃ, draoiġeaċt and draoiḋeaċt, do'n ċoḃlaċ and do'n ċoḃlaiġ, isin and isan, coṁaltaiġ and coṁaltuiḋe, dealḃa and deilḃe, dún and dúnaḋ, earraḋ and earra.

(*e*) There is, in a few words, some uncertainty in the doubling of the liquids, especially n and r, as torac, or torṫac, and torrac, inis and innis, fairsge and fairrsge.

The principal survivals of forms now obsolete, which occur in even the most modern MSS. of this story, are: nochar for nár, ḃaḋar for ḃiḋear, rugsat, ċiñseat, ronsat, ġeallsat, for rugadar, ċiñeadar, rinneadar, ġealladar, fá for ba or buḋ, fair for air, fri and fria for le, fris for leis, for for ar, ria for léi, ad ċiú for do ċiḋim, re aroile for le ċéile.

The principal spellings which I have ventured to change are the following:—I have consistently edited raiḃ for roiḃ, de [off] for do, ina for iona, ioña, and other forms; íseall for iosal, tréan for ꞇꞃén, and éa for é in a few other words, ımṫeaċꞇ for ıomċeaċꞇ, ım-ḋéanaṁ for ıom-ꝺéanaṁ, níoꞃ for níꞃ, cꞃíċe [gen.] for cꞃíoċa, ꝺaoınıḃ for ꝺaoınoıḃ, nıḋ [thing] for ní, ꝺéanaṁ for ꝺeınaḋ, ḃí for ḃaoı, luıḃeanaıḃ [dat. plur.] for luıḃıona, ṫánᵹaꝺaꞃ for ṫáınıᵹeaꝺaꞃ, ꞃánᵹaꝺaꞃ for ꞃáınıᵹeaꝺaꞃ; and I have used ea for ıo where it occurred in such words as ꞃınneaꞅ. In all or almost all of these cases, other MSS. contained the forms which I have given. In every case I have given the standard forms of the prepositions and prepositional pronouns, about whose orthography there is in all the manuscripts a considerable laxity. I have not, I know, succeeded in thus preparing a perfectly uniform text, but I have certainly gone a long way towards it, and I feel sure that no learner will be disposed to quarrel with me for having done so. I have in every case given in the notes the more important variants exactly as I found them.

---

[1] The following irregular forms occur in the first story too:—"d'iarras tu", and "go n-iarras tu", p. 12, "do dhéanfair", p. 30, "do sracfad", p. 42. "Thangathas", p. 28, is an impersonal form not uncommon in Munster, meaning, "it was come", "they came". Nouns wrongly inflected are "slinneáin", p. 12, for "slinneánaibh", and "an uillphéist", p. 42, for "na h-uillphéiste". For "buachaille", p. 20, and "buachaill", p. 44, read "buachalla": I extended the contractions wrongly.

Rambling and disjointed as these stories appear—and there certainly is a sad lack of form about them,—they will yet be found, I think, to compare very favourably with many of the mediæval romances that are made the subject, at the present day, not only of philological but of literary study, and that in point of fact form the material upon which several hundreds of students all over Europe are working under some dozens of professors. I believe that these two texts, apart from any interest their subject-matter may have for the scientific folklorist, present, if nothing else, a fair specimen of the more modern Irish language from the two extremes of Ireland which, geographically, are most widely separated; and while the text of the first is modern in the sense that it may not have been committed to paper more than a century or two ago, the other represents the *modernised version* of a text which may have been written in the fourteenth or fifteenth century. It is to be hoped that they will thus make a useful and not too difficult book for those who desire to study in its different forms the modern written language.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

(An Cꞃaoıḃín Aoıḃınn.)

Giolla an ḟiuġa.

ADVENTURES OF THE LAD OF THE FERULE.

An gcualabar an mór-ċlú, ainm, áirioṁ, agus urradnos[1]
do bí ar Ṁurċad mac Briain bóirṁe, ṁic Ċinéide,
ṁic Lorcain [ṁic Laċtna], ṁic Ċuirc, ṁic Anluain,
ṁic Ṁaṫgaṁna, ṁic Ṫoirdealbaig, ṁic Ċaṫail,
ṁic Aoda Ċaoiṁ, ṁic Ċonaill, ṁic Eoċaċ[2]
Baill-deirg, ṁic Ċarṫainn Ḟinn, ṁic Blóid[3],
ṁic Ċais, ṁic Ċonaill eaċ-luaiṫ, ṁic
Lugaid Meann, [ṁic Aongusa Tireaċ],
ṁic Ḟircuirb, ṁic Ṁoga Ċuirb,
ṁic Ċormaic Cais, ṁic Oiliolla
Óluim, agus an ċuid eile
de ṡíol Eibir Ḟinn[4].

---

[1] "Ornós". A.
[2] "Eachaidh". A.
[3] "Blaid". B.
[4] A adds "mic Eibhir Fhinn uaibhrigh, chaomh-áluinn, glann-thapa, mear-

STANFORD LIBRARY

Have you heard of the great fame, name, renown, and reputation that belonged to Murough son of Brian Boru, son of Kenedy, son of Lorcan, son of Lachtna, son of Corc, son of Anluan, son of Mahon, son of Turlough, son of Cathal, son of Aodh the gentle, son of Conall, son of Eochaidh Red-spot, son of Carthan the fair, son of Blód, son of Cas, son of Conall of the swift steeds, son of Lughaidh Meann, son of Aongus Tireach, son of Fercorb, son of Mogh Corb, son of Cormac Cas, son of Oilioll Olum, and the rest, of the race of Eber Finn.

---

mhíleata, do gléir (?) cheap na Craoibhe, os asgar na míle meanmach is laochda gníomh", which seems corrupt. The genealogy is correct except for the omission of two names which I have restored in brackets.

Giolla an Ḟiuġa.

Agus fós, de ṡíol Éiḃir Deimionn* inġean Arcaḋ ṁic Ṁurcaḋ ríġ iarṫair Connaċt, máṫair Ḃriain Bóirṁe[1], go mbuḋ é sin féin an ríġ gan uaḃar gan feall gan imreas. An ríġ le n-a duḃraḋ na h-aiṫḟrinn agus re n-ar beannuiġeaḋ na h-aḃlanna[2], re n-ar bairdeaḋ na daoine, re n-ar slánuiġeaḋ fineaċas agus fearann Críoċ Fáil[3], re n-ar croċaḋ sladaiġṫe agus gadaiġṫe an doṁain uile i n-aon ló, ⁊c[4].

Lá dár éiriġ an ríġ féin amaċ ar an ḃfáiṫċe óirḋearc[5] feur-uaiṫne do ḃí i nDún Cinn-Coraḋ[6], is iad do ḃí ann [a] ḟoċair an lá sin an ċuid buḋ ṡine d'á ċloinn, mar do ḃí Murċaḋ mac Ḃriain, Donnċaḋ mac Ḃriain, Dóṁnall mac Ḃriain, Conċuḃair mac Ḃriain, Flann, Taḋg, Duḃlainn[7] gioḃail agus giolla an ġaid[8] mac Ḟinnḃearra mic ríġ Albanaiġ, an fear do ḃ'ḟearr méin agus miotal, coigċríoċaiġ agus clainne coigċríoċaiġ[9] do ṫáinig riaṁ go h-Éirinn. Feuċaint dá dtugadar ṫarrsa ann san ḃfaiṫċe do ċonarcadar ċugṫa an bóṫar réiḋ[10] ró-ṡiúḃlaċ, an Draoi agus an deaġ-ḋuine[11] ealaḋanta, agus léine do'n tsleaṁan-tsíoda um a ċneas, agus a ḃrat ciúṁas-ḃuiḋe cró-ḋearg cruinn-ċruaiḋ[12]. Do ḃí ann san mbrat[13] buine óir 'na ḃrollaċ, fiḋe óir ar ḟolt an draoi, fleasg ag sileaḋ[14] ar an ḃfolt ag congḃáil[15] an ḟuilt o n-a rosg agus o n-a raḋarc. Cu agus gaḋar agus beann-ḃuaḋṁuin[16] leis, fiḋ de'n airgiod finn-ġeal a mbarra croiḃ[e]

---

* Her name was Bebinn, according to Keating. [1] Both copies usually leave boirṁe unaspirated, but not always. B omits the above passage. [2] B "abhlainigheadh". A "ollainighe". [3] A reads "re ar sloineadh na cindhicha re a ndearnathas Crioch Fáil fearainn agus fionnadhus." A reads re ar always, while B inserts an n, re n-ar. [4] B omits "⁊c". [5] B "fordharch", A "fordhréamh". [6] Both mss. write "Dún ceann coradh" and "Dún Cinn" or "Chinn", "Coradh" or "Choradh" indifferently. [7] B "Daoibhlinn". [8] A adds "Fladharta". [9] A has after coigċríoċaiġ the words "taoisigh

ADVENTURES OF THE LAD OF THE FERULE.

AND of the race of Eber, moreover, was Beimionn, daughter of Arcadh, son of Murough, king of the West of Connacht, mother of Brian Boru—and it was he himself was the king without pride, without treachery, without quarrelling; the king by whom the masses were said, and by whom the wafers were blessed, by whom the people were baptized, by whom the tribeship and the land of Inisfail were saved; by whom the plunderers and thieves of the whole world were hanged in a single day—and the rest of it (1).

Of a day that the king himself rose [and went] out on the splendid grass-green lawn that was at Kincora, those who were that day in his company; were the eldest of his children, Murough Brian's son, Donough Brian's son, Donal Brian's son, Conor Brian's son, Flann, Teig, Dubhlainn *giobail*, and the Lad of the Gad, son of Finbhearr, son of a Scotch king, the man of best mien and mettle—of a stranger or of a stranger's children—who ever came to Ireland. Of a look that they cast round them in the lawn, they beheld [coming] to them [along] the smooth easily-travelled road, the druid and the good man of science, and a shirt of the smooth silk around his skin, and his mantle yellow-bordered, blood-red, tightly-gathered (2). There was in the mantle a golden pin in its front, a golden circlet [was] on the druid's hair, a fillet [was] stretched upon his locks, keeping the hair from his eyes and from his sight. A hound and a stag-hound and a horn with him; a ring of fine-white silver on the top of his left hand, the rest of the chain aloft above the neck of the

---

agus clann taoiseach sar clann ar bhfear n-Eireann, fearlaoigh Ciarraidhe Midhe agus Laighean," which seems corrupt. [10] A "socma socsiubhlach". [11] A "deaghdamhan ealadhan". [12] B "cruinne cruadh". A "cruinne truadh". [13] A adds "go húr a bruinne ar feadh lán laoch no curadh". [14] A "filleadh". [15] A "cruinneamhail". [16] B "buabhall", *passim*.

(1) This apparently means that this "run" or alliterative passage on the virtues of Brian was cut short by the writer.

(2) Literally "round-hard."

a láiṁ[e] ċlí, an ċuid eile de'n tslaḃra a n-áirde agus fá ṁuinéal na con. Ann súd is é d'ḟill a ġlún, do ċrom a ċeann agus d'ḟeac a ċollan[1], do ḃeannaiġ agus d'úṁlaiġ do ṁac árd-riġ Éireann.

"Le trı séadaiḃ suiriġe ċugad-sa ṫángar o ḃainríoġain an uaḃair, se cu agus se gaḋar agus se beann-ḃuaḋṁuin. Is é sin cuid an ġaḋair do'n ḃuaḋ-ḃuaḋṁuin[2] binn [.i.] ni ċuirfeaḋ lorg agus ni ḋéanfaḋ fiaḋaċ no go gcluinfeaḋ sé an ḃeann d'á seinm[3]. Ann sin an uair do ċloisfeaḋ sé an ḃeann d'á seinm ġluaiseóċaḋ sé fá ḟoraiġis lorg[4] agus fá ġraiḋlsi[5] fiaḋguiḋeaċta, ionnus naċ fágṫar leis fiaḋ i ḃfiaḋuiġeaċt[6], ná broc i mbruċlaraiḃ, ná sionnaċ i dtalaṁ, ná beiṫiġeaċ só-ḟaicsionaċ ná[ċ] dúistiġṫear leis. Ann sin leigṫear an ċu anḋiaiġ na seilge ionnus naċ léigfiġear léi beiṫiġeaċ díoḃ soir ná siar, ó ḋear ná ó ṫuaiġ, naċ marḃṫar agus náċ dí-ċeanntar léi iad, do láṫair aon áite."

"Ni h-iongnaḋ liom-sa sin," do ráiḋ Murċaḋ, "séada suiriġe d'ḟáġail ó ḃainrioġain an uaḃair, agus ó gaċ mnaoi eile, maidir léi, dá ċóṁaċta dá ḃfuil san doṁan-so féin, agus is iongantaċ liom cá gcualaṫar[7] le bainríoġain an uaḃair, clú nó ainm nó áireaṁ nó mór-urraḋnós[8] do ḃeiṫ orm féin."

"Aiṫrisfead sin duit a ṁic an riġ. Lá d'á raḃamar-ne san nGréag[9], ag déanaṁ lúiṫ agus liaṫróide, ag déanaṁ malairt uraḋ[10] agus airm agus éadaiġ, ag caiṫeaṁ fleaḋ agus feusta i mór-ṫeallaċ riġ Ġréige féin an ló san. Do finniḋeag[11] ar na bordaiḃ na sgoraidiḃ[12] seannaṁla[13] raiġreaṁla[14] de ṫoġa gaċa daiṫ do ḋul ar gaċ éadaċ, de ḃuiḋe de ḃán de ḋearg de ġorm agus [de] ġlas-uaiṫne. Do dáileaḋ ar na bórdaiḃ úd biaḋna so-ċaiṫte, deoċa só-ólta, só-ṁillse, agus fíonta uaisle so-ḋaora, ionnus gurab lia fleaḋ agus feusta do ḃí i mór-ṫeallaċ riġ Ġréige, an lá sin, 'ná mar do

---

[1] A adds "thug poroiste (?) d'oillibh, umhla agus urma". [2] B "don bheann". [3] A "sing" and "sinng". [4] A "fa oiraidhlsi" (?). [5] B "gradhailsigh". [6] B "nduireadha". [7] gcualaṫar, in both MSS. [8] A "órnós". [9] A reads "i ngréig bheag meodhanach, agus an gréag eile comhsanntur dóibh sin seacht n-ealaighe deug na gréige agus oiread Eireann na Albain an gach tuaith diobh san," which is corrupt. [10] A "iorradh". [11] A "finneadhag".

hound. Then it was he bent his knee, bowed his head, and stooped his body, saluted and made reverence to the son of the High-king of Erin.

"With three treasures of courtship, to thee have I come, from the Queen of Pride, with a hound and with a stag-hound and with a horn. And this is how the stag-hound is connected with the melodious horn, namely, he will neither run on a track nor make a hunting until he hear the horn sounding. Then, when he hears the horn sounding, he will proceed through forests with tracks [of beasts] and thickets (?) for hunting deer, so that there is not left by him deer in deer-ground, badger in badger-resort, fox in earth, or [other] visible beast, but is roused by him. Then is the hound let loose after the game, so that she will not leave a beast of them, east or west, south or north, but is slain and pulled-down (1) by her in one place."

"I wonder not at this," said Murough, "to get treasures of courtship from the Queen of Pride, and from every other woman as well as from her, no matter how powerful, of all who are in this world itself; but what I wonder at is where it was heard by the Queen of Pride that I possessed either fame or name, renown or reputation."

"I shall relate thee that, O Prince. We were of a day in Greece, (2) playing at games of activity and ball, exchanging garments and arms and armour, consuming feasts and banquets in the great household of the King of Greece on that day. There were whitely-laid upon the tables the exquisite plentiful table-cloths, with a choice of every colour to go upon every cloth, of yellow, of white, of red, of blue, and of green. There were placed upon those tables foods easily-eaten, drinks easily-drunk, very-sweet, and wines noble, very-costly; so that more abundant was the feast and banquet that was in the great mansion of the King of Greece on that day than

---

[12] B "scordaibh". [13] B "fineálta". [14] B "réidhseamhla". B omits the passage about the colours.

---

(1) Literally "beheaded." (2) Literally "a day that we were in Greece," but this is an anacoluthon, unless a comma be placed after "an ló san", and "do finnidheag" be taken as the relative clause.

ḃí fear ná buiḋeann ċum a ċaiṫte[1], de ċoin, de ġaḋair, de ṁná[iḃ], de ċoileáin, agus d'aṫalairg urláir, ionnus gur buḋ ċoṁ-ḟolus teaġlaċ mór na Ridireaċta[2] an lá sin ar an dtaoiḃ amuiġ agus ar an dtaoiḃ astiġ. Ann súd is eaḋ d'éiriġ bollsaire na bruiġne ann a ḟearaṁ agus do ċraiṫ sé slaḃra-éisteaċta do ḃí aige. Do h-éisteaḋ leis, faoi mar do ḃí soir siar ó ṫuaiġ[3] agus ó ḋeas, ar feaḋ an réiḋ-ṫeaġlaiġ sin. Is ann sin d'ḟiafraiġ ḋíoḃ cia aca idir áirḋ-riġ, prionnsa, riġ-ḋaṁna, príoṁḟáiḋ, tiġearna, no iarla, do ḃí i mór-ṫeaġlaċ riġ Gréag an lá sin, is mó do ḃronnaḋ d'ór agus d'airgiod, de ṫalaṁ agus de ṫiġearnas, d'eiċ agus d'éadaiġiḃ, de sgoraidiḃ finneaṁla[4] réiġraṁla[5], de ṫoġa gaċa daiṫ do ḋul ar gaċ h-éadaċ, de ḃuiḋe de ḃán de ḋearg de ġorm agus de ġlas-uaiṫne[6], agus do ġeaḃaḋ ann féin teaċt ag suiriġe re bainríoġain an uaḃair.

“D'éiriġ gaisgiḋeaċ éolgaiseaċ de'n teaġlaċ ann a ḟearaṁ, agus aduḃairt sé guraḃ eaḋ féin é, agus ni móide ḃeiḋeaḋ re aṁla, é féin dá ráḋ ris féin[7].

“Do ḟuiġ sin síos agus ni duḃairt ni ḃus mó. Ann soin iseaḋ d'éirġíos-sa féin am' ḟearaṁ, a ṁic an riġ, agus aduḃairt mé gur gaisgiḋeaċ éolgaiseaċ mé do ṡiuḃal an doṁan so[8] faoi agus os a ċion̄, fá mar do ḃí o Uraḋ go h-Urraḋ, o Life go Loċlainn, ó Loċlainn do'n Spáin, ó'n Spáin do'n Earbáin, ó'n Earbáin go h-Eirinn, go Tiobraid bo maoile finne, go Gárḋaiḋ na hlisbeirte ar an dtaoḃ ṡiar, go tiġ an trean ḃaile. D'innis mé nár ḃ' aiṫne agus nár ḃ' eólaċ dam ar an ḃfad[9] sin mac riġ ná curaḋ ná proiṁinsil[10] do ḃ' ḟearr 'ná Murċaḋ mac Ḃriain Ḃóirṁe agus an ċuid eile ⁊c, agus d'innis mé dóiḃ go mbuḋ tu féin an riġ gan uaḃar gan ḟeall gan imrear, an riġ re n-a duḃraḋ na h-aiṫfrinn re n-ar beannuiġeaḋ na h-aḃlanna[11], re n-ar baisteaḋ na daoine, re n-ar sloinneaḋ na fineaṁaċa, re n-ar slánuiġeaḋ fineaċas

---

[1] B omits from the word “caithte” to end of sentence. [2] “Radharaigheacha”, MS. [3] B “soir agus siar, thuaidh agus theas”. [4] B “fineálta”. [5] B “reidhseamhla”. [6] B omits again about the colours. [7] B reads “ach nach móide go dtiucfadh an bhainrioghain ar aontughleis”, *i.e.* “but not the more for that would the queen come to consent to him”. [8] B reads “an domhan so mórtimchioll go dtangas tar ais aris go h-Eirinn”, omitting the curious

were the men and companies to eat it—of hounds and stag-hounds and women and puppies and the rabble of the floor; so that the great mansion of the knights on that day was equally bright on the outside and on the inside. Then it was that the herald of the palace arose, standing up, and he shook a chain-of-hearing that he had. Hearing was accorded him both east and west, north and south, throughout that smooth mansion. It was then he inquired of them which of them all, be he high-king, prince, heir-apparent, primate, lord, or earl, who was in the great household of the King of Greece that day, used most to bestow gold and silver, land and lordship, steeds and raiment, white plentiful cloths, with a choice of every colour to go upon every cloth, of yellow, of white, of red, of blue, and of green, —and who would find it in himself to come and court the Queen of Pride.

"There arose standing a knowledgeable hero of the household, and he said that he himself was that man, and not the more for that would it be done, because he himself said it of himself (1).

"That man sat down, and he said no more. Then it was that I myself rose and stood up, O Prince, and I said that I was a knowledgeable hero who had travelled this world both above and below (2), all that was from Uradh to Urradh, from Liffey to Lochlann, from Lochlann to Spain, from Spain to Easpain, from Easpain to Erin, to the Well of the Bald White Cow, to the Garden of Hesperides on the western side [of the world], to the house of the old town. I told them that I was neither acquainted with nor knew in all that length [of ground] a king's son, or a hero, or a provincial who was better than Murough, son of Brian Boru, and the rest of it, and I told them that you yourself were the king without pride, without treachery, without quarrelling,—the king by whom the masses were said, by whom the wafers were blessed, by whom the people were baptized, by whom the races were surnamed, by whom the tribeship and land of

---

list of places. [9] B "ar an bhfeadh sin". [10] B "iarla na laoch". [11] B "abhlainigheadh", A "hollainighe".

---

(1) *I.e.* Though he could say for himself that he fulfilled all necessary qualifications, yet not the more for that would he win the queen. (2) The Tuatha De Danann travelled underneath the earth as well as overhead, apparently. See "Caoilte na gCos fada" in my "Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach", part iii.

agus fearann Críoċ Fáil, re n-ar croċaḋ sladaiġṫe agus gaduiġṫe an doṁain uile i n-aon ló. Dá ḃriġ sin cuirim i gcoṁġaḃáilteas[1] agus i ḃfiaḋnuise a ḃfuil ann so do láṫair, go ndearna mé mo ċóṁal agus mo ṫeaċtaireaċt."

Ris sin ceileaḃras do ṁac an ríġ, agus buḋ ṡaṁail re h-uisge ceóiḋ geiṁriḋ no siolla de ġaoiṫ Ṁárta é ag imṫeaċt ċum siuḃail, ionnus gur imṫiġ sé gan toraḋ gan tuarasgḃáil. Ann soin do ċuaiḋ Murċaḋ mac Ḃriain agus gaċ n-aon d'á raiḃ 'na ḟarraḋ d'á ḋeiġ-ṫeaġlaċ, aḃaile.

D'éiriġ sé go moċ de ló agus de lán-tsolus ar na ṁáraċ. An uair do ḋearcadar a réiḋ-ṫeaġlaċ, sin, d'éirġeadar féin ag comóraḋ[2] seilge an laoi sin leis, agus do ṡeinn an ríġ féin an ḃeann ḃuaḋṁainn[3]; ann soin gluaisiġear an gaḋar fá ḟorruiriḃ lorg, agus fá ġarḟaillriġ fiaḋguiḋeaċta, fá ṫorc ós loċ[4], agus fa ċríoċ ḃFearmorc[5] agus fá ḋá ṡliaḃ déag Ḟéiḋlime, ionnus nár fágaḋ leis fiaḋ i ḃfiaḋaċ[6] na broc i mbroiṫinisg[7] ná beiṫiḋeaċ sói-ḟeicsionaċ, ná sionnaċ[8] i dtalaṁ, nár músglaḋ sis, ionnus go g-cuirfeaḋ se broic ar coilltiḃ, geilt ar gleannta[iḃ], faolċoin faoi árdaiḃ, sionaiġ ar seaċrán. Ann soin do leigeaḋ an ċu andiaiġ na seilge ionnus nár leig sí beiṫiḋeaċ díoḃ-san soir ná siar, ó ṫuaiġ ná ó ḋeas, naċ raiḃ treasgarṫa agus nár diṫ-ċeannaḋ léi do láṫair aon áite, ionnus go mbuḋ i sin an treas ṡeilg is mó do rinneaḋ i n-Éirinn riaṁ ar na Creatalaċaiḃ[9], os cionn loċ Deargtar[10]. Aduḃairt Murċaḋ mac Ḃriain re gaċ n-aon d'á luċt-leanaṁna, eireaḋ a ḋroma agus a d'á ṡlinneán do ḃreiṫ leis de'n tseilg go dún Ċinn Ċoraḋ, d'á innsint agus d'á ḟaisnéis gur éiriġ a leiṫéid sin de ṡeilg laé leó.

"Dar bóġa agus dar briaṫar," do ráiḋ iad-san[11], "giḋ bé niḋ do ḋéanfamaois-ne re sgabal gaisge, no re tular caṫa no [re] éadaċ mic ríġ no tiġearna d' iomċur, ni raċfamaoid ag iomċur do ṡeilg-laoi-se linn ar ár ndromaiḃ no ar ár

---

[1] A "o chomhaldeis". [2] B "a gcomórtus leis chum seilge". [3] B "buabhall". [4] B "fa thorch oslach". [5] B "na bhfearmborc". [6] B "fiaguidheacht". [7] B "brochdanuis". [8] B "seanach". [9] B omits. [10] B reads "Deirgdheirc", *passim*. [11] B omits from

Inisfail were saved, by whom the robbers and thieves of the whole world were hung in one day. For that reason I call all who are here present to substantiate (?) and bear witness that I have accomplished my fulfilment [of my task] and my message."

Therewith he takes his leave of the king's son, and he was like the water of a winter fog, or the whiff of a March wind, as he departed on his journey, so that he went away without tale or tidings of him. Thereupon Murough, son of Brian, and everyone of his good household that was in his company went home.

He arose early in the day and full light of the morrow. When his standing household beheld that, they themselves arose to prepare with him the hunt of that day, and the king himself blew the bugle-horn; thereupon the staghound proceeds through forests with tracks and thickets for hunting deer, through *Torc ós loch* and the country of the Fearmorc, and through the twelve mountains of Felim, so that there was not left by him a deer in deer-ground, or a badger in badger-resort, or a visible beast, or a fox in earth, that was not roused by him, so that he would put badgers out of woods, *geilts* (1) out of glens, wolves under heights, and foxes astray. Then was the hound let loose after the game, so that she never left a beast of them east or west, north or south, that was not pulled down and slain by her in one place, so that that was the third greatest hunt ever made in Erin, on the Cratloes above Loch Derg. Murough son of Brian told each one of his following to bring with him the load of his back and his two shoulders of the game, to the palace of Kincora, to tell it and proclaim it that they had succeeded in making such a day's hunting.

"By our bow and our word," said they, "whatever we might do about the carrying of a warrior's (2) shoulder-piece, or a head-piece of battle, or the garments of a prince or a lord, we will not go to carry your day's hunting with us on our backs or on our shoulders"; and

---

ıaꝺ-ꞅan to nı ꞃaċꝼamaoıꝺ.

(1) *Geilt* usually means a "lunatic" or "wild man". (2) Literally "a shoulder-piece of valour".

slinneáin," agus ris sin d'ḟeargadar a réiḋ-ṫeaġlaċ go ró ṁór ris, ionnus nár ḟan[1] aon duine díoḃ láiṫreaċ, agus gur ḟágḃadar Murċaḋ mac Ḃriain 'na uaṫa agus 'na aonar os cionn na seilge.

Feuċain d'á dtug sé ann san áird buḋ ṫuaiġ do ċonnairc sé ċuige fear fallainge[2] loime léiṫe, agus léintín garḃ duḃ [air], trí h-óirneaċ iuḃair ar a ḃaclainn, ionnus go mbuḋ ḋóiġ le Murċaḋ go mbain[f]eaḋ plaitín a ḋá ġlúin a innċinn ar ċúl a ċinn. Mar sin dó, go roċtain an ríġ. Ann soin do ċúb[3] a ġlún, do ċrom a ċeann, d'ḟeac a ċollan, agus do ḃeannuiġ go h-úṁall fómósaċ do ṁac ríġ Éireann[4]. Is ann soin d'ḟiaffruiġ mac áird-ríġ Éireann dé cad é an duine é. Aduḃairt sé gur buaċaill é do ḃí ag lorg máiġistir.

"Is maiṫ mar ṫárla," do ráiḋ Murċaḋ, "teasduiġeas buaċaill uaim-se, agus cad é an tuarasdal d'iarras tu orm go ceann bliaḋna?"

"Ḃreiṫ mo ḃéil féin de ṫuilleaṁ agus de ṫuarasdal," do ráiḋ an buaċaill.

"Go mbuḋ ṁeasa i gcion̄ bliaḋna ṫu," do ráiḋ Murċaḋ, "cad é an deantús maiṫeasa adeir tu a ḃeiṫ ionnat mar go n-iarras tu breiṫ do ḃéil féin de ṫuilleaṁ agus de ṫuarasdal?"

"Abair gurab mé aon sgeuluiḋe búird agus learṫan is fearr d'á dtiocfaiḋ ná d'á dtáinig, d'á rugaḋ ná d'á mbéarfar go bruinne an ḃráṫa."

"Buḋ ḋoilḃ[5] ḋaṁ-sa na maiṫe móra do ṫaḃairt duit-se agus go raiḃ Flaṫaḋ[6] an sgéaluiḋe do bfearr ann, re linn Fiaċa Fionnluiḋe do ḃeiṫ i ḃflaiṫeas Éireann."

"Do buḋ eólaċ daṁ-sa féin Flaṫaḋ agus buḋ ró eólaċ, agus dam buḋ eólaċ é. Ní innseaḋ sé sin aċt an sgéal do ḃí ann riaṁ agus an sgéal do ḃeiḋeaḋ ann ċoiḋċe. Ní mar sin daṁ-sa. Inneósad an sgeul naċ raiḃ ann riaṁ, agus an sgéal naċ mbéiḋ ann ċoiḋċe, ionnus luċt daor-oṫair agus easláinte an domain go gcodladaoir uile iar gclos mo sgéalta-sa."

---

[1] B reads "ionus nár fhágbhadar aon duine d'uaith ná d'iongna air".
[2] A "fallainnigne", B "falluinnin". [3] A dḟill. [4] A reads as

with that his household grew very greatly enraged with him, so that not a man of them remained in his presence, and they left Murough son of Brian in solitude and alone over the game.

Of a look that he cast towards the north he beheld coming towards him a man of a long bare cloak, and a little rough black shirt on him, three billets of yew in the hollow of his arm, [coming] so that Murough thought that the caps of his two knees would knock the brains out of the back of his head. Thus he was till he reached the king. Then he bent his knee, bowed his head, stooped his body, and saluted humbly and submissively the son of the King of Erin. Then the son of the High King of Erin inquired of him what manner of man he was. He said that he was a lad who was in search of a master.

"It has happened well," said Murough; "I want a lad, and what are the wages you will ask of me [from now] till the end of a year?"

"The award of my own mouth, of stipend and of wages," said the lad.

"That you may be worse at the end of a year!" said Murough; "what is the peculiar excellence you say is in you that you are asking the award of your own mouth, of stipend and of wages?"

"Say then, that I am the one best storyteller by table and couch of all that shall come or that have come, that were born or that shall be born, to the womb of judgment."

"It would be hard for me to concede those great excellences to you, seeing that 'Flathadh the best storyteller' existed during the period that Fiacha Fionnluidhe was in the sovereignty of Ireland."

"I myself knew Flathadh, and well I knew him, and it is I that did know him. That man used never to tell except the story that was always in it, and the story that would be in it for ever. Not so with me. I will tell the story that never was in it, and the story that never shall be in it, so that the exceeding sick and ailing of the world would all sleep after hearing my stories."

---

before "thug poróiste dollamhumhla [*i.e.* d'ollamh, umhla] agus urma".
[5] A "dâla". [6] A "an flatha".

"Cad iad na deantúis maiṫeasa eile déarfas mé ḃeiṫ ionnat, mar go ḃfuil tu ag iarraiḋ breiṫ do ḃéil féin de ṫuilleaṁ agus de ṫuarasdal?"

"Abair gur mé aon ġiolla turais[1] is fearr d'á dtiocfaiḋ ná d'á dtáinig, d'á rugaḋ no d'á mbéarfar."

"Buḋ ḋoiliġ dam-sa na maiṫe móra sin do ṫaḃairt duit-se, agus go raiḃ Luaiṫluġa[2] Cam an giolla turais do ḃ'ḟearr re linn riġ Ulaḋ ḃeiṫ ann san gCraoiḃ Ruaḋ."

"Do buḋ eólaċ dam-sa Luaiṫluġa Cam re linn riġ Ulaḋ, agus buḋ ró eólaċ, agus is dam buḋ eólaċ é. Do ḃeireaḋ sé taistiol na críċe i gcúig lá, do ḃíoḋ tri gearcaiġ ar a ṁuin aige i gcliaḃán, ni ḃíoḋ aon ḃean ar an ḃfaid sin naċ tógfaḋ foġa ḃuilg lae uaiṫe[3], ni mar sin dam-sa, do ḃéarfaiḋ mé taistioll na críċe i n-aon ló, agus ni ṫógfaiḋ me foġa ḃuilg aon laoi ó aon ṁnaoi ar an ḃfad sin aċt [ó] aoin ṁnaoi aṁáin, 's is cuma liom e ḟáġail uaiṫe sin féin no gan ḟáġail!"

"Maireaḋ an dtugann tu do ḃriaṫar gur cuiṁin leat riġ Ulaḋ ḃeiṫ ann san gCraoiḃ Ruaḋ?"

"Dar mo ḃriaṫar," ar san giolla, "is cuiṁin, agus riġṫe roiṁe, .i. Eoċaiḋ Feiḋlime[4] mac Ḟinn ṁic Ḟionnlóġa ṁic Roġnáin Ruaḋ, ⁊c[5] de ṡíol Eireaṁóin."

"Dar mo ḃriaṫar," do ráiḋ Murċaḋ, "is ogánaċ[6] aosta ṫu, agus cad é an ḃreis ṁaiṫeasa déarfas mé do ḃeiṫ ionnat go dtaḃairfinn breiṫ do ḃéil féin de ṫuilleaṁ agus de ṫuarasdal duit?"

"Abair gur mé aon ġiolla teine is fearr d'á dtiocfas ná d'á dtáinig, d'á rugaḋ ná d'á mbéarfar."

"Buḋ ḋoilḃ dam-sa na maiṫe móra sin do ṫaḃairt duit, agus go raiḃ mac Leisg an ualaiġ ṫruim re linn Cormaic do ḃeiṫ i dTeaṁair, agus ni raiḃ giolla teine re fáġail do ḃ'ḟearr 'ná é."

"Do buḋ eólaċ dam-sa mac Leisg an ualaiġ ṫruim, agus buḋ ró eólaċ, agus is dam do buḋ eólaċ é. Do ṫugaḋ sé

---

[1] B "an giolla-truis". [2] B "an luaithligheadh". [3] A adds "agus do tugadh foillach da gearrcaigh". [4] B "Feidhlge". [5] B omits "⁊c". [6] A "og gan grádh aosta".

"What other forms of excellence shall I say to be in you, seeing you are asking the award of your own mouth of wages and of stipend?"

"Say that I am the one best travelling lad of all who shall come or who have come, of all who were born or who shall be born."

"It were hard for me to concede those great excellences to you, seeing that Luathlugha the Crooked, 'the best travelling lad,' existed when the King of Ulster was in the Red Branch."

"I knew Luathlugha the Crooked in the time of the King of Ulster, and well I knew him, and it is I who did know him. He used to make the round of the country in five days. He used to have three chickens on his back in a basket. There used not to be one woman in all that length that he would not plunder a meal (¹) from her. Not so with me. I shall go the round of the country in one day, and I will not plunder a meal from any woman during all that way, but from one woman only, and I do not care whether I get it from her itself (²), or whether I do not get it."

"Musha! do you give your word that you remember the King of Ulster being in the Red Branch?"

"By my word," said the gillie, "I do remember; and kings before him, namely, Eochaidh Feidhlime son of Finn, son of Fionnlogha, son of Roghnán the Red, and the rest, of the race of Eremon."

"By my word," said Murough, "it's an aged youth you are; and what more excellence shall I say is in you that I should give you the award of your own mouth of wages and of stipend?"

"Say that I am the one best fire-gillie of all that have come or that shall come, that were born or that shall be born."

"It were hard for me to concede those great excellences to you, seeing that 'MacLeisg of the heavy burden' lived at the time Cormac was in Tara, and there was not a fire-gillie to be found better than he."

"I knew Mac Leisg of the heavy burden, and well I knew him, and it is I who did know him. He used to bring with him from the woods

---

(¹) Literally, "raise the belly-plunder of a day". (²) "Itself" is used, in Anglo-Irish, after the analogy of the Gaelic, in the same sense as the French *même*.

fris[1], ó na coilltiḃ, eireaḋ a ḋroma agus a ḋá ṡlinneán d'áḋmaḋ. Do ḃiḋeaḋ sé ag bruiṫ agus ag beirḃiuġaḋ re seaċt lá agus seaċt n-oiḋċe, agus do ḃeiḋ' féin na ċodlaḋ seaċt lá agus seaċt n-oiḋċe eile. Ni mar sin daṁ-sa. Ni ḋéanfaiḋ mé aċt mo ṫri h-oirneaċ iuḃair do ċur síos, agus gaċ a dtiucfaiḋ 's a dtáinig d'á rugaḋ no d'á mbéarfar, do ġeoḃaidís goraḋ agus teas agus beirḃiuġaḋ biḋ d'á dtairḃe, agus ni lúġaide agus ni móide agam féin i gceann bliaḋna iad."

"Is tu aon[2] ḃuaċaill aṁáin is fearr ar biṫ," ar Murċaḋ, "má 's fíor a n-abrann[3] tu."

"Is fíor go deiṁin," do ráiḋ an buaċaill.

Do réiġṫíġeadar ar an móḋ sin.

"Is mór an tseilg í seó d'éiriġ leat a ṁic an riġ," ar an buaċaill.

"Maiseaḋ is mór," do ráiḋ Murċaḋ.

"Créad fáṫ nár ḋúḃrais re gaċ n-aon de d' ṁuinntir eireaḋ[4] a ndroma agus a ḋá ṡlinneán de'n tseilg do ḃreiṫ leó, d'á innsint agus d'á ċóiṁ-innsint[5] gur éiriġ a leiṫéid seo de ṡeilg laoi leó?"

"Maiseaḋ aduḃart," ar Murċaḋ, "agus ṫugadar fuaṫ a's éaraḋ orm mar ċiḋeann tu mé[6]."

Leis sin tarraingeas an buaċaill broisnín de ċórdaiḃ beaga cruaiḋ-ċnáibe amaċ ó ḃeann a ḃruit, agus do léirig[7] sé ċuige iad ar árd an talaṁ agus do ċruinniġ ċuige, faoi mar do ḃí ann, fiaḋna méiṫe meiṫ-ṁuinéalaċa, agus eilte bearaċa barraċluasaċa, ionnus nár ḟág sé oireaḋ maide sgeine de'n tseilg go léir nár líon sé asteaċ ann a ċórda. Do ṡnaḋmaiġ sé re ingniḃ a ċos agus a láṁ[8] é. "Tar fá ḋeire an ualaiġ a ṁic an riġ," ar sé, "agus árdaiġ é orm."

"Ni ṡaṁlóċainn[9] a leiṫéid sin d'ualaċ re h-aon óg-laoċ 'san doṁan," do ráiḋ Murċaḋ.

"Fá mar is tusa an máiġistir agus gur mise an buaċaill

---

[1] A reads "na coillte creatalacha d'eire agus d'aon ualach. Do bhi sé", etc.
[2] B "an buadhchail". [3] "a nabair tu". MSS. [4] A "arradh".
[5] B "cómhall". [6] A reads "agus nior fhagbhadar aon duine d'fhuaith na d'iongna orm acht mar chidh tusa mé". See above, p. 12, note.

the burden of his back and his two shoulders of timber. He used to be seething and boiling [food] for seven days and seven nights, and he used to be himself asleep another seven days and seven nights. Not so with me. I shall do nothing but lay down my three billets of yew, and all who shall come or who have come, who were born, or who shall be born, they could get warmth and heat and boiling of food through their means, and I myself shall have them at the end of a year neither the greater nor the smaller for it."

"You are the one best lad at all," said Murough, "if it is true all you say."

"It is true indeed," said the lad.

They settled in that manner.

"This is a great hunting you succeeded in making, O Prince," said the lad.

"Indeed, great it is," said Murough.

"Why did you not tell every one of your people to bring with them the load of their back and their two shoulders of the game, to tell and proclaim it that such a day's hunting had succeeded with them?"

"Why, I did tell them," said Murough, "and they gave me hatred and refusal [and left me] as you see me."

With that the lad draws a little bundle of small cords of hard hemp out from the corner of his mantle, and ranged them for himself in order, on the ground's height, and he collected to himself all that was there, fatted fat-necked deer, and spit-like, pointed-eared fawns, so that he did not leave so much as a whitling of the entire hunt that he did not fill into his cord. He knotted it with the nails of his feet and hands. "Come under the bottom of the load, Prince," said he, "and hoist it on me."

"I would not compare such a load as that with any young hero,"(1) said Murough.

"Well, as you are the master and I the boy, it is right for myself to

---

[7] B béıɼıᵹ. [8] "a chosa agus a lámha", MSS. [9] B "shámlúghan".

(1) *I.e.* I would not connect that load and any man in my own mind, that load is impossible for any man.

is cóir dam féin é árdúġaḋ." Do ṫug sé úrṫoġḃáil[1] faoi an ualaċ ionnus gur árdaiġ sé ar ḋeire a ḋroma agus a ḋá ḟlinneán é. "Anois tar[2] rómam amaċ, a ṁic ríġ," ar sé, "agus múin an t-eólas dam."

"Ni ḃéiḋ mé i m' ġiolla ag fear an ualaiġ sin," ar Murċaḋ.

Tógann sé [.i. an giolla] féin ar na bonnaiḃ diana deaġ-reaṫa, do na coiscéimiḃ tulcanta talcanta tréan-ṁóra, ionnus go gcuirfeaḋ sé cnoc de léim de, agus gleann de ṫroslóiġ, mar sin dó go raiḃ ag déanaṁ go céim-díreaċ ar ṫeaċ Ċinn Ċoraḋ.

Féaċain d'á dtug an doirseóir ṫairis, do ċonnairc sé ċuige anuas do ṫaoḃ an tsléiḃe aṁail sin é. Riṫeas asteaċ, agus do ċonnairc an cócaire é, agus aduḃairt, "do ġoin[3] a's do ġuais ort," ar sí, "do ḋuḃadar t'ḟiacla, do ḃánadar do ḟúile, do ċuaiḋ do ġlór ċum riġḟriġeaċt[a][4] id' ċeann, do ṫáiniġ brón báis agus buan-éaga ort, no créad ruaiṫeantas no iongnaḋ do ċonnairc tu?"

"Do ḋuḃfaḋ t' ḟiacla-sa agus do ḃánfaḋ do ḟúile, do ṫiucfaḋ brón báis agus buan-éaga ort agus do raċfaḋ do ġlór ċum riġḟriġeaċta id' ċeann dá ḃfeicfeá-sa an t-iongantas do ċonarc-sa."

Ann soin do ċuala an sean ríġ .i. Brian Bóirṁe iad, agus d'ḟiafraiġ ḋíoḃ cad do ċonncadar. Aduḃairt an doirseóir gur ab é aon óglaoċ aṁáin mi-líoṫaċ, maol-riaḃaċ, ḃí ag teaċt de ḋruim an tsléiḃe, a raiḃ na seaċt gcoillte Creatalaċa no dá ṡliaḃ ḋéag Ḟéiḋlime no a ṁacsaṁail eile sin d'ualaċ ar a ṁuin aige, agus má leanann sé do'n tsíuḃal atá faoi is deiṁin go sguabfaiḋ sé teaċ Ċinn Ċoraḋ ann a ċoraiḃ faoi an ḃfairrge leis.

"Tárrṫaiġ, tárrṫaiġ!" ar an Ríġ, "cuiriḋ sgéala ċuige gan ár múċaḋ ná ár mbáṫaḋ, agus má sé sioṫgaoiṫe Tuaṫa Dé Danann féin atá ann, giḋbé niḋ atá uaiḋ go ḃfáġaḋ é."

Ar ndul amaċ do'n teaċtaire do leag an t-óglaċ an t-ualaċ agus do ċuir sé an talaṁ go léir agus teaċ Ċinn Ċoraḋ ar sonnaċriṫ. Do ṫáiniġ sé asteaċ agus do ṡocruiġ sé síos a ṫrí oirneaċ iuḃair. Agus níor ḟág sé oireaḋ maide sgeine

---

[1] B uraḋ tógḃála. [2] B "tear". [3] A has "do

hoist it." He gave a vigorous lift to the load, so that he hoisted it on the end of his back and his two shoulders. "Now come out before me, king's son," said he, "and show me the way."

"I won't be a servant to the man who carries that load," said Murough.

The lad raises himself on powerful quick-running footsoles, with vigorous, valorous, mighty-great steps, so that he would leave behind him a hill of one leap, and a valley of one hop, and thus he went making off straight for the House of Kincora.

Of a look that the porter cast round him, he beheld him in that guise coming down the side of the mountain towards him. In he runs, and the cook saw him and said—"Wounds and danger on you," says she, "your teeth have blackened, your eyes have whitened, your voice has turned to a ghastly sound in your head, the pains of death and everlasting dissolution have come upon you, or what token or wonder have you seen?"

"Your own teeth would blacken, your eyes would whiten, and your voice would turn to a ghastly sound in your head, if you were to see the wonder I have seen."

Then the old king, namely, Brian Boru, heard them, and he asked them what they had seen. The porter told him that it was a single, ill-visaged, bald-grey warrior, who was coming down the back of the mountain, who had the seven woods of Cratloe, or the twelve mountains of Felim, or some such other load upon his back, and if he continues the course he is going in, it's certain that he'll sweep the House of Kincora with his feet under the sea with him.

"Save, save [us]," says the king. "Send him word not to smother us or drown us, and even if it be a fairy sprite of the Tuatha De Danann that he is, whatsoever thing he wants [tell him] that he'll get it."

As the messenger went out, the youth [arrived, and] threw down his load, and set the entire ground and the House of Kincora in a mighty shaking. He came in then and laid down in order his three billets of yew, and he never left as much as a whitling of the game

---

dhona agus do dhuais ort", *passim*.

[4] B "siobhraidheacd."

de'n treilg naċ raiḃ riaġstálta[1] suas ar ḃordaiḃ, sul ṫáinig Murċaḋ mac Ḃriain ná aon duine d'á reiḋ-ṫeaġlaċ a-ḃaile.

An niḋ do rinn sé an lá san, do rinn an niḋ céadna gaċ lá go ceann bliaḋna no níos fearr. Ní raiḃ aon lá naċ siuḃalfaḋ sé[2] ó Uraḋ, go h-Urraḋ, ó Life go Loċlainn, ó Loċlainn do'n Spáin, ó'n Spáin go h-Earbáin, ó Earbáin go h-Éirinn, go Tiobraid bó ṁaoile finne, go Garḋa na h-Isbirte ar an dtaoiḃ ṡiar ṡíos d' Arainn mar a dtéiḋeann an ġrian ċum leapṫan, ó Ḃoṫán na buaile go Teaċ an tsean-ḃaile. Ní ḃíoḋ sgeul nuaḋ ná iongnaḋ ar an ḃfad sin naċ mbíoḋ aige re h-innsint do Ṁurċaḋ mac Ḃriain ḃóirṁe gaċ aon oiḋċe ann a leabaiḋ.

Do ḃí ag caiṫeaṁ na h-aimsire mar sin go ceann bliaḋna agus ag déanaṁ gnóṫa buaċaille agus cailín gaċ aon nóment ar an ló d'á n-iarrfaiḋe air é, go fonnṁar[3]. "Bliaḋain agus lá andiú," ar sé, "a ṁic an riġ, do réiḋtiġear féin leat ar ḃreiṫ mo ḃéil féin, de ṫuilleaṁ agus de ṫuarasdal d'fáġail uait."

"Is é go deiṁin," ar mac an riġ, "agus beir do ḃreiṫ orm."

"Beirim-se de ḃreiṫ ort, a ṁic an riġ," ar sé, "fiuġ do ċur ar an saġfaig[4] seo gan fuiġioll gan easḃaiḋ gan iomarca, ionnus naċ ḃfáġad loċt uirri."

"Do ġoin agus do ġuais[5] ort," do ráiḋ Murċaḋ, "créad fáṫ naċ milliún óir no airgid no fuasgailt riġ no Ridire[6] d'iarrais orm, sul ar iarrais an spriosántaċt sin?"

"Ní beag liom súd féin ort," do ráiḋ an buaċaill.

Gluaisear Murċaḋ agus téid go dtí an gaḃa do ḃí ag obair dó, agus aduḃairt ris fiuġ do ċur ar an saġfaig[7] sin gan fuiġioll gan easḃaiḋ gan iomarca. Do rinn an gaḃa an fiuġ, agus níor ḟoir sí ḋó. Déanas[8] fiuġ agus fiuġ eile ḋí, agus dá mbeiḋeaḋ a ḃás air, ní ḋéanfaḋ aon ḟiuġ naċ ḃfáġaḋ giolla an ḟiuġ loċt uirri[9]. Gluaisid rómpa ann

---

[1] B "riastaidhthe". [2] B reads "nach siubhalfadh sé ó tiobraid bo mhaoile finne, go gáruidhe na hisbirte air an dtaoibh shiar shíos do arran mar a dtéighean an ghrian cum leapthan go bhuathán na buaille go teach an tsean-bhaile." A reads *mhíle* for *maoile*. [3] A "dhá ngearthaoi ar farais sin (?)". [4] B ráṁaċ. [5] A "Donn agus duais ort". [6] A "rudaire", which is the

that was not served up on tables before Murough son of Brian or anyone of his household came home.

The thing which he did that day he did the same thing to the end of a year [as well], or better. There was never a day that he would not travel from Uradh to Urradh, from Liffey to Lochlann, from Lochlann to Spain, from Spain to Easpain, from Easpain to Erin, to the well of the bald white cow, to the garden of Hesperides on the west side down from Aran, where goes the sun to its couch, from the hut of the Booley to the house of the old town. There used never be any new story or wonder throughout all that [ground] that he would not have to tell to Murough son of Brian Boru every single night on his couch.

He was spending the time in this way to the end of a year, and doing willingly the business both of a boy and a serving girl, every single moment of the day that it would be required of him. "A year and a day to-day," says he, "king's son, since I settled with you to get the award of my own mouth of wages and of stipend from you."

"It is, indeed," said the king's son, "and give your award against me."

"I award as my award against thee, O king's son," says he, "to put a ferule on this staff without either lack, or want, or excess, so that I shall find no fault with it."

"Your wound and your peril on you!" said Murough, "why was it not a million of gold or silver, or the release of a king or a knight that you asked of me, before you asked such a ridiculous trifle as that?"

"Even that I do not think a small claim against you," said the lad.

Murough departs, and he goes to the smith who was working for him, and he told him to put a ferule on that staff, and not to make it too big or too small or too great (1). The smith made him the ferule, and it did not fit it. The smith makes another ferule, and another, but if he were to be put to death for it he could not make a single ferule that the Lad of the Ferule would not find fault with. They

---

usual pronunciation. B reads "Righ a ngeibhionn". [7] ꞃaṁaḋ, *passim*. [8] A "deinios". B "Rinneas". [9] Both texts make ꝼıúġ masculine and feminine indifferently, writing an ꝼ̇ıuġ and an ꝼıuġ, and in the gen. "an fhiugh" and "na fiugh".

---

(1) Literally, "without leavings, without want, without too much."

soin, agus níor ḟágḃadar aon ġaḃa ar feaḋ na críċe naċ ndearnaiḋ fiúġ ḋóiḃ, agus níor ḟoir[1] aon ċeann díoḃ do'n tsaġfaig. Mar sin dóiḃ go dtángadar ar an ḃfaiṫċe os cionn loċ Deargtar[2] mar ar séiḋtiġeadar le ċéile an ċeud lá riaṁ. "A ṁic an riġ," ar sé, "ni ḃfuil maiṫ ḋuit ḃeiṫ ag fáġail ḋuaḋ na fiuġ so, ni ḃus faide, óir ni ḃfuil aon ġaḃa faoi an ngréin do ḋéanfaḋ fiuġ d' ḟoirfeaḋ do'n tsaġfaiġ[3] seo, aċt an fiuġ do ḃí uirri féin roiṁe seo."

"Cá ḃfuil sí sin anois?" do ráiḋ Murċaḋ.

"Muna mbeiḋeaḋ [a] ḟaid liom-sa, a ṁic an riġ," ar sé, "do ċongḃáil ar ḃonn do ḋá ċois an ḟaid do ḃeiḋinn d'á innsint, d'inneósainn féin sin duit."

"O! ni fada liom-sa é," ar Murċaḋ.

Do ṡuiġeadar araon síos ar ḋá ṫolmán[4] glasa. "Ann so, a ṁic an riġ, mar a ḃfuilmid araon ann ár suiḋe, do ḃí cúirt ró ḃreáġ i n-allód. Ṫárla go raiḃ an Riġ fá ṫuinn[5], Áird-riġ Éireann, agus riġ Féinne, a n-aois gráḋ, agus a luċt leanaṁna, ag caiṫeaṁ fleaḋ agus feusta i bproinn-teaċ na cúirte an lá sin, ionnus go mbuḋ[6] lia fleaḋ agus feusta do ḃí againn 'ná mar do ḃí buiḋean ċum a ċaiṫte. Ann súd a ṁic an riġ, is seaḋ d'éiriġ bollsaire an teaġlaiġ 'na ṡeasaṁ agus do ċroiṫ sé slaḃra éisteaċta do ḃí aige. Ann soin do fiafruiġeaḋ de gaċ aon neaċ díoḃ an ḃfacadar riaṁ bórd biḋ do b'fearr no buḋ ṡaiḋḃre agus buḋ raiġseaṁla[7] 'ná an bórd biḋ sin do ḃí láiṫreaċ. Aduḃradar sin uile naċ ḃfacadar agus naċ raiḃ a leiṫéid ann riaṁ. Ni duḃart féin aon ḟocal. Do tugaḋ fá ndeara mé, mar nár ṁolas agus nár ċáineas an biaḋ. Aduḃradar má 's leaṫ-iomarca[8] biḋ no diġe do rinneaḋ orm go gcaiṫfiḋe a ċoiṁlíonaḋ liom. Aduḃart naċ molfainn agus naċ cáinfinn an biaḋ, agus naċ molfainn aon ḃiaḋ aċt an biaḋ do ṫiucfaḋ ar an gcoire do ḃí i gcríoċaiḃ Loċlainn, naċ mbiḋeaḋ uaiṫe aċt tri cloċa éiḃir agus tri h-oirneaċ[9] iúḃair do ċur fá n-a ṫóin, agus a

---

[1] A has *níor uír* and *níor ir*. B "níor oir". I have restored the usual f.
[2] B "Deirgdheirc". [3] B sáṁaċ. A sometimes aspirates the final g in saġfaig, and sometimes not. [4] A ṫalán. [5] A ċuing. [6] A "gur budh". B "gur ab". [7] B "réighseamhla". [8] B "leith iomairce". [9] B "thoirneach".

depart on their way after that, and they never left a single smith throughout the country who did not make a ferule for them, and not a single one of them fitted the staff. Thus they were until they came upon the lawn above Loch Derg, where they settled with one another the first day ever. "King's son," said he [then], "it's no good for you to be having trouble about this ferule any longer, for there's not one smith under the sun who could make a ferule that would fit this staff, except the ferule that was on itself before."

"Where is that one now?" said Murough.

"If I did not think it too long, King's son," said he, "to keep you on the soles of your two feet while I would be telling you, myself would tell you that."

"Oh! I don't think it long," said Murough.

They sat down together on two green tussocks. "In this place, O King's son, where we are seated together, there was a very fine court in ancient times. It chanced that the King of Under-Wave (¹), the High-king of Ireland, and the King of the Fenians, their friends and their followers, were partaking of a banquet and feast in the refectory of the court that day, so that more plentiful was the banquet and feast that we had than the band we had to eat it. Then it was, O King's son, that the herald of the mansion rose, and stood up, and shook the chain-of-hearing that he had. Then it was asked of every one of them did they ever see a table of food that was better or richer or more abundant than that table of food there present. All of those said that they had not seen [such a thing] and that such a thing never existed. Myself said no word. It was observed of me that I neither praised nor dispraised the food. They said if it was any deficiency of food or drink that was given me, that it must be made good to me. I said that I would neither praise nor dispraise the food, and that I would praise no food except the food that would come out of the caldron that was in the lands of Lochlann, that wanted only to have three fairy stones and three billets of yew put under its bottom, and all that shall come or that have come, that they would get any food they might desire ready

---

(¹) The Country-under-wave is the Irish name for Holland and the Low Countries, and the "King [of] under-wave" is a common character in Irish folk-tales; but the name has absolutely no geographical significance in the folk-lore, and has nothing to say to the Low Countries.

dtiucfaḋ agus a dtáinig go ḃfáġdaois aon ḃiaḋ d'iarrfaidís, ollaṁ, bruiṫte[1], ar aníos, agus gan aon ġreim do ċur ann dé go bráṫ. Aduḃradar naċ raiḃ aṁail sin ann riaṁ, agus aduḃairt ríġ Féinne naċ [n-]innseósainn[2] féin bréag. Ann soin aduḃradar na laoċra nár ḃfuláir dul ar ṫóiriġeaċt an ċoire. Ann soin do h-ollaṁnuiġeaḋ[3] liom féin seaċt gcéad laoċ lán-ċalma de ṫaoiseaċaiḃ na Féinne[4] i n-airm 's n-eudaċ. Do gleusaḋ dúinn curaċán ceann-árd cliaḃ-ḟairsing long-luċtṁar, lán-ísioll[5]. D'éiriġ gaoṫ idir dá sgóḋ orrainn, agus d'éirġeamar ar ṫairdioll gaoiṫe, ionnus nár fágaḋ seól[6] gan síneaḋ, ná stiúr gan leónaḋ,[7] ionnus go mbíḋeaḋ cúḃar na fairrge d'á ċur i n-íoċtar agus an gaineaṁ d'á ċur i n-uaċtar. Mar sin dúinn go roċtain cuain críċe Loċlainn. Ann soin ṫugamar ceangal laé agus lán-ḃliaḋna ar ár gcuraċán, ionnus naċ [m]beiḋmís uaiḋ aċt uair a ċluig. Níor ḃfada ann soin go ḃfacamar uainn cnoc árd ann a raiḃ ceiṫre bóiṫre d'á ionnsaiḋe[8], ó ceiṫre h-árdaiḃ an doṁain ṁóir, agus ni raiḃ aon ḃóṫar díoḃ naċ raiḃ céad laoċ lán-ċalma ag faire agus ag coiṁéad an ċnuic. Do ċonnarcmar an coire i mullaċ an ċnuic, agus seaċt gcéad laoċ lán-ċalma ag gaċ aon ċúinne[9] dé, i n-éagmais a raiḃ de luċt freasdail agus friṫalaṁ an ḃiḋ ḃeiriġṫe ar luċt na críċe uile. Agus ar a ḃfaicsin 'san orduġaḋ sin do m' laoċraiḃ féin do ġlac meataċt agus mi-ṁeisneaċ iad, ionnus gur ṫuiteadar a n-arma ar a láṁaiḃ, agus nár ḟan briġ ná tapa ionnta, agus aduḃradar dá ḃfuiġdís flaiṫeas críoċ Loċlainn naċ raċfaḋ neaċ díoḃ tairis sin. Ni raiḃ agam féin, a ṁic an ríġ, aċt bearraḋ óinsiġ no amadáin[10] do ṫaḃairt orm féin agus dul suas mar a raiḃ an coire, agus ḃeiṫ ag iṫe an ḃiḋ mar ċáċ, go ḃfuairear amas ar na tri cloċaiḃ éiḃir do ḃí fa 'n gcoire do ċaiṫeaṁ ann asteaċ, agus na tri h-óirneaċ iuḃair mar an gcéadna: sis sin ṫug [me] úr-ṫógḃáil[11] faoi an gcoire,

---

[1] B "brighte". A "beirghthe". [2] "na neósfainn" in both MSS. [3] B "hollmhuigheadh". [4] A adds "fó na lán sróil, fo na gceasaibh [?] síoda agus iarshnáith óir". [5] B omits this word which seems to mean that they were low in the water. [6] A reads "fala". [7] [1] A adds here "na bearna gan briseadh na tairne gan tuathadh gan consgludh (?) go d . . . lamar i n-iomarbhádh dian-diograiseach na fairrge, no srotha saidhbhre seamsanta na gciosaghorm

boiled, up, out of it, and without their ever putting a single bit of it in the caldron. They said that there never existed such a thing, but the Fenian King said that myself would not tell a falsehood. Then the heroes said that they must go in pursuit of the caldron. Then there was prepared, along with myself, seven hundred full-valiant heroes of the chiefs of the Fenians in arms and armour. A high-headed, broad-breasted, ship-laden, full-low bark was prepared for us. There arose a wind upon us between two scuds, and we rose travelling the wind so that there was left not a sail unstretched nor a steer unstrained, so that the foam of the sea used to be sent down below, and the sand sent up on high. Thus we were until we reached the harbour of the country of Lochlann. Then we gave our bark the fastening of a day and a full year, even though (1) we should not be absent from her but an hour of the clock. It was not long then till we saw at a distance from us a high hill, in which there were four roads, which led to it from the four airts of the great world, and there was never a road of them but had a hundred full-valiant warriors watching and guarding the hill. We beheld the caldron on the top of the hill and seven hundred full-valiant heroes at each corner of it, not to speak of those who attended and dealt out the boiled meat to the people of the entire country. And on my own warriors seeing them in this array, cowardice and dispiritedness seized them, so that their arms fell from their hands, and there remained neither strength nor activity in them, and they said that if they were to get the sovereignty of the lands of Lochlann that not a man of them would go past that. I had nothing to do myself, King's son, but to take on myself the shaving of a fool or an idiot, (2) and to go up to where the caldron was, and to be eating the food like everyone else, until I got a chance to throw the three fairy stones that were under the caldron into it, and the three billets

---

uaithne agus dos na bróinte borba braonacha, na genoic geinnfhliucha cogadhsacha di-chéillidhe na fairrge", which, like most of A's interpellations, is corrupt.
[8] A "ag déanamh mar a bheidheadh ceithre áird ar an domhan mór".
[9] A reads "cuinge". B omits.
[10] B "oinmide no aimid".
[11] A reads "uradh thógbhla", as before.

---

(1) The text, which is evidently corrupt, reads "so that we should not be", &c.

(2) *I.e.*, to get my head shorn in the way in which the mad and demented were shorn. This seems to have been an old custom, perhaps to set people on their guard against them. I have met the phrase elsewhere.

ionnus gur ḟuadaiġ mé liom é i nglinntiḃ an aéḋir a ḃfad ar raḋarc an oireaċtais. Ann soin gluaisid luċt na críċe agus an ḃuiḋean ċalma do ḃí ag coiṁéad an ċoire ar a lorg, ar fud gleannta agus cnoc[1], no gur ṫárladar re m' ḟeaċt gcéad laoċ de ṫaoiseaċaiḃ na Féinne, go ndéanaid siad orra[2], go raḃadar dá n-diṫ-ċean̄aḋ agus d'á n-éirleaċ; go nduḃairt féin gur truaġ liom taoiseaċa na Féinne do ḃeiṫ d'á dtreasgairt mar ġeall ar an sprealaire coire sin, ċoiḋċe, agus caiṫim uaim fad m' urċair é, agus ionnsaiġim orra, ionnus go mbuḋ ċoṁ-ċlos duit andiú agus an lá sin, an léirsgrios do ṫugamar ar ṡluaiġtiḃ Loċlainn. Dá éis sin ṫugamar linn an coire, agus do ṡocruiġeamar, ann ár gcuraċán ċugainn é, ionnus nár stadaḋ linn go roċtain Éire[ann] dúinn agus go dtugamar linn an coire gur an réiḋ-ṫeaġlaċ[3] do ḃí ann so. Giḋeaḋ níor ḃféidir a ċur i ndorus na cúirte asteaċ, agus is aṁlaiḋ do b'éigin a ṡocruġaḋ re h-ais bile[4] do ḃí i ngar do'n loċ. Do cuireaḋ na tri cloċa éiḃir faoi na ċosaiḃ agus na tri h-óirneaċ iuḃair faoi n-a ṫóin, ionnus go ḃfriṫálfaḋ biaḋ bruiṫte, ollaṁ, ar ḟearaiḃ agus ṁnáiḃ Éireann, agus gan aon ġreim[5] do ċur ann dé go bráṫ—gur fá h-éigean dóiḃ adḃáil[6] gur ċanas féin fírinne leó. Níor ḃfada d' aimsir ann soin, go raḃadar fir Éireann trom i ḃfeóil, gan lúṫ ná gaisge, re neart socaraċt, iar ḃfáġail a mbeaṫa ċoṁ saor sin, ollaṁ i gcóṁnuiḋe, ar an gcoire; go lá d'ár éiriġ uillṗiast[7] ar an loċ, iar ḃfáġail ḃolaiḋ an ḃíḋ ḃeiriġṫe, go ndearrna[8] sí go céim-díreaċ ar an gcoire, agus do ṫosnaiġ ar an biaḋ do ḃí innti do alpaḋ. Do ḃí sí ċoṁ uaṫḃásaċ sin de ṗéist gur ġlac gráin agus eagla fir Éireann roimpi, gur ṫeiṫeadar uaiṫe, agus do ḃí sí ag iṫe an ḃiḋ ar an gcoire go nduḃairt féin gur boċt an sgéal liom tar éis a ḃfuaireamar de ḋuaḋ an ċoire, a ṡoċar do ḃeiṫ ag an uillṗéist sin. Do rinneas uirri, agas gan d'arm agam féin aċt an sáġfaċ[9] so, agus le fóirneart na [m]builliḋeaḋ, gur sgeinn an fiuġ de'n tsaġfaċ

---

[1] B "féadhadh". [2] B "gur ionnsaigheadar orrtha." [3] B "chum na cúirte." [4] A "beille". B "bille". [5] "greidhm," MSS. [6] B "géille[adh]".

of yew also. With that I gave a vigorous lift to the caldron, so that I rushed it away with me in the glens of the air, far away out of the sight of the assembly. Then the people of the country and the valorous band that was guarding the caldron, proceed on the track of it, through glens and hills, until they met my seven hundred warriors of the chiefs of the Fenians, and they make at them, so that they were beheading them and slaying them, till I said myself that I thought it a pity the chiefs of the Fenians ever to be a-slaughtering on account of that wretch of a caldron, and I throw it from me the length of my shot (1), and I attack them so that you could hear as well to-day as that day(2) the destruction we inflicted on the hosts of Lochlann. After that we took with us the caldron, and we settled it with us in our bark, so that no halt was made by us until our reaching Erin, and until we took with us the caldron to the household that was here. However, it was not possible to bring it in through the door of the court, and consequently we had to fix it beside a big-tree near the lake. The three fairy stones were put under its feet and the three billets of yew under its bottom, so that it would supply meat boiled and ready to all the men and women of Ireland, without ever putting one morsel of it into it—so that they were obliged to acknowledge that myself spoke the truth to them. It was no long time after that till the men of Erin grew heavy in flesh, without activity or valour, by reason of easy-times, on getting their food so cheaply, always ready, out of the caldron; until a day that there arose a serpent out of the lake, finding the scent of the cooked meat, so that she made direct for the caldron; and she began to swallow-down the food that was in it. She was such a dreadful [monster] of a serpent that horror and fear seized on the men of Erin before her, so that they fled from her, and she was eating the food out of the caldron until myself said that I thought it a poor story after all the hardship we had with the caldron, that this serpent should reap the advantage. I made at her, and I had no weapon myself but this staff, and with the vehemence of the blows, if the ferule didn't fly away from me, off the staff and

---

[7] A "ollapiast". [8] B "gur aimsigh sí". [9] B "an tsámhach."

---

(1) *I.e.* "as far as I could throw it." (2) This apparently means that the story of the defeat of the men of Lochlann was as vividly remembered as ever.

uaim asteaċ san gcoire[1]. Ris sin ṫugas úr-ṫógḃáil[2] dúm féin go ndeaċa[s] i mbarra an ḃile úd ṫall, suas, ar teiṫeaḋ uaiṫi. Ann soin, ar ḃfáġail suaiṁnis do'n ṗéist ó na builliḋiḃ, agus re saint ċum an ḃiḋ, do ċas sí a h-úir-ġéag[3] timċioll an ċoire gur sguabaḋ léi síos fá'n loċ é, ionnus gur imṫiġ uainn gan tosaḋ gan tuarasgḃáil, agus atá an uillṗiast, an coire agus an fiuġ fá'n loċ ṡíos fós."

Ann soin tigeas Murċaḋ mac Ḃriain a-ḃaile, agus éirġeas go moċ de ló agus de lán-tsoillse ar n-a ṁáraċ, agus do ṡocraiġ air a ċulaiḋ airm agus éadaiġ go h-iomlán, agus do ċuir sé air a ċeannfart glaine[4], agus do sinn ar an loċ, é féin agus a s' lean é, d'á aois ġráḋ agus d'á luċt leanaṁna. Ann soin do ṫug ruṫag[5] dó féin go ndeaċa de léim i gceart-lár an loċa, agus níor ḃfada go ḃfacaiḋ an uillṗiast, agus í 'na lúib, fillte[6] timċioll an ċoire, gur[7] leig é féin ar a ḋruim san tsnáṁ gur ċaiṫ urċar d'á ṡleiġ léi, gur aimsiġ ann a lár í, go ndearrnaiḋ dá ordán[8] dí. Leis sin do ḋruid léi go cróḋa gur ḃain an ceann de'n uillṗéist.

Ḋ'éiriġ re n-a linn sin bárr dearg ar an loċ. Ann soin do ṫángaṫar ar gaċ taoiḃ de'n loċ, agus aduḃairt gaċ n-aon gur ab é Murċaḋ do ḃí marḃ.

"Is cosṁúil re glór óinḃide no amadáin ḃur nglór," do ráiḋ giolla an ḟiuġ, "óir is deiṁin [dá mbeiḋeaḋ] a ḃfuil ann so de ḋaoiniḃ, agus Murċaḋ, agus a ṡeaċt n-oireaḋ marḃ naċ dtaḃarfaidís uile snóḋ ċoṁ dearg ar an loċ, agus ni h-é aċt an uillṗiast atá marḃ." Re n-a linn sin do ċonncadar ċuca go séimeaṁail Murċaḋ agus an fiúġ, agus ceann na h-uillṗéiste ann a ḋá láiṁ aige, agus do ṡocraiġ sé an fiúġ re n-a ḋá láiṁ ar an saġfaiġ[9] gan fuiġioll gan earḃaiḋ gan iomarca; agus ṫug do Ġiolla an ḟiúġ é.

"Tá mo ṫuarasdal agam anois," ar sé, "giḋeaḋ is fearr an t-seóid d' fágḃais id' ḋiaiġ 'ná [a] dtugais leat."

---

[1] A "do thugamar gorra dá chéile gur sgeinn," etc. [2] A reads "uradh "thógbhála," as before. [3] A "a h-úróg." [4] B "chuir sé ar a cheann clogad gloine". [5] B "thug baoithléim asteach agceartlár an locha".

into the caldron. Then I gave a vigorous-lift to myself so that I went up into the top of yon big-tree, flying from her. Then when the serpent got some rest from the blows, and with greed for the meat, she twisted her members round the caldron, so that it was swept away by her down under the lake; so that she went away from us without tale or tidings, and the serpent, the caldron, and the ferule are down under the lake still."

Then Murough son of Brian comes home, and he rises up early on the day and full light of the morrow, and he arranged on himself completely his suit of arms and armour, and he put on him his helmet of glass, and he made for the lake, himself and all of his friends and followers who followed him. Then he made a rushing-race till he went of a leap into the very heart of the lake; and it was not long until he beheld the serpent, and she in a coil, twisted round the caldron; so that he laid himself on his back, swimming in the water, till he threw a cast of his spear at her, so that he hit her in the middle, so that he made two pieces of her. Thereupon he approached her valiantly, till he smote the head off the serpent.

There arose, while that was going on, a surface of red upon the lake; then the people came together on each side of the lake, and everyone said that it was Murough who was dead.

"Your speech is like the speech of a simpleton or a fool," said the Lad of the Ferule; "for it's certain that if all the people who are here, and Murough, and seven times as many others were dead, that they all [together] would not bring so red an appearance upon the lake, and it is not he but the serpent which is dead." And with that they beheld Murough coming proudly towards them, and the ferule and the head of the serpent with him in his two hands, and he fixed the ferule with his two hands on the staff, without anything-over, without lack, without excess, and he gave it to the Lad of the Ferule.

"I have my wages now," said he; "howsoever, better is the treasure that you have left behind you than all that you have brought with you."

---

[6] A "feidhilte". B omits.

[7] B omits from "gur" to "snámh".

[8] B "leath".

[9] B "sâmhach". A "samhfaigh".

"Maiseaḋ," ar Murċaḋ, "is fearr an t-eólas atá agam anois 'ná ḃí agam roiṁe seó." Leis sin téiḋ Murċaḋ an dara feaċt fá'n loċ, arís, gur ċuartaiġ é go mion minic, gur ṫeangṁaiġ an coire leis, go dtug leis go calma ar port é.

Ann soin caiṫeas giolla-an-ḟiuġ an fiuġ agus a ṫrí óirneaċ iuḃair, agus a ṫrí cloċa éiḃir isteaċ san gcoire, agus aduḃairt, "Is anois, a ṁic an riġ," ar sé, "atá mo ṫuilleaṁ agus mo ṫuarasdal agam," ag fuadaċ an ċoire sís fá'n loċ gan tosaḋ gan tuarasgḃáil.

Ann soin buaileas Murċaḋ a ċlí agus a ċorp fá lár, gan stad, agus do ḃí féin agus a ṁuinntir go buaiḋearṫa tre iṁṫeaċt na seóide sin do saoṫraiġeaḋ leis, ar an ṁóḋ sin, uaṫa. Téiḋeas Murċaḋ a-ḃaile agus noċtas an toirsg[1] sin d'á aṫair, gur saorṫaiġeaḋ leis a ṡaṁail sin de ṡeóidiḃ agus go rug Giolla-an-ḟiuġ leis ar an ṁóḋ sin iad.

"Cad do ḋéanfair-se air sin, a ṁic?" do ráiḋ an riġ aosta[2].

"Déanfad-sa," do ráiḋ Murċaḋ, "go ngeoḃad de ġeasaiḃ orm féin gan dá oiḋċe do ċodlaḋ ar aon leaba, ná ḋá ḃéile biḋ d'iṫe ar aon ḃord, no go dtugfam-na Giolla-an-ḟiúġ agus an coire agus na trí cloċa éiḃir agus na trí h-oirneaċ iúḃair tar ais arís go Dún Ċinn Ċoraḋ."

"Beir buaiḋ agus beannaċt a ṁic, agus gurab maiṫ an ṁaise ḋuit-se sin," do ráiḋ Brian.

Do ċuaiḋ Murċaḋ a ċoḋlaḋ an oiḋċe sin, agus éiriġeas de ló agus de lán troillse ar na ṁáraċ[3] agus do ċoirriġ é féin, do ċiar a ċeann agus d'ionnlaiġ a láṁa agus [a] aġaiḋ. agus do ċaiṫ a ṗroin, agus iar sin d'iarr beannaċt a aṫar agus a ṁáṫar agus a ġaolta, agus do fearaḋ sin [ḋó].

Do ġléus an fiannuiḋe súl-ġorm é féin 'na éideaḋ agus airm gaisge, .i. a lúiṫreaċ leaṫan lán-daingionn, a lann fada niṁḟaoḃraċ, a ċlogad curáiḋeaċ lán de ċloċaib carbúncail réaltannaċ[a], a ḋá ċraoiseaċ crann-raṁra caṫa ann a ḋóidiḃ daingne dó-sgaoilte, a sgiaṫ ċorcorṫa ḋoinn-ḋearg ar stuaiġleirg a ḋroma, meaḃraċ sgeinne géire fá n-a ṫaoiḃ ċlí, agus trí litre de litreaċaiḃ órḋa, sgríoḃṫa ar an sgéiṫ agus ar

---

[1] A "an t-aithisg". B "an taithis, *i.e.* "the shame," "affront." [2] "B críona".

"Well, then," said Murough, "I know the way better now than I did before." With that Murough goes the second time under the lake again, till he searched it closely and often, till he chanced on the caldron, and till he brought it valiantly with him to the shore.

Then the Lad of the Ferule throws the ferule and his three billets of yew and its three fairy stones into the caldron, and said, "It is now, King's son," said he, "I have [indeed] my wages and my stipend," as he swept the caldron with him beneath the lake, [disappearing] without tale or tidings.

Then Murough smites his breast and his body upon the ground, unceasingly, and he himself and his people were in trouble through that treasure which had been gained by him going from them in that manner. Murough goes home [then], and makes known those tidings to his father, how he had gained such treasures, and how the Lad of the Ferule had brought them away with him in that manner.

"What will you do about that, my son?" said the aged king.

"I will do this," said Murough; "I will take *geasa* [mystic bonds] upon myself, not to sleep two nights on one couch, or to eat two meals of meat at one table, until we bring the Lad of the Ferule and the caldron and the three fairy stones and the three billets of yew back again to the Castle of Kincora."

"Take a victory and a blessing, my son, and sure it is well that became you!" said Brian.

Murough went to sleep that night, and he rises up with the day and the full light on the morrow, and he blessed himself, combed his head, laved his hands and his face, ate his meal, and after that asked the blessing of his father and his mother and his kin, and that was accorded him.

The blue-eyed hero dressed himself in his armour and arms of valour, his broad full-firm mail-coat, his long venom-edged blade, his champion's helmet full of starry carbuncle stones, his two thick-hafted battle-javelins in his firm unlooseable hands, his empurpled brown-red shield upon the arched-expanse of his back, a sharp knife-dagger on his left side, and three letters, of golden letters, written on

---

[3] B omits from máꞃaċ to ıaꞃꞃın, and reads simply "do iarr beannacht a athar agus a mhâthar, agus fuair se beannachadh ó chroidhe uatha."

an sgín, d'á ṡuiḋeaṁ gur ab é féin do ċearbaḋ na laoċra san dtrear[1]. Ann soin do gaḃaḋ eaċ do .i. eaċ mín mearagánta lom-luaṫ léir-léimneaċ go n-a ċeiṫre crúḋaiḃ[2] d'airgiod finnġeal[3] fé, agus srian béal-órḋa, ag a raiḃ dá ġníoṁ déag ċum na[4] maiṫeara innti, faoi mar do ḃí tri ġníoṁ o ṁnaoi ar dtúis, com caol, toll raṁar, agus meanmna uallaċ, trí ġníoṁ o ṫarḃ, súil ṫeann, muinéal raṁar, agus éadan leaṫan, tri ġníoṁ ó ṡionnaċ, .i. síuḃal rannġaċ agus cluas ḃearaċ agus earball sgoṫaċ[5], trí ġníoṁ ó ṁíol-buiḋe .i. léim árd, filleaḋ grod, agus riṫ anaġaiḋ cnuic. Ann soin do ċuaiḋ sé ar ṁuin an eiċ[6] ġorm-sguabaiġ ṁór-eólais ḃeóḋa ċliste, ionnus naċ [m]bíoḋ de nós orra aċt mar a ḃeiḋ' lon ag dul le gaoiṫ[7], no, faoileann de ṁaoilin sléiḃe, no roṫ ag dul [le] mór-ḟánaḋ[8], no gaoṫ ag[9] dul i ngleanntaiḃ, no Céadaċ mac riġ na Sorċa[10] ag dul a' dísróireaċt re riġ-ṁac Ċ[a]oillte ṁic Ronáin i n-uaṫaiḃ mic Airreaċt ui Ċonċuḃair, i gcóṁgár Éire[ann] agus Alban, agus gur ab é sin an raon[11] siúḃail agus síor-imṫeaċt[a] do ḃí fá'n ngairgiḋeaċ an tan sin. Ionnus go gcuirfeaḋ sé broic ar ċoilltiḃ, agus geilt ar ġleanntaiḃ, faol-ċoin faoi árdaiḃ, agus sionnaiġ ar seaċrán, riaṁ, go dtáinig sé ar ḃruaċ loċa Deargtar.[12]

Ann sin do ċuir se uime a ċlogad gloine[13], agus ṫug úr-ṫógḃáil[14] dó féin go ndeaċaiġ i gceart-lár an loċa, go raiḃ ag siúḃal ann ar feaḋ trí lá agus tri oiḋċe, no gur sloigeaḋ é fá ḋeireaḋ go tír fá ṫuinn, mar a fuair iomad bogaiġṫe agus coillte agus gleannta diaṁaire, gan duine gan beaṫaiġeaċ ag áitreaṁ ann. Do ḃí Murċaḋ ag imṫeaċt

---

[1] A reads as follows: "Do chómhruidh se air corpannacha éide fé mar do bhi aige, léine don tsleamhain' tsíoda, uime a gheal chnis, a thruis chaol bruithineach nuadh-chóraighthe seaca saidhbhre socruighthe go h-iomalach eugsamhla, comhraic cuifeach chuinneach choilearach caitineach mor-uchtrach brad brádh baramhail, a dhá bhróig miona clúdaighthe dheasa dhubha ghaodhalacha, togh gar drisbéalacha thiorma theanna shasda: a spuir gheara ghreannta de'n airgiod cearrbhálta go na n-iallachaibh i n-iomall órdha dá n-iaig agus dá n-osgailt go hainmeach, faoi an mbeilgín mbreac mbróigh, agus do chuir sé a chrios tharis, .i. crios conallach buadhach buadhclach bhándearg lán do chnaipidhe dísle, de shioda na h-Arabia, da iadh agus dá osgailt, a sgaball phollach phéarlach o uachtar luingheach a chloidhimh fada re feidh imuinge a bheinn chúmhdaighe clochórdha córta arm an Fhianaidhe shochma shulgorma, a lann neimhe choinn-láidir corportha ag an laoch gan eagla comhraic, a chlogad cuirrceach cusógach lán de chlochaibh carrabuncail faoi na hata ceart-

the shield and on the knife, setting-forth that it was he himself who used to lop the heroes in the battle. Then there was found a steed for him, a smooth, high-spirited, very-fast, clear-leaping steed, with four shoes of fine-white silver beneath him, and a golden bitted bridle, which [steed] had in itself twelve accomplishments of excellence, first, three excellences of a woman, a narrow waist, a full hip, and a proud spirit, three excellences from a bull, a stout eye, a thick neck and a broad face, three excellences from a fox, a bounding gait and a pointed ear, and a bushy tail, three excellences from a hare, a high leap, a rapid turning, and a run up-hill. Then he got upon the back of his blue-sweeping, very-knowing, lively expert steed, so that they went in no other fashion than as it were a *lon* going before the wind, or a seamew off a bald mountain-head, or a wheel down a great incline, or a wind going through the valleys, or *Céadach* (1), the son of the king of Sorcha, going to dispute with the king-son of Caoilte mac Ronain in the desert-places of Airreacht O'Conor on the near confines of Erin and Alba, so that such was the career of travel and constant-going which the hero made at that time, so that he would rout badgers out of woods, *geilts* out of glens, wolves under heights, and [put] foxes a-wandering, ever, until he came to the brink of Loch Derg.

Then he put round him his glass helmet, and gave a vigorous lift to himself, till he went into the very middle of the lake, so that he was travelling in it for three nights and three days, until he was swallowed up at last to the Country-under-wave, where he found many bogs and woods and mysterious glens without a person or a beast inhabiting it.

---

bheannach airgid, agus a luireach leathan Lochlannach lán-daingionn réaltanach o Chaisléan Chonaill Craoibh-ruadha, agus éide Chonaill ceann-ruadh, a dhá chraoiseach ceann-ramhra chatha ann a dhornaibh dhaingionna do-sgaoilte," most of which is so corrupt as to be almost unintelligible. [2] A "crúithe". B "cruite". [3] A "diarnuidhe". [4] B omits na. [5] A "sgathach". [6] A "air mhuin an tseara bheanna bhéilisioll taobh aoigear". [7] A "ag lomadh gaoithe ro" (?). [8] A "re faillte". [9] B omits from *no gaoth* to *Alban*. [10] "Sorrach," MS. [11] A "ag sin comh-thionól siúbhail". [12] B "Deirgdheirc", as before. [13] A "ceannfair glaine". [14] A "urradh togbhala," as before.

---

(1) This refers to a story, now I fear lost, but of which I once heard an oral version. It was one of the stories in the MSS. stolen from Denis Buckley n 1803, for which he issued the "warrant" printed by Mr. Macalister in "Gaelic Journal," vol. ix., p. 324.

ar feaḋ an laoi sin gur caraḋ é do ċailliġ ṁáir-liaṫ ṁaslaṫaċ[1] buḋ ġránna deilḃ agus déanaṁ dá'r ḃfaca súil ḋaonna riaṁ, ionnus go ḃfanfaḋ mion-úḃall no mór-áirne ar ḃárr gaċ ribe de'n ṁuing ġarḃ-liaṫ do ḃí mar ġruaig uirri. Do éiriġ an ṗéirt cailliġe seo i gcoinne Ṁurċaḋ ċum caṫa do ṫaḃairt dó.

"Do ġoin agus do ġuair ort," do ráiḋ an ċailleaċ, "a Ṁuiriċín ġránna o Éirinn! is mion liom mar ġreim do ċuid feóla agus is lúġa deoċ de d' ċuid anairṫe agam[2]," ar sí.

"Do ġoin agus do ġuair ort," do ráiḋ Murċaḋ, "do ċuir m'aṫair de ġeasaiḃ orm gan cóṁrac cailliġe do ḋéanaṁ no go dtéiḋinn a-ḃaile, agus má ċuir, níor ċuir sé de ġeasaiḃ gan do leiṫéid-se de ċailliġ ġránna do ċeangal."

Ann soin beireann agus tugann ceangal na gcúig gcaol uirri go daor agus go doċt agus go daingionn, fá mar ḃí caol a dá ċois, caol a dá láiṁ agus caol saṁar a muinéil[3], agus ni duḃairt sí "oċón[4]." Téiḋear anonn an dara feaċt agus ṫug leis carraig ċloiċe 'na raiḃ soc uirri ċoṁ geur le barra snáṫaide agus gaḃar míle buille fá ċarrán an gé . . . . an gcailliġ dí, agus ni duḃairt sí "oċón." Ann soin buailear míle buille . . . . na lurgan uirri agus ni duḃairt sí "oċón"[5].

"Anois," ar sí, "ni ḃfuil aon niḋ aċt go ḃfuil luas anála orm ó'n ualaċ." Fágḃar an ċailleaċ ann soin agus gluaisear ċum siúḃail, agus níor ḃfada ḋó go dtárla buaċaill bó air, agus tar éis beannuġaḋ dá ċéile aduḃairt an buaċaill re Murċaḋ gur dóiġ leis go raiḃ an gaisgiḋeaċ tuirseaċ déis an laoi, agus go dtiúḃairfeaḋ sé féin dreas[6] marcuiġeaċta ḋó. "Glacfaḋ sin uait agus fáilte," do ráiḋ Murċaḋ. Tógḃar ar a ġualainn ar feaḋ seaċt míle é. Ann soin tugar Murċaḋ mám óir agus airgid dó agus buiḋeaċas; agus níor ḃfada ḋó ann soin go dtárla an dara buaċaill bó air, agus beannuiġear do Ṁurċaḋ go na briaṫraiḃ foirḃineaċa

---

[1] B reads, after "maslathach", "iona raibh corda fighimín fá na cúilfhiacail agus cor d'á chúilfhiacail fá na chrios agus seacht slata do chlúmha pisemhusgánach ag treabhadh 's a fuirse na diaigh agus an chúilfhiacail 'san gcarbad eile mar mhaide chroise na láimh." [2] B "agus is milis sóghail liom deoch dod chuid anbhruith". [3] B "a sgrogall". [4] B "giog". [5] The omitted

Murough was going throughout that day until he met a grey-hipped abusive hag, the most ugly of shape and make that human eye ever beheld, so that a little apple or a big sloe would remain upon the point of every hair of the coarse-grey mane that she had in place of hair. This serpent of a hag rose up before Murough to give him battle.

"Your wound and your peril on you!" said the hag; "ugly little Morougheen from Ireland! I think your flesh small for a mouthful, and a drink of your broth still less for me," said she.

"Pains and peril on you," said Murough. "My father put me under *geasa* not to fight with a hag until I should return home; but, if he did, he never put me under *geasa* not to bind such a hideous hag as you."

With that he catches her, and gives her the binding of the five smalls, severely and rigidly and firmly, namely, the small of her two legs, the small of her two hands, and the thick small of her neck, and she never once said "ochone." He goes over the second time, and he took with him a rock of a stone on which there was a point as sharp as the top of a needle, and he strikes a thousand blows on the hag, and she never said "ochone." Then he strikes a thousand blows on her shins, and she never said "ochone." [He then piles the load of stones on her.]

"Now," says she, "there is nothing [the matter with me] but that there is shortness of breath on me from the load." He leaves the hag there and proceeds upon his journey, and it was not long until there met him a cow-boy; and after they had saluted one another, the boy said to Murough that he was sure the hero was tired after the day, and that he would give him a spell of riding. "I shall take that from you, and welcome," said Murough. He lifts him on his shoulder [and goes] for seven miles. Then Murough gives him a handful of gold and silver, and thanks. And it was not long then till the second cow-boy met him, and he salutes Murough with courteous prophet-like words

---

words are torn away in A. B reads, for the above: "Do fhéach Murchadh thairis 7 chonnaic carn cloch do thug leis iad agus chuir anuas air a druim iad uile, as dubhairt an tan sin 'braithim luathas anála a teacht orm o mhéid an ualach so orm', do rádh an chailigh".

[6] B reads "greis" for "dreas" in each case.

fáiġeaṁla[1] do ḃí ann do réir na h-aimsire sin, agus do ḟreagair Murċaḋ an beannaċaḋ mar an gcéadna.

"Is dóiġ liom go ḃfuil tu tuirseaċ, a ġaisgiḋiġ," do ráiḋ an buaċaill, "agus buḋ ṁéin liom dreas marcuiġeaċt[a] do ṫaḃairt duit." "Glacfad sin uait agus fáilte," do ráiḋ Murċaḋ. Ris sin tógḃas ar a ġualainn é, agus sgiobas leis ar feaḋ seaċt míle é. Ris sin tugas Murċaḋ mám airgid agus óir dó, agus buiḋeaċas.

Níor ḃfada ḋó ag siúḃal no gur ṫárla an treas[2] buaċaill bó air, agus do ḃeannaiġ do Ṁurċaḋ 'san móḋ ream-ráiḋte, agus do ḟreagair Murċaḋ é mar an gcéadna, agus do ġlac an ġreis ṁarcuiġeaċta ar feaḋ an ḟaid ċéadna do iomċair [gaċ] aon de'n dís buaċailliḋ eile é, agus ṫug mám óir agus airgid dó re mór-ḃuiḋeaċas. Níor ḃfada ḋó ann soin, no gur airiġ sé bean ag caoi go faoiḋeaċ[3] agus ag gol go truaġ. Ann soin aduḃairt Murċaḋ gur 'ḃ ḃéas d'á ḃéasaiḃ nár éist riaṁ re gol mná 'na h-aonar gan fios a cúise d'ḟáġail, agus do rinn uirri go céim-ḋíreaċ, agus d'ḟiafruiġ ḋí créad é fáṫ a guil. Agus aduḃairt sise, "cá críoċ no cá h-oiléan duit no cá dúiṫċe ann ar rugaḋ ṫu[4] mar naċ ḃfuil fios mo ċúise-se ná mo ġearáin agad-sa?" ar sí.

"Is [Éire is][5] dúṫa agus is oileán dam, agus ni ḃfuil fios do ġearáin ná do ġuil agam," ar sé.

"Inneósad[6] sin duit a ġaisgiḋiġ," ar sí; "an ríoġaċt so go léir do ḃí ag Ríġ Fá Ṫuinn, no gur ḃain faṫaċ na gcúig[7] gceann na gcúig mbeann, agus na gcúig muinéal agus a ṁáṫair .i. an uillṗéist ċailliġe, úṁla d'á aiṁḋeóin dé, agus dá dtrian a ríoġaċta, agus go raiḃ sé d'áird-ċíos aca air, gaċ aon uair do ġeoḃaḋ sé ṫarrsta amaċ no asteaċ, maiġdean do ṫaḃairt dó gaċ aon oiḋċe ċum a leapṫan agus a beiṫ aca [aige] a máraċ ċum proinne[8]; agus atá," ar sí, "an ríoġaċt uile dísgiġṫe ó ṁnáiḃ óga, aċt inġean an riġ féin, agus aon inġean aṁáin atá agam-sa, agus atá sí ar mnáiḃ breáġa an domain, agus is gearr anois, beag[9], o ġaḃ

---

[1] B "le briathradh faistineach fáigeambail do bhi mar nós 'san tir do réir na h-aimsire sin". [2] A omits the third ride. [3] B "go fhaodhbhadh".
[4] A reads "cá leabaidh codalta cuis leathan duit", which is not clear to me.

of the sort that they had in use at that time, and Murough answered the greeting in like manner.

"I am sure you are tired, O hero," said the boy, "and I would desire to give you a spell of riding." "I shall take that from you and welcome," said Murough. Therewith he raises him upon his shoulder and sweeps him along with him for seven miles. Thereupon Murough gives him a handful of silver and gold, and thanks.

He was not long walking until the third cow-boy met him, and he saluted Murough in the aforesaid manner; and Murough answered him in the same, and accepted the spell of riding for the same distance that each of the other two boys had carried him, and he gave him a handful of gold and silver with much thanks. He was not long then until he perceived a woman weeping bitterly and crying lamentably. Then Murough said [to himself] that it was a habit of his habits that he never yet listened to the cry of a lone woman without getting knowledge of her case, and he made straight for her, and he asked her what was the cause of her crying. And she said: "What country or island are you from, or what land were you born in, that you do not know my case and my complaint?" said she.

"Erin is my land and island, and I have no knowledge of your complaint or of your weeping," said he.

"I shall tell you that, O hero," said she. "The whole of this kingdom belonged to the King-under-Wave, until the giant of the five heads, the five bens, and the five necks, and his mother, the monster of a hag, exacted submission from him in spite of himself, and took two-thirds of his kingdom; and the high-tribute they had on him was that every time the giant would go past them either out or in, they had to bring him a maiden every single night to his couch, and he had to have her in the morning for breakfast; and," said she, "the kingdom is altogether emptied of young women, except the daughter of the king himself, and one only daughter that I have, and she is [counted] amongst the handsome women of the world; and it is only just a short

---

[5] B reads "is as oileán dam".

[6] "neósad", MSS.

[7] A omits from "na cúig" to "muinéal."

[8] A reads "breacfaist"!

[9] B "anois beag-nach."

sé ann so asteaċ, agus coire ar a ṁuin aige, agus d'ḟág se fógraḋ[1] agam-sa m' aon inġean do ċur ċuige i gcóṁair na h-oiḋċe anoċt, agus sin agad-sa a ġaisgiḋiġ fáṫ mo ġuil agus mo ġearáin."

"Taḃair daṁ-sa," do ráiḋ Murċaḋ, "an óigḃean agus raċfad féin ar maidin ċum an ḟaṫaiġ ar a son."

"Do ġeoḃair agus míle fáilte," ar sí.

Ann soin d'ḟiafraiġ ḋí an raiḃ fáġail fuasgalta go bráṫ ar an ríoġaċt.

"Ni ḃfuil," ar sí, "aċt go ḃfuil sé ann san tarraingearaċt go dtiucfaiḋ Murċaḋ mac Ḃriain Ḃóroiṁe ó Éirinn ann, agus ni fios an rugaḋ é sin fós[2], ná a aṫair ná a ṡean-aṫair, no cad é an t-am go ceann míle bliaḋain 'na dtiucfaiḋ sé ann só ó Éirinn[3]," ar sí, "agus is leis saorfar an ċríoċ."

"Is mise an fear sin," ar Murċaḋ, "agus[4] ni iarrfad-sa d'inġean ar feis láiṁe na leapṫan, óir níor rinn fíor-laoċ ó Éirinn maiġdean do ṫruailleaḋ riaṁ, agus má tá sé ar mo ċumus, le neart gail agus gaisge saorfaiḋ me ḃur ríoġaċt ó smaċt brúideaṁail an ḟaṫaiġ."

Ann sin do ṗreab an ḃean suas le luṫġáir agus beireas ar Ṁurċaḋ, agus is iongnaḋ nár ṁúċ sí le pógaiḃ é, agus nár ḃáiṫ[5] sí le deóraiḃ e, agus ṫiormaiġ sí le brataiḃ síor-uaisle síoda agus sróil é, agus ṫug sí ḋó de ḃlas gaċ biḋ, sean gaċ diġe, deoċa geura gaḃála i gcopánaiḃ tiorma teó, mil Greugaċ, agus beóir Loċlannaċ, go raiḃ[6] sé meaḋar-ġlóraċ gan meisge. Ṫug[7] sí léi a-ḃaile an oiḋċe sin Murċaḋ ċum a grianáin taiṫneaṁaiġ gorm-ḟuinneógaiġ féin, agus do ċonnairc sé roiṁe astiġ an ḟionna-ḃean ċaoṁ áluinn ór-ḟoltaċ ġorm-rosgaċ ġeal-déadaċ. Buḋ ġile a cneas 'ná sneaċta aḋḟuar aon oiḋċe, agus buḋ ḋeirge a gruaḋ 'ná 'n rós ríoġḋa, agus ar feicsint an ġaisgiḋiġ ḋí do b'ḟearr deilḃ agus dreaċ ionoll agus éagcosg d'á ḃfacaiḋ sí riaṁ roiṁe, do b' iongnaḋ

---

[1] A "bhárnáil"! In the next sentence A adds after "óigbhean" the words "chum leapthan na hoidhche anocht".

[2] After "fós" B reads "ná a mbéarfar choidhche", omitting what follows, down to "críoch".

[3] "Eire," MSS.

[4] A omits this from "agus" to "fhathaigh."

time ago since he came in here and a pot with him on his back, and he left notice for me to send my only daughter to him for to-night, and there is for you, O hero, the cause of my weeping and my complaint."

"Grant the young woman to me," said Murough, "and I shall go myself to the giant in the morning on her behalf."

"You shall get her and a thousand welcomes," said she.

Then he inquired of her was there any possibility of relief for the kingdom for ever.

"There is not," said she, "except that it is in prophecy that Murough son of Brian Boru will come into it from Ireland, and we do not know if that man is born yet, or his father or his grandfather, or at what time, to the end of [the next] thousand years, he will come here from Ireland," says she, "and it is by him the country shall be saved."

"I am that man," said Murough, "and I shall not ask your daughter of you by force, for no true hero from Ireland ever hurt a maiden, and if it is in my power by might of valour and heroism I shall free your kingdom from the brutal sway of the giant."

Then the woman leaps up for joy, and seizes Murough, and it was a wonder but she smothered him with kisses and drowned him with tears; and she dried him with precious cloths of silk and satin, and gave him of the tasty of every meat, and the old of every drink—sharp distilled beverages in dry warm cups, Greek honey and Danish beer, until he was pleasant-voiced, without intoxication. She brought Murough home with her that night to her own pleasant blue-windowed *grianan* [sunny-house], and he beheld before him, inside it, the gentle, beautiful, golden-haired, blue-eyed, white-toothed fair woman. Her skin was whiter than the cold snow of one night, and her cheek was redder than the royal rose; and when she beheld the hero, best of form and person, make and appearance, that she had ever beheld

---

[5] B "bádhaig". A "badhaicc". [6] A omits from "go raibh" to "meisge," and gives the preceding passage somewhat differently.

[7] B omits the next eighteen lines, from here to "do rinneadar tri treanna de'n oidhche".

léi cia 'r ḃ'é féin, no cad [é] fáṫ a ṫurais do'n tír sin. Do laḃair a máṫair agus is é aduḃairt, "Ag so an gaisgiḋeaċ fíor-uasal 'n a raiḃ sé i ndán dúinn fuasgailt orrainn féin, agus ar an ríoġaċt uile."

Ann sin do laḃair an inġean de ġuṫ árd solas-ġlan: "Fíor-ċaoin fáilte róṁad, a Ṁurċaḋ ṁic Ḃriain Ḃóroiṁe ó Éirinn. Is fada sinn ag feiṫeaṁ re do ṫeaċt do'n tír seó dá'r ḃfuasgailt ó'n gcruaḋ-ċás 'na ḃfuilmid le fada d'aimsir."

Ann soin do leag an inġean biaḋa saora so-ċaiṫṁe agus deoċa garga gaḃála, agus leannta réiḋ sói-ṁillse i láṫair ṁic ríġ Éireann. Agus do ḃíodar súgaċ sói-ṁeanmnaċ tar éis na proinne do ċaiṫeaṁ dóiḃ. Ann soin do rinneadar trí treanna de'n oiḋċe, trian ċum fiannuiġeaċta agus ċum sgéaluiġeaċta, agus trian ċum fleaḋ agus feusta, agus a tríoṁaḋ trian ċum suain agus síor-ċodalta[1]. Ann soin do ċóiriġ an inġean iomḋa agus áirḋ-leaba do ṁac ríġ Éireann, gur éiriġ an ṁaidin lán-tsoillseaċ ar n-a ṁáraċ.

D'éiriġ Murċaḋ go moċ, agus do ċiar[2] a ċeann, d'ionnail a láṁa agus [a] aġaiḋ agus do ċaiṫ biaḋ. Agus is uaigneaċ do ḃí an faṫaċ ar diṫ súgraḋ na h-oiḋċe agus ar diṫ proinn' na maidne. Do ġleus[3] an fiannaiḋe súl-ġorm é féin ann a ċulaiḋ éideaḋ agus airm-gaisge .i. an lúiṫreaċ leaṫan lán-daingionn, a lann fada neiṁ-ḟaoḃraċ, a ċlogad curaiḋeaċ lán de ċloċaiḃ carḃúncail réaltannaċ[a], a ḋá ċraoiseaċ crann-raṁra caṫa, ann a ḋóidiḃ daingne dó-sgaoilte, a sgiaṫ ċorcra ḋoinn-ḋearg ar stuaiḋ-leirg a ḋroma; meaḃraċ sgeinne géire fá n-a ṫaoiḃ ċli, agus trí líne de litreaċaiḃ órḋa sgríoḃṫa ar iomall-ḃórdaiḃ na sgéiṫe, agus ar an sgín, dá ḟuiḋeaṁ gurab é féin do ċearbaḋ na laoċra san dtreas; tar éis[4] teóra póga do ṫaḃairt do'n inġin, agus d'ḟág beaṫa agus sláinte aici féin agus ag a máṫair. Agus buḋ ḋuḃaċ déaraċ dobrónaċ do ḃí an inġean ann a ḋeoiġ. Ann soin déanas[5] ar ċúirt an ḟaṫaiġ go céim-ḋíreaċ agus buaileas trí ḃuille ar an gcuaille cóṁraic. Ann soin ṫáiniġ ċuige

---

[1] B omits the next sentence also, down to "márach". A adds after "Éireann" the words "agus do luigh féin ann fhochair an oidhche sin".

[2] B omits and reads instead "do uadh a chéadphronn go grinn ard mheanmnach".

[3] From here to "san dtreas" is from B. A reads "annsan do shocruigh air a

before, she wondered who he was, or what was the cause of his journey to that country. Her mother spoke, and 'twas what she said: "Here is the truly-noble hero who has been appointed for us by fate to relieve ourselves and the whole kingdom."

Then the daughter spake with a loud voice, clear as light, "A truly-gentle welcome to thee, O Murough son of Brian Boru from Erin. Long are we waiting for thy coming to this land to release us from the hard fate in which we have been for this long time."

Then the daughter laid noble foods easily-eaten, and rough distilled drinks, and ready very-sweet ales before the King of Ireland's son. And they were merry and high-spirited after partaking of their meal. Then they made three thirds of the night, a third for Fenian tales and story-telling, a third for feast and banquet, and the third third for slumber and continuous sleep. Then the daughter arranged a bed and high couch for the son of the King of Ireland, and he slept that night until the full-shiny morning arose upon the morrow.

Murough arose early, combed his head, laved his hands and his face, and ate food. And it was lonesome the giant was lacking the night's pleasure and lacking the morning's food. The blue-eyed hero clothed himself in his suit of armour and arms-of-valour, the broad full-firm mail-coat, his long venom-edged blade, his champion's helmet full of starry stones of carbuncle, his two thick-hafted battle javelins in his firm unlooseable hands, his purple brown-red shield on the arched expanse of his back, a sharp knife-dagger on his left side, and three lines of golden letters written on the edge-boards of the shield and on the knife, affirming that it was he himself who used to lop the heroes in the battle—after giving the daughter three kisses, and he left farewell and good-wishes (1) with herself and her mother. And it was sad, tearful, and sorrowful the girl was after him. Then he makes straight for the court of the giant, and strikes three blows upon the Pole of Combat. Then the great sour-visaged unlovely giant

---

chlogad chuirceach chuasógach lán do clochaibh carmogaile faoi na hata ceart bheannach airgid, a lúithreach leathan Lochlannach, 7c." [4] B omits from here to "ann a dheóigh". [5] "deinios", MSS.

---

(1) Literally, "life and health".

an faṫaċ mór modarṫa mí-sgiaṁaċ na[1] gcúig ceann na gcúig mbeann agus na gcúig muinéal: "Nár ab é do ḃeaṫa ná do ṁór-ḟláinte, a Ṁuirċín ġránna ó Éirinn, agus is mion do ḟracfad[2]-sa ar a ċéile ṫu ar an mball[3]."

Ann soin d'ionnsaiġeadar a ċéile go fraoċṁar feargaċ fíor-náiṁdeaṁail dána dásaċtaċ, mar do ḃeiḋeaḋ dá ṫarḃ buile, no mar dá leóṁan fraoċ-ċuṫaiġ[4], ionnus dá dtiucfaoi o íoċtar an doṁain go h-uaċtar an doṁain ag féaċain ar ċaṫ no ar ċruaḋ-ċóṁrac gur ab orra araon buḋ ċóir teaċt ag féaċain. Agus do b'é sin an cóṁraċ fuilteaċ faoḃraċ do ḃí eatorra gan fios time ná tlás ag ceaċtar ḋíoḃ ar a ċéile[5]. Do cloisti ann sna tri triúċaiḃ buḋ ġoire ḋóiḃ béiceaċ an ḟaṫaiġ agus bloisgḃéimeanna an ċuraiḋ ċalma ag leadraḋ an uillṗéist. Do ċuiridís ceiṫre ceaṫa ḋíoḃ, ciṫ teine d'á n-armaiḃ, ciṫ cailce d'á sgiaṫaiḃ, ciṫ fola d'á gcneaḋaiḃ, agus ciṫ foidreaċ[6] de'n talaṁ, ionnus go ndéanaidís ball bog de'n ḃall cruaiḋ agus ball cruaiḋ de'n ḃall bog, ísleán de'n árdán, agus árdán de'n ísleán. Do ṫarraingidís toibreaċa fíor-uisge tre leacraċaiḃ cruaḋ-ċloċ, ionnus gur imriġeadar na fir dána a móir-ċleasa ar a ċéile ann a ḃfeirg agus ann a neaṁ-réiġteaċt[7] ar feaḋ lá agus oiḋċe[8].

Do ḃí Murċaḋ agus an faṫaċ ag sníoṁ clogad agus ceann ag sgoltaḋ corp agus meang, ag iarraiḋe buaiḋe ar a ċéile no go raiḃ an faṫaċ ag cur gaḃáil na mbuilliḋe[aḋ] ar Ṁurċaḋ gur laḃair guṫ mar a ḃeiḋ' duine aosta[9], go nduḃairt gur mór an náire do ġairgiḋeaċ ċoṁ maiṫ leis tuitim re n-a ṡaṁail súd de ṗéist ġránna ċoṁ fada sin ó ḃaile "agus

---

[1] A omits this down to "muinéal". [2] B "stracad". [3] B "ar ball".
[4] A reads simply "annsan deanaid an dias laoch ar a chéile". [5] A adds here, "ni bhidheadh de nós orra acht mar da druig ar fásach, no dá tharbh dána dásachta, no dá leómhan ar leacain no dá seabhac ruadh i n-uachtar faille, londarracha sgiatha dá mbriseadh", which is not clear; "druig" is probably dragon, and "raithe" for "reithe," a ram. [6] B "feidreacha."
[7] "naimhreighteach" in A. B omits it. [8] B has "tri lá agus teora oidhche".
[9] B reads "gur eirigh an spideóigin bheannuighthe ar an gcraoibh budh neasa dhó agus dubhairt si leis".

of the five heads, the five bens, and the five necks came to him: "May it be neither life nor health to you, ugly little Murough-*een* from Ireland, and it 's in small bits I 'll presently tear you asunder."

Then they attacked one another, fiercely, furiously, full-hostilely, boldly, ragingly, as it were two angry bulls or two furious mad lions, so that if people were to come from the bottom of the world to the top of the world to view a battle or hard-combat, surely it was to view them both they ought to have come. And that was the bloody keen-edged fight that was between them, without either of them knowing terror or timorousness before the other. They were like nothing but two dragons in a wilderness, or two fierce furious bulls, or two lions on a rock (?) or two rams rushing, or two red falcons on the top of a cliff, . . . their shields breaking. The roaring of the giant and the furious blows of the valiant hero smiting the monster might be heard in the three cantreds nearest to them. They used to send forth from them four showers (¹), a shower of fire from their weapons, a shower of chalk from their shields, a shower of blood from their wounds, and a shower of sods from the ground, so that they would make a soft spot of the hard spot, and a hard spot of the soft spot, a hollow of the height and a height of the hollow; they used to draw wells of spring water through flags of hard-stone, and so the fearless men plied their great arts-of-combat against one another in their anger and in their animosity throughout a day and a night.

Murough and the giant were wrenching helmets and heads, splitting bodies and necks, striving for the victory each over the other, until the giant was sending the heaviest shower of the blows on Murough, when a voice spake as it were the voice of an aged person (²), and said that great was the shame for so good a hero as he to fall by

---

(¹) Compare the verse in the Ossianic poem, "The Battle of Gabhra":

d' éiriġ trí ceaṫa
os a gcionn ann sna cliaṫaiḃ,
cioṫ fola, cioṫ teine,
's cioṫ cailce d'á sgiaṫaiḃ.

I.e. "there arose three showers over their heads in the encounter (?), a shower of blood, a shower of fire, and a shower of chalk from their shields". (²) B reads "until the blessed little robin arose upon the bough nearest to him and said: 'without a woman to lay you out or keene over you, unless I were to throw a little wisp of moss upon you.'"

gan aon ḃean ċaointe agad ann so, a ṁic an riġ uasail is fearr méin[1]."

Ris an ngríosuġaḋ sin d'éiriġ an ḟuil uasal i n-uaċtar a uċta ag Murċaḋ, go dtug cor tréan-ḟoirtil fíor-arraċtaċ do'n ḟaṫaċ do ċuir ar a ḋá ġlúin é, agus ṫug an dara cor dó gur ċuir ar a ḋruim ar an talaṁ é.

"Do ċeann díot a ḟaṫaiġ," ar Murċaḋ.

"Is sé a ṁic[2], má's toil leat-sa é, agus ná déan-sa sin agus geoḃair móir-ġréiṫre uaim .i. sleaġ[3] buaḋ agus beannaċt, an t-eaċ cluais-leaṫan dearg-ḋonn do ḃéarfaḋ ar an ngaoiṫ do ḃí roiṁe, agus naċ ḃéarfaḋ an ġaoṫ do ḃí 'na ḋiaiġ air, ballán slánuiġṫe agus mórán de ṡeódaiḃ eile, agus déanfad féin ionad buaċaill agus cailín duit, agus dá dtrian na ríoġaċta so ó lá mo ḃáis amaċ."

"Béiḋ sin uile agus do ċeann[4] agam," ar Murċaḋ. Leis sin do ṫarraing amaċ a lann leadarṫa na dtrí[5] ḃfaoḃar naċ ḃfágfaḋ fuiġioll buille ná béime—dá ḃfágfaḋ de'n ċéad-ḃuille go ngearrfaḋ agus go mbéarfaḋ leis de'n dara buille. Leis sin do ṫóg le dásaċt nár lag an arm niṁe agus do ḃuail i gcóṁgar ċinn agus muiníl é, gur sgiob sé na cúig cinn dé ar aondaċt[6]. Tarraingear gad fá n-a ṗlucaiḃ, agus tugas leis iad go cúirt Ríġ fá ṫuinn. Agus is aṁlaiḋ do ḃí ann soin artiġ roiṁe Giolla an Ḟiuġ, i gcáṫaoir órloisgṫe agus cúirín airgid faoi n-a ċosaiḃ, a ṫrí h-oirniġ[7] iúḃair os a ċóṁair ar lasaḋ dó. Éirġios i gcoinne Ṁurċaḋ agus is iongantaċ nár ṁúċ sé le pógaiḃ é agus nár ḃáḋaiġ sé lé deóraiḃ é, agus ṫiormaiġ sé le brataiḃ fíor-uaisle síoda agus sróil e. Ṫug[8] dó blas gac bíḋ, sean gaċ diġe, mil Gréagaċ agus beóir Loċlannaċ.

"Anois," ar an Giolla, "a ṁic Ḃriain, gurab é do ḃeaṫa agus do ṁór-ḟláinte ċugam, agus is fada an ríoġaċt so faoi anḃruid ag feiṫeaṁ leat, agus anois ó atá an ċríoċ uile saor," ar sé, "ni ḃfuil aon earḃaḋ orrainn, agus fan 'nár ḃfoċair ag caiṫeaṁ fleaḋ agus féasta sealad aimsire."

---

[1] B reads "agus gan bean sínte na caointe agad muna gcaithfinnse soipin caonach ort". [2] B "'seadh go deimhin a mhuirnín". [3] B "slata". [4] B "ceannaibh". [5] B omits from "na dtri" to "dara buille." [6] A reads "an ceann d'aon bhuille dhe." [7] A "hoirnimh". B omits.

such a hideous monster so far away from home, "and without a single woman to keene over you here, O son of the noble king of best mien."

Upon that incitement, the noble blood rose in the upper part of Murough's breast, so that he gave the giant a tremendous-strong truly-powerful twist which sent him on his two knees, and he gave him the second twist so that he set him on his back on the ground.

"Giant, your head off you!" said Murough.

"It is indeed, my son (1), if you desire it, but do not do it, and you will get great things-of-price from me, a spear of victories and benisons, the broad-eared reddish-brown steed that would overtake the wind that was before it, and whom the wind that was behind it would not overtake, a bowl of healing and many other jewels, and I myself will fill the place of servant-boy and servant-maid, and [you shall have] two-thirds of this kingdom from the day of my death, forward."

"I shall have all that and your head," said Murough. With that he drew out his smiting blade of the three edges that would not leave [behind it] the remnant of a blow or a stroke—if it did leave it of the first blow, sure it would cut it, and take it with it, of the second blow. Therewith he raised with a fury not feeble the venomous weapon, and smote him at the joining of the head and the neck, so that he swept the five heads off him at once. He draws a gad through his cheeks, and takes them [the heads] with him to the court of the King-under-Wave. And this is what he found (2)—the Lad of the Ferule was in there before him, in a gold-overlaid chair, and a silver cushion beneath his feet, his three billets of yew in front of him, burning for him. He rises to meet Murough, and it was a wonder if he did not smother him with kisses and drown him with tears, and he dried him with noble cloths of silk and of satin. He gave him the tasty of every meat, the old of every drink, Greek honey and Danish beer.

"Now," said the lad, "that there may be your life and your health to you, son of Brian [who comest] to me, and this kingdom is for a long time under tyranny waiting for you, and now," says he, "since the whole land is free we lack for nothing, and stay thou with us for a space of time, enjoying feast and banquet."

---

[8] B reads: "Thug do toghadh gach bigh agus rogha gach seandighe go rabhadar a dtriur .i. an righ Murchadh agus giolla an fhiugh meadharghlorach gan mheisge".

(1) In the other MS. the giant calls him "a vourneen", "my dear".
(2) Literally "it is thus it was."

Do ḃádar ag caiṫeaṁ an ḟleiḋ seal aimsire ar an móḋ sin no gur ḟiafruiġ an giolla ḋé cá ḟaid do ḃí sé 'san gcríċ sin.

“Tá mé le seaċtṁain no ḋó,” ar sé.

“Naċ ḃfuil ḟios agad gur ab é seó Tír na n-Óg, agus naċ n-aireóċá[1] an aimsir ag imṫeaċt ṫart. Atá tu ann so le lá agus bliaḋain,” ar an Giolla.

“O! ni ṁaireann aon i m' ḋiaiġ i n-Éirinn de m' ṁuinntir!” ar Murċaḋ.”

“Tá 's agad nár ḃ' olc an giolla tusair mise, agus ní ḃfuil aon lá o ṫángais ann so naċ ḃfuil sgéala agam-sa ód' ṁuinntir, agus bí sásta suaiṁneasaċ 'na dtaoḃ, óir táid slán. Agus fós, tá ḟios agam-sa cad iad na geasa do ḃí ort-sa, agus níor ḃris tu aon ġeas díoḃ[2], óir do ḃí d'ḟiaċaiḃ ort gan dá oiḋċe do ċodlaḋ ar aon leaba ná dá ḃéile d'iṫe ar aon ḃord no go dtiucfá agus go mbéarfá mise agus an coire o ċríoċaiḃ Loċlainn go h-Éirinn tar ais leat arís. Maiseaḋ, a Ṁurċaḋ, do geoḃair anois iad agus fáilte.”

“Maiseaḋ! muna mbeiḋ' sin ni iarrfainn ort é go bráṫ,” [ar Murċaḋ].

“Maiseaḋ!” ar an Giolla, “dá ngeallfá-sa an coire do ṫaḃairt daṁ-sa tar ais arís, d'iomċórainn[3] an coire le t-ais go h-Éirinn.”

“Maiseaḋ geallaim go dtaḃar-sa ḋuit é tar ais arís, le taḃairt leat go críoċaiḃ Loclainn.”

Ann soin tógḃaid siad leó ar n-a ṁáraċ an coire, agus iomċarann[4] an Giolla se h-ais Ṁurċaḋ go h-Éirinn é, go dún Ċinn Ċoraḋ. Ann soin cuirtear cruinniuġaḋ agus coiṁṫionól ar uaisliḃ Éireann uile, d'á innsint agus d'á ḟaisnéis gur éiriġ[5] a leiṫéid de áṫar le Murċaḋ mac Ḃriain agus go dtáinig sé saor slán foláin tar ais arís go h-Éirinn, agus go dtug leis Giolla an ḟiuġ [agus] an coire. Do ḃí an cóiṁṫionól go gáirdeaċ ag caiṫeaṁ fleaḋ agus feusta ar feaḋ trí lá agus teóra oiḋċe. Ann soin do ráiḋ

---

[1] B “níor bhraithis an aimsir ag dul thart”. [2] B “do chóimhlionais iad go fiorlaochdha ro-chalma, agus do shaorais an rioghacht so o anbhroid an fhathach bhruideamhuil 's a mháthar an phéist ghránda adhfhuathmhar”. [3] A “d'iompreóinsi,” and this is the common pronunciation, “iomchar” being generally

They were enjoying the banquet for a space of time until the lad asked him how long was he in that country.

"I am a week or two," said he.

"Do you not know that this is Tir na n-Óg (¹) 'the country of the ever-young,' and that you would not feel the time passing by? You are here for a day and a year," said the lad.

"Oh! not one of my people survives me in Ireland," said Murough.

"You know that I was not a bad travelling lad, and there is not a single day since you came here that I have not tidings from your people, and be satisfied and at ease about them, for they are well. And I know, too, what the *geasa* are that were on you, and you have not broken one of them, for you were bound not to sleep two nights in one bed, or to eat two meals at one table until you should come and bring me and the caldron from the lands of Lochlann to Ireland back again with you. Well, then! O Murough, you shall get them and welcome."

"Well, indeed, were it not for that, I should not ask it of you for ever," said Murough.

"Well," said the lad, "if you were to promise to give me the caldron back again, I would carry it alongside you to Ireland."

"Well, I promise that I shall give it to you back again to bring with you to the lands of Lochlann."

Then on the morrow they take with them the caldron, and the lad carries it alongside of Murough to Ireland to the palace of Kincora. There the nobles of all Ireland are gathered and convened together, to announce and publish to them that Murough, son of Brian, had succeeded with such fortune, and that he was come back again, safe and sound and whole, to Ireland, and that he had brought with him the Lad of the Ferule and the caldron. The assembly was joyously consuming feast and banquet for three days and three nights. Then

---

pronounced as *iompar*, as *timchioll* is pronounced *timpioll*. [4] A "iompruighion". [5] B "gur comhilladh re Murchadh, a leitheid sin do eachtra".

(¹) Pronounced "Teer" or "T'yeer na nogue", "nogue" rhyming to "rogue."

Murċaḋ "Tá na geara do ḃí orm cóiṁ-líonta go h-uile, agus, ó táid, ḃéarfaiḋ mé an coire tar ais arís do Ġiolla an Ḟiuġ, go buiḋeaċ beannaċtaċ, óir buḋ ró ṁaiṫ an buaċaill é, agus is cóir a ċeart dlisteanaċ do ṫaḃairt dó, agus do ḃí sé d'ḟiaċaiḃ[1] orm breiṫ a ḃéil féin de ṫuilleaṁ agus de ṫuarasdal do ṫaḃairt dó, agus ó's cuid díoḃ so an coire beireaḋ sé ris é." Do ḃí an Giolla go buiḋeaċ beannaċtaċ ag imṫeaċt, agus tá sé féin agus an coire i dtír fá ṫuinn ó ṡoin a leiṫ, agus béiḋ go deó.

Gurab í sin críoċ imṫeaċta Ġiolla an Ḟiuġ agus an coire agus tairdioll Ṁurċaḋ go crióċaiḃ Loċlainn, go nuige sin, ⁊c.

Foirċeann de'n sgeul so.

Sírim guiḋe an leiġteora eagnaide ar son Dé ⁊ gan mé imḋearga ná ḋíomolla má ṫárla dam dul ar an slíġe ċóir am sgríḃin do ḃríġ gur cóṁ-ṁearaṫal do leanus mise, ⁊ an láṁ is fearr do rug ar ṗeann riaṁ, .i. náċ fuil a g-cóṁaċta aon don aḋaiṁ ċloin é féin do ċosaint do ṡíor gan dearmad ⁊c.

Do ṡeirḃíseaċ biṫḋílis a leiġṫóir ionṁuin.

Míċeál Ua Mongáin.

---

[1] "do dhiachaibh", mss.

[2] Agus tá an giolla agus an coire i gcríoċaiḃ Loclain fós go slán agus béiḋ go bráṫ.

said Murough, "the *geasa* that were on me are altogether fulfilled, and since they are, I shall give the caldron back again to the Lad of the Ferule, with thanks and blessings, for a very good servant he was, and it is due to give him his lawful rights; and it was incumbent on me to give him the reward of his own mouth of wages and of stipend, and since the caldron is a part of them, let him take it with him." The lad was full of thanks and blessings going away, and he himself and the caldron are in the Land-under-Wave from that day to this, and shall be for ever (1).

So that is the end of the goings of the Lad of the Ferule, and the caldron, and the journey of Murough to the lands of Lochlann up to this, &c.

CONCLUSION OF THIS STORY.

I desire the prayer of the wise reader, for the sake of God, and that he may not reproach nor dispraise me if it has happened to me to go out of the just way in my writing, because a confusion follows me and [even] the best hand that ever seized on pen, namely, that it is not in the power of any of the clan-Adam to guard himself constantly without a mistake, &c.

Your ever faithful servant, O beloved reader,

MICHAEL O'MONGAIN.

---

(1) The other MS. reads "and the Lad and the caldron are in the lands of Lochlann yet, safely, and shall be for ever."

EAĊTRA ĊLOINNE RÍĠ NA H-IORUAIḊE.

Árd-Ríġ uasal óirḋearc fearaċ fír-ġlic fír-eólaċ calma curata ceartḃriaṫraċ, ro ġaḃ flaiṫios agus forláṁas agus forsmaċt ar ċríoċaiḃ glan-áille cnuas-ṫoraċ[a] na h-Ioruaiḋe, dar ba ċóṁ-ainm IORUAIḊ mac Ḋealḃa, ṁic Ḋaṫaoin, ṁic Ḋaire Ḋeirg-ġlais, ṁic Ioruaiḋe, ⁊c. ba laċtṁar loilġiḋeaċa[1], ba ċnuas-ṫorraċ coillte, ba h-iasg-líonṁar[2] aiḃne, ba ṫrom-ṫorraċ fearoinn, ba ḃuiḋeanṁar brúġa, ba ṫoiceaċ oireaċta, ba ċonaiġeaċ árd-ċealla, agus ba h-iosdaiġṫe ollaṁuin le linn an tréin-Ríġ sin[3].

Is aṁlaiḋ iomorro do ḃí an Ríġ sin, ní raiḃ de ċloinn aige aċt triar mac móir-ṁeanmnaċ mór-ḋálaċ, eaḋon Cod agus Cead agus Mícead. Agus ní raiḃ cearda[4] gaile no gaisge fo ṫrí foġail[5] rannaiḃ an ḃeaṫaḋ naċ dtugadar seal éigin d'a n-aimsir i dtír ionnta, ag mín-ṁeaḋraḋ[6] gaċa glan-ġaisge ionnus go ngoiriḋís cáċ go coitċeann trí h-uaiṫne cosanta an ḃeaṫaḋ ḋíoḃ, óir do ċuaiḋ a n-ainm[7] agus a n-árd-nós ar[8] ḟearaiḃ an doṁain go h-iomlán ina gcoṁ-aimsir féin[9].

Lá d'á ndeaċadar na fir óirḋearca-sa do ṡeilg ar oileán na n-éan, de'n taoḃ ba ṫuaiḋ de'n Ioruaiḋ: Is aṁlaiḋ atá an t-oileán sin agus fíoḋ clúṫar glan coille de ṫaoḃ dé, agus muir de'n taoḃ eile ḋé. Seallaḋ[10] éigin d'á dtugadar ar muir do ċonncadar long luċtṁar leaḃar-ḟairrsing[11] d'á n-ionnsaiḋe, go seólta iomḋa éagsaṁla uirri, agus ráinig i gcuan na h-inse sin gan ṁoill; agus nuair do ṡíleadar neart slóiġ agus soċaiḋe

---

[1] Thus H. A reads "bo táinte". [2] Ꝼ reads "h-iasccmhar".
[3] I have extended the contracted adjectives as *conaigheach* and *iosdaighthe*, but they may be *conaighthe* and *iosdaigheach*. H omits. Ꝼ reads, "ba toicteach tromconaig tromaireacht agus ba hoirrdreic airttcheallo, ba hiosdamhoil", etc.
[4] Thus H. Ꝼ reads "cearttcha". A "sgoill". [5] Thus H. A has "foidhail".
[6] Ꝼ reads "mion meaphrughadh". A "meadhrudh". [7] Ꝼ and H read "analla". [8] Ꝼ reads "os" for "ar." [9] Ꝼ adds "agus do bhadar fir

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CHILDREN OF THE KING OF NORWAY.

There was a High-king, noble, illustrious, knowledgeable, very prudent and very wise, valiant and valorous, of righteous words, who assumed sovereignty, possession, and authority over the fair-clean cluster-fruited regions of Norway,(1) whose name was IORUAIDH [Irrua *or* Irroo-ȳ] son of Dealbha, son of Dathaoin, son of Daire Red-green, son of Ioruaith, etc. Milkful were milch-cows, cluster-fruited were woods, fishful were rivers, heavy-fruited were lands, populous were mansions, wealthy were assemblies, rich were high-churches, and entertained were ollamhs during the time of that strong king.

Now this is how that king was: he had no children except three spirited, proud sons, Cod, Cead, and Micead.(2) And there was never a forge of valour or heroism in the three plunder divisions of life but they had spent some while of their time in them, in [each] country closely acquiring every perfect heroism, so that all in common used to call them the three protecting columns of the world;(3) for their name and high fame excelled that of the men of the whole world in their own time.

Of a day these(4) famous men went to hunt upon the isle of birds on the north side of Norway. This is how that isle is situated. It has a clear, close forest wood on one side of it, and the sea upon the other side of it. Of a look that they cast towards sea, they beheld a laden broad-spread bark coming towards them, with many and variegated sails upon it, and it put in without delay to the island's harbour; and when they deemed that a number of warriors and people

---

edmharo an bheatha lan ded agus diomoidh riusan agus mna ionnraca an domhain accomgradh doib na ttriur." [10] H reads "silleadh". [11] Thus H. A 25 reads "lán-aidhbhseach", and A has an abbreviation meant, I think, for the same thing.

---

(1) I have translated "Ioruaidh" by "Norway", but this is doubtful. (2) Pronounced "Kudd", "Kadd", and "Meekadd". (3) Literally "of life", "the three plunder divisions of life", or "of the world" is a common phrase in this story. (4) Literally "of a day that these", &c., which is an anacoluthon.

do ṫeaċt airti, ní ṫáinig airti aċt aon ḃean[1], ba áilne cruṫ dealḃ agus déanaṁ, meall agus éagcosg, de ṁnáiḃ an doṁain go h-iomlán. Is aṁlaiḋ do ḃí an inġean sin agus callaḋ[2] d'ór áluinn Áifrice fa n-a ceann[3] agus é ar n-eagraḋ go ceardaṁail de ċloċaiḃ buaḋa Ṗárṫais Aḋaiṁ[4], agus folt fada for-órḋa for a ceann, anuas tar ġuailliḃ na h-óg-ríoġna sin. Ba ḋeirge no bláṫ na partuinge a béal[5], agus aṁail rós ro-ċorcar ar lasaḋ 'na gruaiḋ, agus aṁail ba ḟras de neaṁanaiḃ a déad ina ceann, agus rosg gorm gaireaċtaċ aici, agus í ciúin[6] miocaire deaġ-ċóṁráiḋteaċ milis-ḃriatraċ, agus brat de'n tsról na timċioll[7], agus dealg dearg-óir ar loscaḋ i mbrollaċ an ḃrait ḟír-ḃeannaiġ sin. Agus an méad rug an Ṁuir Ruaḋ os na maraiḃ, agus Sliaḃ Síon os na sléiḃtiḃ, agus an ioruaiḋ[8] os an éanlaiṫ, rug an ċaoin-ḃean sin de ḃárr deise agus deaġċumṫa ar ṁnáiḃ na cruinne go h-iomlán.

Is annsin do ḃeannuiġeadar Clann Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe do'n óġṁnaoi il-ḋealḃa sin, go milis briaṫra agus go caoineas cóṁráiḋ[9], agus do ḟiafraiḋ fios a h-eaċtraḋ agus a h-áirḋ-imṫeaċta féin dí. Ro ḟreagair an inġean agus is eaḋ ro ráiḋ, "atá m' eaċtra-sa fada for-sgaoilte re innsin," ar sí, "agus is córa ḋaoiḃ-se ḃur sgéala féin do ṫaḃairt damsa a ttúis, óir is lia de ḋaoiniḃ siḃ-se 'ná mise: agus áḋḃar eile, muna[10] dugaim-se mo sgéala féin daoiḃ-se do m' ḋeóin is éidir liḃ-se a mbuain do m' aiṁḋeóin[11] díom." Is ann sin ṫugadar a sgéala ó ṫús go deireaḋ do'n ríoġain[12] iolḃuaḋaiġ sin.

Is annsin, a h-aiṫle na sgéal d'ḟáġail di-se, do laḃair an inġean sin agus is eaḋ aduḃairt, "Raċad-sa do ṫarraing mo luinge i dtír agus do ḃéarfad mo sgéala féin daoiḃ-se dá éis sin."

Ceaduiġid-sean sin di, ionnus gur ġluais go h-aṫláṁ

---

[1] H adds "ma má". [2] H "calla". Ꝼ "callo". [3] H "uasda". [4] H omits "Parthais Adhaimh." [5] Thus H. A reads "nior dheirge Parthlann na [a] béal". Ꝼ reads "ba deircce nobartloind a bel". [6] Ꝼ "ciuin cionchoin comraiteach." [7] H "ar tonguil na timchioll". Ꝼ "ar tondghoil". L 39 "ar tonngaile". [8] A reads "moruaith". [9] Ꝼ "go naineas niomagulla". [10] A "muradh". [11] Thus H. A has

would come out of her, there only came out of her a single woman, the most beautiful of form, shape, and make, of mien and appearance, of the women of the entire world. This is how that girl was: she had a hood of beautiful gold of Africa upon her head, cunningly lined with precious stones of Adam's Paradise, and on her head was long hair, very golden, [falling] down upon the young queen's shoulders. Redder than the flower of the *partuing* was her mouth, and there was like a purple rose burning in her cheek, and like to a shower of pearls her teeth in her head, and a blue laughing eye she had, and gentle, courteous, well-spoken, sweet-toned she was, and there was a mantle of satin around her, and there was a red gold pin blazing in the breast of that symmetrically-peaked mantle. And as much as the Red Sea excels the seas, and Mount Sion the mountains, and the *ioruaidh* the birds, so much did that fair lady excel for beauty and for good mien the women of the entire world.(1)

Then the children of the King of Norway saluted this shapely damsel with sweet words, and with gentleness of discourse, and asked of her to tell them her adventures and her goings. The girl made answer, and 'twas what she said: "My adventures are lengthy and various to be told," said she, "and it is meeter for you to give me your tidings first, for ye are more numerous than I; and another reason! if I do not give you my tidings of my own good-will, ye are able to extract them from me against my will." Thereupon they told their tidings from beginning to end to that variously-accomplished queen.

Then, after her getting their news, that damsel spake, and 'twas what she said: "I shall go draw my ship to land, and I shall relate you my tidings after that."

They permit her to do this, so that she moved quickly, spiritedly,

---

"go hiom-deonach" for "go h-aimh-dheónach". [12] Thus A 25. A has "oigdeir"[?].

---

(1) This constant harping on the word "world" appears monotonous in English, but there are numerous Irish words employed for it, as "beatha", "saoghal" "domhan", and "cruinne".

úrṁairneaċ troiṫ-éarga do ċum a luinge agus a luaṫ-ḃairc, agus do ṫug a h-aġaiḋ orra iar ndul innti foċéadóir dí, agus iseaḋ aduḃairt[1]. "Na tri sanna ṫug Marcus Crasus Pomp. maiġe[2] agus Iulius Sesar ar an doṁan, .i. na trí sanna[3] do rinneadar dé .i. an sann Euróip, an sann Aifric agus an sann Asia, cuirim-se siḃse fá ṫrom-ġeasaiḃ doilḃṫe draoiḋeaċta muna n-iarraiḋ siḃ gaċ áird a's gaċ íseall de na trí sannaiḃ sin do m' iarraiḋ-si, no go ḃfáiġiḋ siḃ an ġnáṫ-áit ḃunaiḋ[4] ina mbím-se."

A h-aiṫle na h-iom-agallṁa[5] do ṫóg an ríoġan seólta na seang-luinge go h-aṫláṁ im-éargaiḋ, ionnus gur ġluais roimpi ar ḋruim-ċlaḋaiḃ na díleann agus ar ṫreaṫan-tonnaiḃ na tréan-ḃóċna, gaċa n-díreaċ, agus do ḃí de luas agus de luṫṁaireaċt lán-imṫeaċt[a] na luinge, agus d'eólċa na h-ainnire ar a h-árd-stiuraḋ, naċ cian do ḃí ag dul ar faicsin agus ar fíor-raḋarc Cloinne riġ na h-Ioruaiḋe[6], ionnus naċ fios dóiḃ cá críoċ de ċríoċaiḃ an doṁain i n-ar ġaḃ sí uaṫa. Agus annsin do claoċluiġeaḋ cruṫ dealḃ agus déanaṁ Cloinne Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe; agus do ġluaiseadar rompa, agus ní h-aiṫristear a n-imṫeaċta no go rángadar Dún na dáiḃċe[7] deirge .i. baile de ḃailtiḃ Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, agus do ḃadar go dúḃaċ dobrónaċ.

D'ḟiaffruiġ Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe áḋḃar a ndóbróin díoḃ go díṫċiollaċ[8] agus ṫugadar[9] sgéala ó ṫús go deireaḋ dó. Annsin do laḃair Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe agus is eaḋ aduḃairt, "A Ċlann," ar sé, "na bíoḋ na geasa sin de ċeist orraiḃ-se," ar sé, "óir cuirfead-sa loingeas lán-ṁór liḃ, ċosanas ceannas gaċa críċe go coitċeann agus ríġeaċt gaċa h-oileáin gan imreasan[10] no go siúḃlaiḋ siḃ an doṁan."

"Ní hí sin an ċóṁairle d'á dtugamar féin ár dtoil," ar Cod mac Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, "aċt sinn féin ár dtriar do ḋul do ṡiúr an doṁain no go ḃfáġam ár n-iarraiḋ, agus gaċ

---

[1] The last thirty words are from H, which gives the best reading, but I have changed the "sium" of H into "sean", for the sake of uniformity.

[2] H reads "Crasus agus Pomp. maigh agus J. Caésar". F reads "Marais Grasus agus Poimp. maidhe agus nercesoir ar an doṁan".

[3] H "hoirne". F "hoirdne".

[4] F reads "go bfinntar libsi antarusbuna [= árus bunaidh] ambimsi".

[5] Thus L 39. A has "h-iomghala".

[6] Thus H the

and with rapid feet to her ship and swift bark, and she faced towards them, after first getting into it, and 'twas what she said: "The three divisions that Marcus Crassus, Pompey of the plain, and Julius Cæsar brought upon the world, that is, the three divisions they made of it, the division of Europe, the division of Africa, and the division of Asia, I put you under heavy deadly *geasa* of enchantment, unless ye search all that is high and all that is low of those three divisions to seek for me, until ye find the usual residing-place in which I be."

After this address the queen raised actively and nimbly the sails of the slender ship, so that she moved forward over the back-ridges of the flood, and the powerful waves of the strong ocean, straight before her; and what with the speed and buoyancy of the full-going of the vessel, and the skill of the damsel in the exact steering of it, it was not long she was in passing out of sight and vision of the children of the King of Norway, so that they did not know to what region of the regions of the world did she go from them. Then were the form, shape, and make of the children of the King of Norway changed, and they moved away, and their goings are not told until they reached the Dún of the Red Vessel, that is a town of the towns of the King of Norway, and they were sad and sorrowful.

The King of Norway asked them anxiously the reason of their sorrow, and they related to him their tidings from first to last. Then the King of Norway spake and said: "Children," said he, "be not troubled over those *geasa*, for I shall send with you a full-great fleet to defend your authority over every country in common, and the kingship of every island without dispute, until ye travel the world."

"That is not the advice on which we ourselves have set our desires," said Cod, the King of Norway's son, "but for the three of ourselves to go and search the world, until we find what we seek, and

---

last fifty-two words. A reads "do thógis a seolta a mbarraibh na seol-chrann bhfada bhfuighbharsi agus do leig an ghaoth na gadanaibh glóracha a nglothar na seol suathrighin néagsamhail niongantach agus tug sithe séigheamhail sruth luaimach ins an aidhbheis".

[7] Thus L 39. A reads "dabhtha", Ꝼ "dobhcha".

[8] A has ꝺıoᵹalτaċ, the others omit.

[9] A confounds two different forms and reads "thugsadar"!

[10] A "iomraisin".

nuaḋ-ṫreise d'á [n]geaḃam ba móide alla agus óirḋearcas dúinn, gan do ḃeiṫ linn aċt sinn féin aṁáin." Níor ṫoirmeasg an Ríġ an ċóṁairle ar ar ċinneadar.

Ar n-a ṁáraċ do ḋearuiġeadar long luċtṁar lán-aiḋḃreaċ dóiḃ, agus do ḃí gaċ re clár san luing sin .i. clár gorm agus clár dearg, clár uaiṫne, clár duḃ, clár buiḋe, agus clár fionn, agus cuireaḋ trí pobaill innte .i. pobal geal 'na tosaċ, pobal dearg 'na meaḋon, agus pobal duḃ 'na deireaḋ; agus do cuireaḋ trí tionnċaire[1] loinge innti .i. biaḋ i n-ionad a caiṫṁe[2], airm i n-ionad a [n]diuḃraice[3] agus ór i n-ionad a ḃronnta. Do ċuadar clann Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe do ċum a loinge lán-ṁói[re] féin agus do leigeadar urlanna a gcraoiseaċ re lár agus re lán-talṁain agus do éirġeadar de ṫrí léim lúṫṁar lán-aigeantaċ d'urlannaiḃ a sleaġa agus de ċrannaiḃ a gcraoiseaċ gur ġaḃadar leaṫad a mbonn de'n ṗríoṁ-luing sin, agus ṫugadar aġaiḋ ar ṫreaḃaḋ[4] na bóċna brat-uaiṫne, agus do rinneadar an laoiḋ eatorra[5]:—

Tógṫar seól na caol-ḃairce
  Daṁ-sa 's do m' ḋias dearḃráṫair
Teaċt beó gion go saoilim-se
  Noċa an duḃaċ atáṫair.

Déantar dúinn an t-imṫeaċt-sa[6]
  Fá mbiaḋ siḃse go súḃaċ,
Má sí so ḃur gcéad-eaċtra
  Ná bíoḋ ḃur meanmna dúḃaċ[7].

Buaiḋ neóil ar na téadaiḃ-si
  Gé tá na tuirse ar óg-ṁnáiḃ,
Seól na bairce béal-ḟairsing
  Mo ċeann fearta d'á ṫógḃáil.

A h-aiṫle na laoiḋe sin ba sorg-ḟliuċ deaġ-laoiċ[8] agus ba ḋearg-ḃaraċ maiġdeanna[9] agus ba ḟúil-ḟliuċ bainríoġna,

---

[1] H = "Tionchaire". F = "tioncur". A 25 "tioncuire". L 39 "Teanncaire".
[2] A "caithfe" which shows the usual pronunciation of *mh* after *th*.
[3] This passage was so familiar to the scribe of F, that he abbreviates it thus, "⁊ a. anioñ. a. nd".
[4] Thus L 39. A has "treibh".
[5] Both F and H omit this lay.
[6] A "t-iomceachta". A 25 "t-iomceacht-sa".
[7] A reads "na bi mur meanmna go dubhach".
[8] A "deaghlaoidh".
[9] A "mindeire": compare its "óigdeir" for "óigbhean", above.

every fresh victory(¹) we get, our fame and glory shall be the greater for there being nobody with us but ourselves alone." The King did not forbid the plan on which they had resolved.

On the morrow they fitted out a capacious full-fair vessel for them, and every other board in that bark was a blue board, a red board, a green board, a black board, a yellow board, and a white board; and there were set in it three tents, a white tent in its prow, a red tent in its midst, and a black tent in its poop; and a ship's three requisites(²) were placed in it, food in its place of eating, weapons in their place of throwing, and gold in the place of its bestowing. The children of the King of Norway went to their full-great ships, and they set the handles of their javelins on the soil and on the ground, and they rose of three active high-couraged leaps off the handles of their spears and the hafts of their javelins, till they attained the breadth of their soles of that prime bark, and they faced for the flowing of the green-mantled ocean, and they composed between them this lay :—

Raise our sails, broad, venturous
  For me and for my brothers.
Wild our course and perilous,
  Our sorrow be for others.(³)

Let this expedition be made by us,
  For which ye shall be merry.
If this is your first adventure
  Let not your mind be sorrowful.

Victory of cloud on these ropes,(⁴)
  Although they be a grief to young women,
The sail of the wide-mouthed bark
  My desire from henceforth is to hoist it.

After that lay, moist-visioned were good heroes, and red-palmed[5] were maidens, and wet-eyed were queens, and sigh-ful was High king,

---

(¹) Literally "each new-might".

(²) Literally "pincers" (?).

(³) Literally "Let the sail be raised of the narrow bark | for me and my two brothers | although I think not to return alive | not very sorrowful are we." The verse in the text is in the metre of the last two verses of original, the first verse of which is in the metre called "cass-bairdne," while the last two are a "cumasc of cass-bairdne and Rannaigheacht Beag," without any observance of alliteration.

(⁴) *I.e.* "may good weather attend these tacklings" (?).

[5] *I.e.* from clapping their hands together in their grief.

agus ba h-osnaiḋeaċ Árd-Ríġ, ba ċainteaċ file, agus ba ḃrónaċ ban-ċuire, tar éis na gcuraḋ gcalma sin.

Dála Cloinne Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe innistear[1] sin seal eile. Ó rángadar a ndlúṫar[2] na dtonn agus ar ṡál na sean-ṁara ḃádar ag féaċain na ceiṫre árda na [d]timċioll, mar atá soir siar ba ḋeas agus ba ṫuaiġ. Níor ċian dóiḃ mar sin go ḃfacadar aon ṁarcaċ d'á n-ionnsaiḋe, agus stéad lúṫṁar lán-ṁaiseaċ[3] ceann-ḃeag cos-éadtrom iongan-ċruinn[4] snuaḋ-ḟoltaċ faoi. Beannuiġeas an macaoṁ sin go milis-ḃriaṫaraċ[5] do Ċloinn Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, agus [do] ḟreagrad[ar]-san é mar an gcéadna, agus an feaḋ do ḃádar ag iomagallaṁ[6] le ċéile, do ċeangail sé folt an eiċ draoiḋeaċta sin do ċor tosaiġ[7] loinge Ċloiñe Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, agus gluaiseas an t-eaċ roimpe go réim-ḋíreaċ agus an long 'na leanṁúin, na diaiḋ, gaċa ndíreaċ[8].

Cíoḋ tráċt do ṡíoradar iol-ṁara na cruinne indiaiḋ an eiċ, ar an órduġaḋ sin, gan ar a gcumas sgaraḋ na loinge ris an eaċ[9]. Do ḃádar bliaḋain on callean[10] [g]o ċéile, aṁlaiḋ sin, agus ní ġearrfaḋ lann ná[11] faoḃar aon roinne d'ḟolt an eiċ draoiḋeaċta sin. Ba ċoṁ-luaṫ ḋí ar ṁuir agus ar tír ag siúḃal. La éigin dóiḃ mar sin ag tairdioll na dtonn do ċonncadar doḃar-ċú niṁe d'á n-ionnsaiḋe, agus iolra gaċa daṫa innte, agus a súile le lasaḋ ina ceann, agus caor teintiḋe teiniḋ ag teaċt tar a béal agus tar a sróin amaċ, agus mar do ċonnaic an Macaoṁ an cú niṁe d'á ionnsaiġe do sgaoil sé folt an eiċ ó'n luing ṁóir sin Ċloinne Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, i múiniġin a ṫréan-luaṫair, agus leanas an cú neiṁe an marcaċ agus ní rug fair, agus do sgaradar araon mar sin le Cloinn Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe.

Agus do ċuaiḋ fear de Ċloinn Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe i gcrann-seóil[12] na loinge, agus ṫug sé súil ṫuairim ar na ceiṫre h-áirdiḃ 'na ṫimċioll, agus do ċonnairc toirt iaṫa agus im-ḋéanaṁ oileáin i ḃfad uaṫa, agus ṫug sé [na] sgéala sin d'á ḋearḃráiṫriḃ, agus seólaid aġaiḋ na luinge d'aon-ċóṁairle

---

[1] A has "instear". [2] A has "ndluis"; A 25 "ndlús"; L 39 "teas". [3] Thus H, but I have inserted the second *a* in "maiseach." A has "fuireachair fiorluthmhar". [4] Thus A 25. A has "ioghan"; thus, in West Galway, "teanga" is pronounced "teaga". [5] H has "go hormaisneach".

talkative was poet, and sorrowful the bands of ladies after those valiant heroes.

As for the children of the King of Norway, that is told another time. After they had reached the closeness of the waves and the heel(¹) of the old sea, they were regarding the four quarters of the globe around them, both east and west and south and north. And they were not long in this wise until they beheld a single horseman approaching them, and an active full-fair, small-headed, light-footed, hard-hoofed, handsome-haired steed beneath him. That youth salutes with fair words the children of the King of Norway, and they answered him in the same way; and while they were in conversation with one another he bound the hair of that enchanted steed to the prow of the ship of the children of the King of Norway, and the steed goes straight on, with the ship following straight behind him.

Howsoever, they searched the various seas of the world behind the steed, in that order, without its being in their power to separate the ship from the steed. They were a year, from one kalends to another, in this way, and neither blade nor edge would cut a single hair of the hair of that enchanted steed. He travelled equally swiftly by sea and by land. On a certain day as they were thus voyaging the waves, they beheld a venomous otter coming towards them, and a variety of every kind of colour on her, and her eyes flaming in her head, and a blazing ball of fire coming forth out of her mouth and nose. And when the youth beheld the venomous hound approaching him, he loosed the hair of his steed from that great ship, trusting to his extreme speed [to escape], and the venomous hound follows the horseman, and it overtook him not, and in this way they both parted from the children of the King of Norway.

And one of the sons of the King of Norway climbed upon the mast of the ship, and he cast an eye about, on the four points of the compass round him, and he saw the bulk of a land, and the make of an island far from them, and he brought his brothers those tidings, and they face the prow of the vessel with one consent towards that

---

[6] A has "iomgala", as usual.
[7] Thus H. A has "cuir tosuidh"; A 25 has "corr thosaidh"; L 39 "cúrthosaicc".
[8] Thus H from "gluaiseas", A omits.
[9] Thus H from "gan" to "each".
[10] H omits. A 25 reads "on calainn a chéile".
[11] A "inaidh" for "ioná".
[12] H reads "i gcrannóig".

(¹) *Sál*, "heel", is perhaps a scribal error for *sáile*, "brine."

do ċum an oileáin sin, agus do ḃadar sroṫa uai(ṫ)ne éagsaṁla tre ċeart-lár[1] an oileáin sin, agus do b' ioṁḋa toraḋ apuiḋ ionċaiṫṁe ar ċrannaiḃ ceann-troma na h-innse sin, agus éanlaiṫ éagsaṁla ann[2]. Is ann sin do ċonncadar cáṫair ċeann-árd ucht-ḃláiṫ uai[ṫ]ne il-ġreasaċ uaṫa.

Aċt atá níḋ ċeana, do ċuadar do'n dúnaḋ sin i gcéadóir agus ba h-áluinn an dún sin re aṁarc, óir do ḃadar gaċ re clár ann .i. clár fion(n), clár gorm, clár dearg, clár duḃ, agus clár uaiṫne, agus ní ḟéadfaḋ teanga dá ġlioca no úġdar dá ḟearaiġe leiṫ no trian aoiḃneas[a] an dúna sin d'innsin, óir do ḃadar mórán de ċloċaiḃ criostail agus coirmogaill agus de leagaiḃ loġṁara na h-Asia, agus na h-Eórpa[3] agus a lán de ḃrataiḃ sróil agus síoda agus d'éadaiḃ uaisle onóraċa ar ḃórdaiḃ biṫ-áille is an Ríoġ-ḃruiġin sin.

Agus ní ḃfuaradar neaċ beó no marḃ innti aċt aon ċat mór-áḋḃall mór-iongantaċ, agus do ḃí an cat sin féin ag déanaṁ luine agus lúṫġaire ina timċioll, agus do ḃí cruit ċeól-ḃinn ċaoin-ṫéadaċ d'á fras-ḟeinm go healaḋanta binn-ġoṫaċ aige[4], agus eóin áille Affrice ag cóiṁ-ḟeinm ciúil ris an gcaoin-ċruit sin[5], agus do ḃadar clann Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe trí la agus teóra oiḋċe ins an uasal-ḃruiġin sin.

Is annsin aduḃairt Cod mac Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, "is miṫid dúinn triall anois, óir ní maiṫ cóṁnuiġe gan coṁ-ḟlaiṫios[6], agus is doirḃ doiliġ linn an t-imṫeaċt sin do ḋéanaṁ, óir dá mbeiṫ[7] aon riġ ar ṫrí rannaiḃ an doṁain is díol dúna ḋó an Ríġ-ḋún so, agus is doiliġe dúinn iná sin an t-imṫeaċt sin do ḋéanaṁ agus gan níḋ éigin de sgéalaiḃ an ċait iongantaiġ seo ḃeiṫ againn." A h-aiṫle sin do ḃeanadar mórán de ṫorṫaiḃ an oileáin agus ṫángadar d'á luing, agus do ċuadar innti, agus do ċaiṫeadar aimsir ḟada ag argnaḋ an aigéin, agus ag fras-iomraḋ na tréan-ḃóċna[8].

Lá éigin dóiḃ aṁlaiḋ sin agus do ċonncadar oileán ró iongantaċ eile uaṫa, agus do ḟeóladar aġaiḋ a loinge i dtír

---

[1] Thus A 25. A reads "cealtar". [2] H adds about the "éanlaith"; F reads "bahal*ain* ria amorc an criochsin oir fa hiom*dha* blá*th* ab*hall* iong*antach* *innti*, agus millsi *iomorro* agus burbo fiono amblá*tha* nacc*ra*nd soimheasga sin". [3] H adds "lecuis Lochlann", which is not clear. [4] H adds these six words. [5] Thus H. A reads "i gcombaighe agus i gcomhdháil ceól na cruite sin".

isle. And there were green lovely streams through the centre of that island, and many were the ripe edible fruits upon the heavy-headed trees of that isle, and variegated birds therein. And there they saw a high-headed, fair-breasted, green, much-adorned mansion (*cathair*) at a distance from them.

Howsoever, they proceeded at once to that dún, and a beautiful dún it was to behold, for every other board in it was a white board, a blue board, a red board, a black board, and a green board, and no tongue, no matter how skilful, and no author, no matter how knowing, could tell one-half or one-third of the delight of that mansion, for there were many crystal stones and carbuncles, and precious gems of Asia and of Europe, and many mantles of satin and of silk, and many noble cloths of honour upon ever-fair tables in that kingly fort.

And they found in it no one either alive or dead, except one awful-great very-wondrous cat, and that cat was herself frolicking round about and amusing itself, and there was a melodious gentle-stringed harp playing expertly and musically, and handsome birds of Africa making music in concert with that gentle harp; and the children of the King of Norway were for three days and three nights in that noble steading.

It was then Cod, son of the King of Norway, said: "It is time for us to voyage now, for not good is sojourn without co-authority,(1) yet we are sad and sorry to thus depart, for if there were one king over the three divisions of the world, this royal mansion were a sufficient one for him, but we are sadder still at taking our departure thus, without our knowing anything of the story of this wondrous cat." After that they plucked many of the fruits of the island, and they came to their ship and they entered it, and spent a long time sailing the deep, and actively-rowing over the strong ocean.

Of a certain day, as they were thus, they beheld at a distance from them(2) another very wonderful island, and they directed the

---

[6] Thus H. L 39 reads "ni maith comhnuidhe gan tiagharnas". A is corrupt; P omits.

[7] L 39 reads "dá mbeadh", "beith" is the usual northern and western pronunciation of the modern "beidheadh".

[8] H adds the last fourteen words.

---

(1) A proverb.

(2) Literally "they saw from them."

ann, agus do ḃí cáṫair ċeann-árd ḟoċair-ḃláiṫ ḟuinneógaċ[1] i gceartlár an oileáin sin[2], agus fuaradar forgailte an Ríoġ-ḃruiġean sin, agus do ċuadar asteaċ innti, agus ní ḃfuaradar neaċ innti, aċt aon ṁacaoṁ mallrosgaċ mná do ba ċosṁúil cruṫ agus deilḃ, inneall agus ordúġaḋ ris an mnaoi do ċuir na geasa sin orra. Agus an tan do ċonncadar an inġean, do leig na frasa diana deór uaiṫi.

Ar a h-aiṫle sin ro ḟiafruiġ an inġean sgéala ḋíoḃ, agus ṫugadar-san a sgéala féin gan imreasán dí, agus do ḟiafruiġ Cod sgéala de'n inġin, agus annsin do ċuaiḋ i gceann sgéala d'innsin dóiḃ, agus aduḃairt: "Ríġ corónta ceart-ḃreiṫeaċ do ḃí i dtír na ḃFear ḃFionn d'ar ba ċoṁ-ainm Eoċaiḋ armġéar mac Maidion[3] agus ní raiḃ de ċloinn aige aċt dias inġean aṁáin, agus níor ḃ'ionnan máṫair do'n dís inġean sin féin. Inġean Ríġ na h-Antuaiġe, an ċéad ḃean do ḃí ag Ríġ na ḃFear ḃFionn, agus ní rug sí de ċloinn riaṁ aċt aon inġean aṁáin, agus dá mbeaṫ aon rí ar ṫrí rannaiḃ an doṁain ba ḋiongṁála mar ṁnaoi dó í, óir ní raiḃ ina cóṁ-aimsir féin bean ba ḟeárr dreaċ dealḃ déanaṁ agus éagcosg 'ná í, eaḋon, Feiṫlinn ṁongṡúileaċ inġean Ríġ na ḃFear ḃFionn, ainm na mná sin. Agus a h-aiṫle báis na céad-ṁná sin, ṫug an Ríġ sin bean eile .i. inġean Ríġ na Dreólainne agus rug an ḃean sin inġean eile dó agus ni rug níos mó, agus mise féin an inġean sin. Dála mo ṁáṫar, ar dteaċt go tír na ḃFear ḃFionn dí, ṫug fuaṫ agus fíor-ṁiosgas d'Ḟeiṫlinn ṁongṡúiliġ .i. d'á leis-inġin,[4] agus do ḃreug[5] léiṫe do ṡnám ar eas do ḃí láiṁ leis an gcáiṫriġ í, .i. eas Ḃomaine[6] ainm an easa, agus iar n-a fáġail ar an uisge í, imreas draoiḋeaċt uirri, agus[7] cuireas fó ġeasaiḃ í ḃeiṫ bliaḋain 'na cat agus bliaḋain 'na h-eala[8] agus bliaḋain 'na doḃar-ċú[9] niṁe. Agus bí sí lá gaċa bliaḋna 'na cruṫ féin, agus

---

[1] Thus H. A reads "clogasach uchtbhláith uineoga".

[2] A adds "agus ni lamhdis sluagh no sochaidh da h-iomdheoin".

[3] Thus A. H reads "armdearg mac Seadna Suiligh mac Lughaidh Lamhfhada"! F reads "mac namhadon". L 39 omits.

[4] The last twenty-six words are from H, whose reading I prefer here to that of A.

[5] Thus H. A reads "rug".

[6] H reads "bobhuinne"; F "bobuinne".

[7] The last twelve words are from H.

[8] H reads "halainn".

[9] H inflects, "dobharchoin".

prow of their vessel towards its land; and there was a high-headed, flower-bordered,(1) windowed *cathair* or mansion in the very centre of that island, and they found that royal mansion open, and they went into it, and no one did they find in it except one slow-eyed(2) damsel of a woman, who, in shape and form, mien and make, was like to the woman who had put the *geasa* upon them, and when they beheld the girl she shed desperate showers of tears.

Thereafter, the damsel asked them their news, and they gave her their own news without disputing; and Cod asked tidings from the girl, and thereupon she began to tell them her story, and said: "A crowned king of righteous judgments there was in the Land of the White Men, whose name was Eochaidh [Yohy] the Sharp-armed, son of Maidin, and he had no children except two daughters only, and even those two daughters had not the same mother. The daughter of the King of Antuaigh was the first wife that the King of the White Men had, but she never bore any children except one daughter only; and if there were to be a single king over the three divisions of the world she were his match, of a wife; for there was not in her own time a woman of better form, beauty, make, and appearance than she; Feithlinn [Faylin], the bright-eyed,(3) the daughter of the King of the White Men, was that woman's name. And after the death of that first wife this king took another one, the daughter of the King of Dreólann, and that woman bore him another daughter, and bore no more, and I myself am that daughter. As for my mother, upon her coming to the country of the White Men, she conceived a hatred and a real enmity against bright-eyed Feithlinn, that is, her step-daughter, and she enticed her with her to swim by a waterfall that was near the mansion—Eas Bomaine is the name of the waterfall—and on her getting her in the water she works enchantment on her, and puts her under *geasa* to be a year a cat, and a year a swan, and a year a venomous otter. And she is for one day in every year,

---

(1) I take *fochair* to be the same as *eochair*, "border". "Bláith" does not necessarily mean "flower", but may mean "smoothness" or sometimes even "fame", as in the proverb "is buaine bládh [fame] 'na saoghal".

(2) A common epithet in Irish, almost always applied, however, to a married woman in contradistinction to the "brisk eye" of a girl; hence it seems here misplaced.

(3) Could "mongshúileach" mean "with long eyelashes"?

giḋ bé fear do luiġfeaḋ léi an tan ba ċat í, sgaoilfeaḋ a geasa ḋí, agus ní h-ion-luaiḋte deilḃ ḃan an doṁain[1] ag féaċain deilḃ na h-inġine sin," agus aduḃairt[2] gur ḃ' í sin do ċonncādar 'na cat ins an oileán sin gan aṁras, agus "Saor-innis" ainm na h-innse sin féin, agus "cat na Saor-innse" goirṫear di-se do ġreas.

Do laḃair an inġean arís agus is eaḋ aduḃairt, "Is mise an inġean eile do ḃí ag Ríġ na ḃFear ḃFionn, agus do gaḃaḋ lá aonaiġ agus árd-oireaċtais leis an Ríġ, agus do ṡuiġ an Ríġ i gcáṫaoir áluinn órḋa i gceartlár na sluaġ iomarcaċ sin, agus do ḃí breaṫa[3] fír-ġlioca fír-eólaċa da ḃfoillsiuġaḋ ḋóiḃ agus do ċáċ i gcoiṫċinne, an uair sin. Siolla d'á dtugadar na slóiġ iomarcaċ[a][4] sin tar muir agus tar mór-ḟairsge do ċonncadar long luċtmar lán-aiḋreaċ ag teaċt i dtír[5] i gcuan na cáṫraċ sin agus an tan do ṡíleadar iomad slóiġ agus soċaiḋe do ṫeaċt airdi, ní ṫáinig aċt fomór[6] úr-ġránda il-ṗiastaċ, agus ba ḋuiḃe 'ná gual soileaċ ar na ḃáṫaḋ i n-uisge ḟuar oiġreaṫa gaċ alt agus gaċ aġaiḋ de 'n ḟear ṁór sin, agus ní raiḃ geal dé aċt [a] ḋá ṡúil, agus ba ġile iad 'ná sneaċta aon-oiḋċe, agus beart de ċroicniḃ fiaḋ-ṁaol agus fearḃóg uime, agus do leig 'na raon ró-reaṫa tríd na slóiġtiḃ é, agus do ḃaḋus-sa i gcáṫaoir óir óir-loisge san aonaċ an uair sin, i ḃfoċair m'aṫar, agus ní oirearaṁ nó cóṁnuiḋe[7] do rinne an t-óglaċ mór sin no gur ċuir[8] a ḋá láṁ am' ṫimcioll, agus gur ċuir ar a ġualainn go h-úir-éadtrom mé, agus ṫug aġaiḋ ar ais ċum a loinge. Agus mar do ċonnairc an t-aonaċ sin ba náir [leo] é, agus cíoḋtráċt noċar ḟan fear iomcar[ṫ]a airm do na h-iolṁaoiniḃ [iol-ḃuiḋniḃ] do ḃadar is an dáil sin nár éirġiḋ go h-aṫlaṁ im-éarga agus nár lean eisean, agus ba ḋíoṁaoin dóiḃ, óir ní rugsat air go ndeaċaiḋ d'á luing agus ṫug a tosaċ do ṁuir agus a deireaḋ do ṫír, agus seólas roiṁe gaċa ndíreaċ

---

[1] Thus H. A reads "ni haon measadh naith*ne* deilbh mná san domhan", which seems corrupt.

[2] F reads "do ráidseat c. r. n. hIor. daitheasg aenfir gur be an cat", etc.

[3] Thus H. A has "briathra".

[4] A reads "niomarcach"; the others omit. I have often heard "niomarcaidh" used for "iomarcaidh".

[5] H reads "ag soitheadh an chuain".

[6] H has "fomhoir"; L 39 has "foghmhar".

[7] Thus L 39; but A reads

in her own shape, and whatever man would be beside her when she is a cat, would loose her *geasa* off her; and the beauty of the women of the world is not worth mentioning on beholding that damsel's beauty"; and she said that beyond doubt it was she they beheld as a cat upon that island, and Free Island is the name of that island itself, and she is always called the cat of Free Island.

The girl spoke again, and 'twas what she said: "I am the other daughter that the King of the White Men had, and a day for a fair and for a great assembly was appointed by the king, and he sat on his splendid golden throne in the very midst of those numerous hosts; and truly-prudent, truly-wise judgments were being exhibited to them and to all in common at that time. Of a glance that those numerous hosts gave over the sea and great ocean, they beheld a capacious full-fine bark coming to land in the city's harbour, and when they thought that many warriors and people would come out of her, there came not but one fearful-ugly monstrous Fomor, (¹) and blacker than a coal of sally(²) drowned in cold iced water was every joint and feature of that great man, and there was nothing of him white but his two eyes, and they were whiter than the snow of one night, and there was a garment of skins of hornless deer and roebuck about him, and he launched himself in a racing-rush through the hosts, and I was on a golden-gilt throne in the assembly at that time, close to my father, and neither halt nor stop did the great warrior make until he threw his two hands round about me and set me lightly on his shoulder, and faced back for his ship. And when the assemblage beheld that, they were shamed; howsoever never a man who carried weapon of the many bands who were in that assembly but rose up quickly and speedily and followed him; but vain it was for them, for they never overtook him until he went aboard his bark, and gave its prow to sea and its stern to land, and he sails away to this island, and he has me ever since; and I have never seen of the people of the

---

"Toirneamh no tairisim". H omits. [8] H reads "iadhastar".

(¹) I do not like to render this word "Fomor" by "giant", which is usually "athach", or "fathach", so I have retained it in the translation. It seems to mean here nearly the same as "fathach", "giant". (²) Sally, or sallow charcoal, is often used by the Irish, amongst other things, for bringing back the hair on an animal where it has been rubbed off.

gus an oileán so, agus atáim-se aige ó ṡin a leiṫ. Agus ni ḟacas de ḋaoiniḃ an doṁain an ccéin atá[im] sunn aċt siḃ-se aṁáin, agus an lá ṫug leis mé do ġaḃar ag tarraing m'ḟuilt agus m'fionnḟaḋ, agus an tan do ċonnairc an fomór fíor-ġránna sin, aduḃairt liom-sa meanmna maiṫ do ḃeiṫ agam agus naċ raiḃ aṫċuingiḋ ar biṫ do iarrfainn air naċ dtiúḃraḋ sé ḋam, agus is é aṫċuinge do iarras air gan milleaḋ do ḋéanaṁ orm go ceann bliaḋna, agus atáim aige le bliaḋain gus a[n] lá amáraċ[1]: agus a ċáirde gráḋaċ[a]," ar sí, "déanaiḋ-se imṫeaċt go luaṫ ó'n ḃfear mór, óir ní ṫéid tréan no truag gan báruġaḋ uaiḋ[2]."

Is annsin aduḃairt Cod naċ ngeaḃaḋ sé ór na cruinne agus gan anṁain re tuarasgḃáil an ḟir ṁóir sin. Is gearr do ḃádar a h-aiṫle an ċóṁráḋa sin go ḃfacadar an fomór fíorġránda ċuca, agus lorg im-reaṁar iarnuiḋe ina láiṁ ċiorcla ċiarduiḃ, go seaċt sleasaiḃ uirri, agus faoḃar sgeine-bearrṫa[3] ar gaċ slios díoḃ sin, seaċt slaḃraiḋe os cionn na siġ-luirge sin, agus uḃall-ṁeall iarainn ar gaċ slaḃraḋ díoḃ go fo-ḋealgaiḃ uime, agus níor ḟágḃaiġ sí fuaṫ[4] no fiṫeide allta no arraċt éigcéille i gcreig no i gcuais no i gcarraig no i n-inbear nár ḋúisiġ sé le fuaim na príoṁ-luirge sin. Agus an tan do ċonnairc an fear mór clann Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe do rinne gloṁar garḃ gáire[5] ionnus go ḃféadfaiḋe a ionaṫar[6] uile d'áireaṁ ar ṁéad an ḟorsgailte ṫug sé ar a ḃéal[7]. Cíoḋṫraċt ṫug an inġean cruṫ maiṫ ar éagcruṫ, agus maise ar ṁi-ṁaise an̄ sin, re h-uaṁan agus re h-imeagla na n-óg niaṁ-ċroṫaċ sin do ṫuitim ris an ḃfomór ḃfíorġránna[8]. Is an̄ sin do ráiḋ Cod mac Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, "nár ba ṁaiṫ agus nár ba ṡoirḃ an saoġal duit, agus nár ba ḟor-ḟáilteaċ teaċ niṁe no talṁan róṁad no do ḋiaiḋ duit a ḟaṫaiġ ġránda" ar sé. Is annsin d'éiriġ an brat tar ḃruaċ[9] agus

---

[1] The last one hundred and forty-eight words are from H, which reads "eiseiomh" and "taraing", for which I have substituted "eisean" and "tarraing" in the text. A and the other MSS. omit her request and the giant's promise. The word "fomór" is very variously spelt even in the same MS., as "fomór", "fomhór", "fómhair", "foghmor", and "foghmhor". I have kept to the first form for the sake of uniformity.

[2] H "Is gearr go ttuibhradh timgibh(?) saoghuil dhíbh."

[3] Thus L. A has "bith aile saoir", which I do not understand.

[4] H has

world, all the time that I am here, but you alone. And the day he took me with him I began tearing my tresses and my hair, and when the truly hideous Fomor beheld that, he told me to have good courage, and that there was no petition I would ask of him that he would not grant me; and the petition I asked of him was to do me no harm until the end of a year, and he has me for a year all but to-morrow; and, beloved friends," said she, "depart ye quickly from the Great Man, for neither the powerful nor the puny escape from him without death."

It was then Cod said that he would not take the gold of the world and not wait for tidings of that Great Man. Short time they were after this discourse, until they beheld the hideous Fomor approaching them, and a thick iron club in his circular jet-black hand, with seven sides upon it, and an edge like a razor upon every side, seven chains above that great staff,(1) and an iron apple-knob on every chain of them, with spikelets round about, and he never left horror or wild creature or senseless spectre in crag or hollow or rock or river-mouth that he did not rouse with the noise of that huge club. And when the Great Man beheld the children of the King of Norway he gave a coarse yell of laughter, so that it was possible to inspect(2) the whole of his inside, with all the opening that he gave his mouth. The girl, however, thereupon changed shapeliness for misshape, and loveliness for unloveliness, with horror, and with fear of those bright-formed youths falling by the awful Fomor. Then spake Cod, son of the King of Norway: "May life be neither good nor pleasant to you, and may the house neither of heaven nor of earth give welcome either before or behind you, hideous giant," said he. It was then arose the mantle

---

"uath", "athaide", and "arracht". Ꝼ has "feithide no ealta no arocht". A has "aireachta". H "Ionnus go bhfaicfidh an pútato is lugh do bheith ar ioctur a ghuile".

[5] Thus H. A has "glaodh mór garbh ionamhail ghâire".

[6] Ꝼ has "iochtar ainathar". A has "innichir".

[7] H reads "ar a mhant chraos móradhbhal".

[8] The last twenty-seven words are from H.

[9] Thus Ꝼ and L. H reads "brat tair bhruachas". A 25 reads "brathair buadhach". A reads "brathair br*u*ach*a*".

---

(1) Literally "King-staff". "Righ" is often used even to this day as a mere intensitive, and need not always be translated "king" or "royal".

(2) Literally "count".

an tuile gan tráġaḋ[1] agus an buinne gan briseaḋ agus an té naċ dtug aon troiġ ar gcúl riaṁ re h-uaṫaḋ no re h-iomad i gcaṫ go i gcóṁlainn riaṁ .i. Cod mac Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, i gcoinne agus i gcóṁḋáil an ḟaṫaiġ[2]. Is annsin do cromaḋ na sleaġa ceann-ġéara caṫa eatorra le buirbe an ċóṁ-ḃuailte, gur lúbaḋ na crainn sis na sgiaṫaiḃ, agus do ḃéiceadar na firmaminte re h-áḋḃal [a] n-im-ḃuailte, gur lúbadar agus gur ġearradar[3] na lúiṫreaċa d'á luaṫ-ġearraḋ agus gur leadraḋ na cinn caṫa de na craoiseaċaiḃ[4], agus gur h-aiṁréiḋeaḋ a ḃfuilt de na lannaiḃ, agus gur dallaḋ a súile leis na linntiḃ fola flannruaiḋe[5] ag tuitim go forleaṫan idir an diar gaisgiḋeaċ sin, agus ni ḋearna[ḋ] fo'n TRAOI[6] no fo ċaṫ caṫarḋa, cóṁrac deise deaġlaoċ ba ḟearr 'ná cóṁrac na deise deaġ-laoċ so. Iar sin ṡíneadar na dóiḋe righne réiḋe tar taoḃaiḃ agus tar corpaiḃ a ċéile, gur ṁaoiḋ loċ tobar dílionna fó n-a gcosaiḃ le feaḃar na gleice agus na corruiġeaċt[a] do ḃadar d'á ḋéanaṁ: agus ní h-annso do ḋeónaiġ an Fír-Ḋia for-órḋa[7] bás no oiḋe ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, agus, ó naċ ann, ṫug sé saoḃ-ċor saoḃ-ċam[8] do'n ḃfaṫaċ, gur ċuir na ceiṫre gaḃla go só ċlis te i h-áirde fair, agus do laḃair an t-óglac mór agus is eaḋ aduḃairt: "Toraḋ do ġaile agus do ġairge ort a ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe i mbéal suaġ agus seanċuiḋ agus luċt léiġte liag agus leaḃar, agus ná cuir mé féin ċum báis."

"Luiġim-se i ḃfiaḋnuise m'arm," ar Cod, "dá dtugfaiḋe[9] ór na cruinne ḋam naċ geaḃainn é agus gan do ċeann do ḃuaint díot," agus do ṫarraing a lann líoṁṫa leadarṫa, ar a ṫruaill ṫirim tairgṫe agus do ḃuail a gcóṁrac a ċinn[10] agus ṁuinéil é, gur ṫeilg a ċeann d'á ċolainn de'n ḃéim sin. Agus ṫáinig do'[n] mbruiġin iaraṁ, agus ṫug lorg an ḟir ṁóir leis, agus leigeas ar lár í, i ḃfiaḋnuise na h-inġine, agus

---

[1] Thus F. H has "traothughadh". A "traoithe". [2] H has "an torathar fomhordha". [3] A reads "gairidar" and "luathgairadh"; the others omit. I read "lúbadar" for "lúbadh". [4] Thus A 25; but A has "na ceann acu tres na cathbhairibh". [5] Thus H 25. A reads "falruaide". [6] A adds "no fathanna"(?). F omits part of this description. [7] A reads "forgadh"(?). [8] A 25 reads "taobhchor taobhcham". [9] A has "da ttucigh". A 25 "da ttugthadh"; the

beyond border,(1) and the flood without ebb, and the torrent without breaking, the man who never gave back one single foot before few or before many, in battle or in conflict, Cod, son of the King of Norway, to meet and oppose the giant. It was then the sharp-headed spears of battle were couched between them for the furiousness of the mutual striking, so that the hafts were bent against the shields, and the firmament roared with the awfulness of the smiting, so that they cut with quick-cutting their breastplates, and the battle heads were beaten off the javelins, and their locks were disordered by the blades, and their eyes were blinded with the pools of crimson blood falling copiously between those two heroes: and there was not performed at Troy, or in the *Cath Cathardha*,(2) a combat of two good heroes better than the combat of those two good heroes. After that they stretched their tough smooth hands across one another's sides and bodies, until a well-lake of a flood out-burst beneath their feet, with the excellency of the struggle and the wrestling they were making. But it was not here that the very-golden true-God permitted the death or the tragic-end of the son of the King of Norway; and, since it was not, he gave the giant a fierce twist, fiercely crooked, so that he sent the four forks(3) very cleverly over him, and the Great Youth spake, and 'twas what he said: "The fruits of your vigour and valour to you, son of the King of Norway, in the mouths of sages and shanachies and readers of flags(4) and books, and do not put myself to death."

"I swear in the presence of my weapons,"(5) said Cod, "if the gold of the world were to be given me that I would not accept it, if I were not to take the head off you," and he drew his polished smiting blade out of its dry protecting-sheath, and he struck him at the joining of the head and the neck, so that of that stroke he cast his head from his body. And after this he came to the palace and brought the club of the Great Man with him, and he lays it on the

---

others omit. [10] A has "cheann". A 25 "cheainn"; the others omit.

---

(1) This seems corrupt.

(2) I think that this is the Irish name for the battle of Pharsalia.

(3) This apparently means that he threw him on his back with his arms and legs in the air.

(4) This is an evident allusion to Ogams. It occurs again in the version of "Deirdre" which I published in the "Z. für Celt. Phil.", II. 1, p. 142.

(5) This expression also occurs in the "Deirdre" story. Naoise swears to her, "i bhfiadhnuise a arm".

do ráiḋ se n-a ḋearḃráiṫriḃ a airm do ġaḃáil uaiḋ[1], agus do rinne an laoiḋ :—

"Ġaḃ na h-airm-se ann do ḋorn
A ṁic Ioruaiḋ na n-órlann,
Go ḃfaicim iad-san go beaċt
Mo creaċta uile ó'n ḃfaiṫeaḋ.

"Is mise Cod mac an ríoġ
Ġe tá m'ḟuil na coḃair críon,
Do caoinfiḋe sinne gan ḟuaċ
I gcríoċaiḃ caoiṁe Ioruaiḋ.'

"Cuiriḋ luiḃe le mo ċnear
Má fearrde liḃ mo leiġear,
Mo ċneaḋa[2] sul ḟearfas m'fuil
Ar ġraḋ ḃur n-iniġ gaḃaiġ."[3]

A h-aiṫle na laoiḋ sin do cuireaḋ luiḃe íce agus léiġis i gcneáḋaiḃ agus a gcréactaiḃ mic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, agus do ḃadar trí lá agus teóra oiḋċe ins an ḋúnaḋ sin, agus iad ag iompáḋ ar ċat na Saor-innse de ġnáṫ. Óir ba ḋeiṁin siu gurab í an inġean do ċuir iad féin fo ġeasaiḃ do ḃí ann, i gcruṫ cait. Giḋeaḋ is air do ċinnseat, an long do ḃi ag an ḃfomór do ċur le hinġin Ríġ na ḃFear ḃFionn go [a] h-aṫarḋa féin. Agus críoċnuiġṫear an ċómairle sin leó. Agus iar gceileaḃraḋ do'n inġin dóiḃ gaḃaid ag asgnaṁ[4] na sruṫ-ḟairrge agus ag taisdeall na dtonn dtiuġ-ruaḋ ar feaḋ

---

[1] The last twenty words are added from H, but I change "dearbhráithre" and "uadh" into "dearbhráithribh" and "uaidh."

[2] H reads— "M'arma sul silfeas mfuil."

A 25 reads—

"Mo chneadha sul fo thiucfas mfuil
Ar ghrádh bhur ninnia amac*a*."

[3] H reads—

"Gabhaidh na h-airm as mo láimh
A chlann Ioruaidhe gan miobháigh,
Go bfaicidh sibh um o seach
Créacht mo chuirp on aitheach.

"Caoinfighear Cod mac an righ
Ge ta mfhuil na chubhar críon
Re mor nainnire go mbuaidhe
I gcriochaibh caoimhe Ioruadhe."

ground before the girl, and told his brothers to take from him his weapons, and he made the lay :—

"Take from me my arms, I práy,
Sons of the King of Nórway.
Let me see (my blood is scánt)
The wounds made by the gíant.(¹)

"I am Cod, son of the king,
Although my blood is [now] a withered foam,
We would be lamented without hatred
In the gentle lands of Norway.

"Set ye herbs to my skin
If ye desire to cure me,
My hurts, before my blood ebbs away,
For the love of your generosity, attend to."

After that lay, herbs of balm and healing were put into his hurts and wounds. And they were three days and three nights in that palace, and they discoursing constantly about the cat of the Free Island, for they were certain that it was the girl who placed themselves under *geasa* who was in it, in the shape of a cat. Howsoever the thing they resolved on was, to send the ship that the Fomor had, with the daughter of the King of the White Men, to [take her] to her own patrimony. And that plan is carried out by them. And after bidding farewell to the maiden, they proceed to voyage over the stream-of-the-sea, and to journey through the thick-red waves for five

---

I read "Ioruaidh'" for "Ioruaidhe" in the second line to make it scan. L reads the third and fourth lines thus—

"Go bhfághthar amuigh 's amach
Mo chreachta uile o'n atach."

and the seventh and eighth—

"Caoinfear sinne go nuadh
A ccríochaibh áille na hiorruaidhe."

[4] The last fifty-three words are from H, which gives the passage more fully than A; but I have changed "ba dhéin" to "féin", for the sake of uniformity.

(¹) Literally, "Take these weapons in thy hand, | Son of Norway of the golden blades, | until I view them exactly | all my wounds from the giant." The translation of this verse in the text is in the metre of the original "Deibhidh", without observance of alliteration. For an explanation of this metre see my "Literary History of Ireland", p. 483.

cúig mbliaḋan[1] d'á n-aimsir, ag iarraiḋ na Saor-innse, agus ní ḃfuaradar. Agus lá éigin dóiḃ mar sin agus iad ag éisteaċt le foġail[2] an ċuain ċaintiġ ċúḃarḃáin, do ċonncadar long luċtṁar lán-aiḋḃreaċ go seóltaiḃ iomḋa exaṁla d'á n-ionnsaiḋe, agus aon óglaċ ríoḋga[3] rosg-leaṫan calma curata croiḋeaṁail i gcor-ṫosaiġ na luinge sin, agus is aṁlaiḋ do ḃí an t-óglaċ-san agus mion óir ór-loisge fo n-a ċeann, agus corrán d'iarann im-riġin ina láiṁ láidir luaṫ-ġoñaiġ. Cioḋtráċt ar ndrud a n-aṫḟogus do ċloinn Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe ḋó, sínear an láṁ gus an loing a raḃadar, agus cuirear an corrán uirri go h-aṫlaṁ úrmaisneaċ agus tógḃar i n-áirde ar an ḃfairrge sí[4], agus ṫug aġaiḋ ins na h-iol-ṁaraiḃ: agus is é óglaċ do ḃí annsin .i. an Macaoṁ Mór mac Ríġ na Sorċa, agus is é áḋḃar fá raiḃ sé ḋóiḃ[5] gur le Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe do ṫuit Ríġ na Sorċa i gcaṫ caṫraċ an tSroṫa Ḋeirg[6] roiṁe sin.

Ṫugadar Clann Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe a dtrí cloiḋṁṫe amaċ agus ḃuaileadar trí ḃuille gaċ fear ḋíoḃ i gcrann-seóil luinge an ḟir ṁóir, gur ġearradar an crann i gceadóir, ionnus gur ṫuit an long ċum an tsáile ḟearḃ-ruaiḋ arís. Is annsin aduḃairt an Macaoṁ Mór, "Mo ċeann fá ḃur mbeiṫ annsin a ċlann Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe," ar sé, "dá ngeaḃaḋ siḃ cóṁrac aoinḟir uaim." "Geoḃam go deiṁin," ar Cod, "óir ní ḟaicfiḋ aon duine sinn go bráṫ ag tuargain aoinḟir aṁáin.[7]" Agus ṫug Cod agus an gaisgiḋeaċ dá sgiaṫ sgiaṁḋa sgoṫḋearg breac buan-litreaċ, agus dá ċloiḋeaṁ coṁ-ḟada cóṁ-ġéara ceirdeaṁla, d'á n-ionnsaiḋe, agus do ċóṁraic siad ar an láṫair sin, agus ba ḃuan-áiḋḃéil[8] bar-luaṫ béim-láidir cóṁrac na deise deaġ-laoċ sin, go dtug an Macaoṁ Mór trí troiġṫe ar a ċúl isan cóṁrac sin, ar gclaoċlóḋ croṫa deilḃe agus céadfaḋ ḋó. Is annsin do

---

[1] H omits this. [2] F "re cíorgoil na ccuan cciomhasghorm". L has "re ciorghuile an chuain". A 25 has "re fodhail ghuirm". [3] This is the usual pronunciation of "ríoghdha". F has "a ccuir thosaigh na *leabhar loinge sin*". A "a ccuir thochta". [4] The last thirty-two words are from H, which gives the sense best. [5] F "adhbhar fa raibhe doibh". H omits this whole passage. The idiom is an unusual one. [6] A 25 reads "agcath catharga na traoithe deirge". [7] The last forty-three words are

years of their time, seeking the Free Island, and they found it not. Of a certain day that they were thus, and they listening to the noises of the talkative white-foamed sea, they beheld a laden full-fair bark with many variegated sails coming towards them, and a single, royal, broad-eyed, valiant, valorous, vigorous(1) youth in the prow of that ship, and this is how that youth was: he had a gold-gilt diadem upon his head, and a sickle of thick iron in his strong, swift-wounding hand. However, on his approaching near to the children of the King of Norway, he stretches his hand towards the ship in which they were, and puts forth his sickle, readily and boldly, and lifts the ship on high out of the sea, and faced for the multiple waters. And the youth who was there was the Macaomh(2) Mór, the son of the King of Sorcha, and the reason he went for them was that it was by the King of Norway the King of Sorcha fell before that, in the battle of the city of the Red Stream.

The children of the King of Norway drew forth their three swords, and smote three blows, each man of them, on the sail-mast of the Great Man's ship, so that they cut the mast upon the spot, and the ship fell off again to the bitter red brine. Then said the Great Macaomh: "My joy it is, ye to be there, sons of the King of Norway," said he, "if ye would accept single combat from me." "Indeed we will accept it," said Cod, "for no one shall ever see us smiting a single man [together]." Then Cod and the Champion brought against one another two handsome flower-red, speckled, lastingly-lettered shields, and two highly-wrought swords, of like length and sharpness, and they fought upon the spot. And constant-awful palm-quick stroke-strong was the combat of those two good heroes, until the Great Macaomh gave three steps backwards in that battle, his form, appearance, and senses being changed [with fear]. It was

---

from Ꝼ and L. A and A 25 omit them. [8] A has "buanmall".

---

(1) Literally "hearty". (2) Pronounced "mokkave"; it often occurs in the romantic tales, but seldom outside of them. It seems to often mean a mysterious unknown youth of a particular age, and I think also of illustrious birth. (3) Literally "the reason that he was for them," a curious and most uncommon idiom in Irish.

foillsiġeaḋ[1] do'n Ṁánaċ (.i. oide ṁic Ríġ na Sorċa), a ḋalta do ḃeiṫ insan éigean, mar sin. i. Mac Ríġ na Sorċa, agus do ḃ'é an Manaċ sin féin[2] fear ba ṁó doilḃṫe draoiġeaċta d'á dtáinig ina ċoṁ-aimsir féin[3], agus ṫug liag ceiṫir-ḃeannaċ caorṫainn[4] ċuige, agus do ċuaiḋ uirri, agus do éiriġ le na ċúṁaċt draoiġeaċta i ḃfriṫiḃ na firmantí, agus do ċuir ceó dorċa draoiġeaċta timċioll luinge an Ṁacaoiṁ Ṁóir, no gur ġoid an Manaċ a ḋalta leis tres an ceó nduaiḃreaċ ndorċa sin, agus ar sgaoileaḋ do'n doḃar-ċeó draoiġeaċta sin uaṫa, fuaradar Clann Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe an long follaṁ. A h-aiṫle an Ṁacaoiṁ Ṁóir d'imṫeaċt uaṫa ba h-im-ṡníomaċ aṫ-tuirseaċ Clann Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, óir níor ġnát leó a gcéile cóṁraic leigin uaṫa gan ḃáruġaḋ. Is annsin fiafruiġeas Cod d'á ḃráiṫriḃ créad an ċóṁairle do ḋéan[f]adaois. Dubhradar-san an tSaor-inis d'iarraiḋ seal eile. "Ní h-í sin mo ċóṁairle féin daoiḃ," ar Cod, "aċt dul go críoċaiḃ na Sorċa agus slóiġ na h-Ioruaiḋe do ḃreiṫ linn, agus caṫ do ṫaḃairt do'n Ṁacaoṁ Mór, óir is deiṁin liom gurab é do ṫáinig do ḋíoġailt marḃṫa [a] aṫar orrainn-ne, agus ni ba suaiṁneaċ go dtugam iarraiḋ air arís[5]." Do ṁoladar-san an ċóṁairle.

Is ann sin do ċeangladar Clan̄ Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe lon̄g an ḟir ṁóir do stiúir a luinge féin, agus do ṡeóladar a h-aġaiḋ tar ḋrom-ċla gaċa doṁan-ḟairrge agus ní h-aiṫristear sgéalaiḋeaċt orra gur ġaḃadar cuan agus calaḋ-ṗort i gcríoċaiḃ cré-ġlan[a] cnuas-ṫorṫaċa glan-áilne na h-Ioruaiḋe, agus rangadar go dún a n-aṫar féin an oiḋċe sin. Agus do ḃadar 'na n-aoiḋeaċaiḃ[6] ann, agus níor canaḋ ceól no oirfide no ealaḋan dóiḃ an oiḋċe sin, aċt ag éisteaċt re sgéalaiḃ na gcuraḋ réiṁ-ráiḋte sin ó ṫús go deiriġ.

Agus ar na ṁáraċ cuireaḋ feara agus teaċta uaṫa ar ṁaiṫiḃ na h-Ioruaiḋe, agus ṫugadar a ḃfiliḋe agus a ḃfalsaṁna ċuca, agus ċuadar i gcóṁairle créad do ḋéan[f]adaois.

---

[1] L reads "taibhseadh". [2] Thus L. A reads "aon". [3] H reads "neach do dhiochair agus do dhearsgnaigh dfearaibh dhomhain andraoidheacht agus andiabhlaigheacht". [4] F reads "cliath roth caorthainn". [5] The last twenty-one words are added from H, whose "do ris" I have changed into "aris", to be uniform. [6] L reads "na noidheadhaibh". F "na haoid*ibh*",

then it was revealed to the Mánach (that was the tutor of the King of Sorcha's son) that his pupil was in such distress, and that Mánach was himself the man of most desperate enchantment of all who came in his own time, and he took to himself a four-cornered flag of holly,(1) and he got upon it, and he rose by his enchanted power in the expanse of the firmament, and he put a dark fog of enchantment round about the ship of the Great Macaomh, until he stole away his pupil with him through that desperate dark fog. And on the dispersing from them of that enchanted water-mist, the sons of the King of Norway found the ship empty, after the Great Macaomh thus going from them; and disappointed, dispirited were the sons of the King of Norway, for it was not their wont to allow their fellow combatant to escape from them without his dying. Then Cod asked his brothers what plan would they advise. They answered: "To look for the Free Island for another while." "That is not my own advice to you," said Cod, "but to go to the lands of Sorcha and to take with us the hosts of Norway, and to give battle to the Great Macaomh, for I am certain that it is he who came to avenge on us the slaying of his father, and he will not be at rest until we again make an attempt at him." They approved of that counsel.

It was then the children of the King of Norway bound the Great Man's ship to the rudder of their own, and they faced her over the back-ridge of every deep sea, and no tidings are told of them until they took port and harbour in the clay-clean, cluster-fruited, clear-fair lands of Norway; and they arrived at their own father's palace that night. And there they were guests. And neither music was sung, nor minstrelsy, nor feats-of-science [played] for them that night, but [everyone] listening to the stories of the aforesaid heroes from beginning to end.

And, on the morrow, tidings and messengers were sent from them to the chiefs of Norway, and their poets and philosophers came to them, and they took counsel as to what they should do.

---

and H adds "nochar leigeadh ceol na oirfide d'éisteacht isan dunadh no gur bhéigin doibhsiomh a nachtra féin dfoillsiughadh don righ agus do na maithibh ar cheana, o imtheacht go filleadh dhóibh".

(1) F, the oldest MS., reads a "harrow-wheel of holly".

Agus is í cóṁairle[1] ro cinneaḋ leó, an mór-eaċtra sin do ḋéanaṁ; agus gaḃaḋ lá aonaiġ agus oireaċtais leó i gceann míosa, agus ṫángadar slóiġ na h-Ioruaiḋe uile ċum aon láṫair i gceann na ré sin, agus do ġaḃadar an ċéad lá ag gormaḋ sleaġ, agus ag glanaḋ lúiṫreaċ, agus ag géirlíoṁaḋ colg cros-órḋa, agus ag colg-ḋiriuġaḋ a soiġeaḋ[2], agus ag gléas geal-tuaġ, agus ag aṫċailceaḋ sgiaṫ, agus do ġaḃadar an dara lá ag luaṫaḋ a long agus ag piocaḋ a bpríoṁ-long, agus ag ceartuġaḋ a ccranna agus ag deasuġaḋ a ndonn-ḃarc, agus ag socruġaḋ a ráṁ agus ag snaḋmaḋ a seólċrann. Agus ḃadar an treas lá ag cur lóin ins na longaiḃ sin, agus an ceaṫramaḋ lá le h-imṫeaċt.

Is annsin do ċuadar an sluaġ iomarcaċ sin ina longaiḃ agus iar roċtain an ċuain tar ċiúṁsaiḃ na mara ḋóiḃ do leigeadar gáir áḋḃal uaṫḃásaċ róṁór os áird, go gclos i ḃfríoṫaiḃ na firmamente an trom-ġáir sin, agus níor lúġa gáir na mban agus na macaoṁ, na ḃfileaḋ agus na n-ollaṁan, ag éagcaoine a dtriaṫ agus a dtiġearna.

Is annsin do éiriġ an ṁuir[3] 'na glas-ṫonnaiḃ garḃa gáireaċtaċa go gclos fá na críoċaiḃ fá ċóiṁneasa ḋóiḃ garḃ-ċonġáir na blaṫṁaoilmuire[4], foḋail gearanaċ na fairrge fri sleas[5] agus frí buird na luingeas sin. Ba ḋian agus ba ḟada do ḃí an cuan crioṫ-ḃraonaċ[6] criṫgalaċ cainteaċ congaireaċ ag gleic agus ag imreasán fris na cruaḋlongaiḃ

---

[1] H reads "agus is i comairle air ar chinnseat leath ar leath an cath do chomóradh láimh ar láimh, agus gan a cur ar cáirde, acht an gcéin do beiddis ag dul gus an Sorcha". [2] H reads "ag colg diriughadh a soidhead searrgtha sithruinnighthe agus ag glanadh agus ag daingniughadh a samhthach ria saor thuaghaibh agus ag cailceadh agus ag caomh bhreachtnughadh a sgiath sgeal-bolgach [L reads 'ccomharthach'] agus for córughadh agus for comhgleus gach cinel airm archena". [3] All the MSS. gives this "run" somewhat differently. H reads "ciodhtr*acht* ar rochtain formna na fairge dona feinigh*eadh* ro at agus ro inbhuilg an mhuir milradharcach motharthonnach futha agus na ttimchioll, rompa agus na ndiaigh, ionnus gur bhrúchtadar borbthonna na bóchna re crannaib a mbarc mbronn-fairsing, gur doirtseat an díle duamhaibh dubhaidhbhseacha diana aigmhéala rompa agus dia néis, gur bho samhail do thul*ach* aibhsigh áirdshléibhe gach aon chnoc mheall anf*a* da 'neirg*eadh* na nurtimch*ioll*, gonar cuingb*aigh*sat locht an cobhlaigh suaimhnios no saidhileacht, cómhnuidhe no comhsanadh do dheanamh, acht a beith ag fromhadh a bféamann go fiorchalma doifhreast*a*l anf*a* an aigéin olladhbail anfunnaig an ccéin do bhi ag imirt a bhrigh agus a bharrainne

And the plan that was resolved on by them was to fulfil that great adventure. And a day for a fair and an assembly was appointed by them at the end of a month. And the hosts of Norway all came to one place at the end of that time, and the first day they proceeded to blue their spears, and to clean their mail, and to sharply-polish their golden-hilted swords, and to make their arrows sword-straight, and to fix their bright axes, and to re-chalk their shields; and the second day they set about speeding their ships and calking(1) their prime-ships, and righting their masts, and arranging their brown barks, and settling their oars, and hewing their sail-masts. And they were the third day [engaged] in putting provisions in those ships, and the fourth day [they were] for going.

It was then that this exceeding-great host went aboard their ships, and after reaching the open ocean across the borders of the sea they uttered an awful, terrific, very-great shout on high, so that that loud cry was heard in the expanse of the firmament, and no less was the cry of the women and the youths, of the poets and of the ollavs, lamenting their chieftains and their lords.

It was then the sea arose in green waves, rough and laughter-making, until the harsh shoutings of the . . . and the complaining noises of the sea, along the sides and boards of the fleet, were heard in the regions nearest them. Desperate and long was the tremulous-dropping, tremulous-vapoury, talkative, shouting sea, wrestling and disputing with those tough-ships; and since the sea found no weakness

---

urra, acht cheana o nach bfuair," etc. L reads "d'eighrig an mhuir na maol-thonnaibh mothar-ghlasa mall-ghlóracha agus na caomh-chuasaib cainteacha cladh-líonmhara cruadh-gháithfeacha agus ar ndórta na dílion d'á drom-chladhaibh, agus ar ndath [n-at] na haibhéise da hosnaidhibh, agus ar mbriseadh na bochna agus ar ndlúthugh*adh* na dílion da tromanfadh do bhi an cuan cainteach ciorchladhach ag gleic ris na curraidhe sin, agus o nach fuair an mhuir laige ar na laochaibh ná treise ar na tréinfhearaibh na cróilidhe ar na curr*adh*aibh do éirge féithchiúin ar na huisgidhibh agus do roinneadar neoil eadarbhuasacha an aedhir re c*heile* gur ba féithchiúin ciubhsaibh na ccuanta daithle na mór olc sin, agus ni rángadar a leas iomramha do dheanamh", etc. [4] Thus A 25; but A reads "mbladmaoill muiridh agus fodhil". [5] A reads "frith shleacht agus frith buirne". A 25 reads "frith leas agus frith bruith", from which I have doubtfully edited as above. [6] A 25 reads "criot cobhrannach cogadalach". A "criot brionach", which I have edited as above.

(1) Literally "pick," or perhaps it comes from "pic", "pitch", i.e. to tar.

sin, agus ó naċ ḃfuair an ṁuir laige ar na laoċaiḃ no time ar na tréanḟearaiḃ no criṫ-eagla ar na curaḋaiḃ do éiriġ bláṫ síoṫċána ar an muir agus ar na tonnaiḃ. Is ann sin do rinneadar neóil uaċtraċa an aeiḋir agus dúl na firmament riṫ agus réiṁṡíoṫċána re ċéile, gur ba ṡiṫ-ċiúin coiḃruiḋ na cuanta conġaireaċa sin. A h-aiṫle sin ní rángadar a leas a láṁa do ċur ins na ráṁaiḃ agus do rinneadar an laoi:—

Is mairg ṫéiḋ san turus-sa
  Ní dóiġ a ḃfosḋóġ feasta[1]
Ríoṁ a n-uilc[2] ní husura,
  Trí h-uaiṫne gaċa gaisgiḋ.

Ní h-iad naċ ḃfuil go meanmnaċ[3]
  Cia atáid na n-ealtain[4] aineoil
Fá tuar fola d'airm-reandoiḃ[5]
  Dream d'ar buiḋeaċ braineoin[6].

Luċt [iad] nár ċleaċt ceól d'obaḋ[7]
  Dar cóir ceannus gaċ tíre
Fir da ndéantar[8] ór-ṗoball
  Trí Ṁananain[9] na míleaḋ.

Trí seaḃaic na h-Ioruaiḋe
  Fada gur sguir a móir-ḟearg[10]
Atá triall do'n[11] ċaṫṡluaiġ-se,
  Dream da dtiocfaiḋ ró-ṁairg.

---

[1] H omits lay altogether. A reads "ni bfhuill sin ar caoi fostoigh". Ꝼ and L as above. [2] Ꝼ reads "rimh". L "roimh anuilc". A 25 "reim a n-uilc". [3] A reads "in ceanna". Ꝼ has "inceann". A 23 "go meanmnach". L "nach ann fhanaig". [4] Thus Ꝼ and L. A reads "nalte". [5] Thus Ꝼ. A reads "tuar fola na fior linntibh". L reads "da bhfrithléanaibh". [6] L reads "dana buidheach brantuin". [7] Thus Ꝼ. A reads "nach gcleachtan ceól dubhach". L "ceolabhadh"; perhaps the right reading is "ceól-obadh": I have inserted "iad" to make the line scan. [8] Ꝼ "iarthoir oirfpob*all*". [9] Thus Ꝼ and A. L has "tarmhanuin". [10] Ꝼ reads "a bhfaidh f*earg*". L "a bhfáldearg". [11] L reads "an"; the others have "atá ag triall don", which makes better sense, but spoils the metre.

(¹) The MS. in Trinity College gives this sea "run" as follows:—"Howsoever on these heroes reaching the shoulder of the ocean, the huge-waved, monster-eyed sea swelled and bellyed, beneath them and about them, before them and behind them, so that the fierce waves of the ocean belched around the masts of their broad-wombed barks, so that they poured forth the flood from the dismal caverns of the abyss, so that like to the fair top of a high mountain was every stormy hill-lump that used to up-rise round them, so that the people of the fleet could have

in the heroes, nor terror in the strong-men, nor timorousness in the champions, there arose a blossom of peace upon the sea and upon the waves. It was then the upper clouds of the air and the elements of the firmament made peace and gentle-accord with one another, so that those shouting seas became peaceful-calm and settled. After that it was no longer necessary for them to put their hands to the oars,(1) and they made the lay :—

Over wild waves furious
  They sail but not in pallor,
Great their ills and numerous
  Three pillars they of valour.(2)

It is not they who are not spirited (?),
  Although they are an unknowing flock,
A presage of blood to weapon-points,
  A band to whom ravens are thankful.

A people who use not to refuse music,
  To whom is due the sovereignty of every land,
Men for whom are made golden-tents,
  Three Mananáns(3) of the heroes.

Three falcons of Norway
  Long until ceases their great anger,
There are voyaging to this battle-host
  People from whom shall come great woe.

---

neither rest nor peace, stay nor stop, but trying their sinews, to attend to the storm of the awful-great deep, whilst it was working its power and oppression upon them, etc." The Munster MS. reads differently :—"The sea arose in bald billow-green blunt-voiced waves, and in fair talkative many-ditched hard-dangerous hollows, and on the pouring the flood from its back-ridges, and on the swelling of the abyss from its sighs, and on breaking of the ocean, and on thickening of the flood of its heavy storm, the talkative encircling water was wrestling with these heroes; but when the sea found no feebleness in the heroes nor [want of] power in the strong men, nor feebleness in the heroes, there arose a great calm over the waters, and the upper clouds of the air divided together, so that calmful were the hollows [?] of the waters after those great evils, and they found it no longer necessary to row, etc."

(2) Literally: "Alas for who goes on this journey, | no expectation of holding them back henceforth! | to enumerate their evil [*i. e.*, the evils they do] is not easy— | three pillars of every valour." The verse in the text is in the metre of the original, which was meant to be a "cumasc of Cass-bairdne and Rannaigheacht Beag," but has been corrupted into something like mere Rannaigheacht Beag in the 2nd and 3rd verses. The 1st line of the 2nd verse evidently originally ended with a trisyllable, and the true reading of the 1st line of the 3rd verse is probably "ceól-obadh".

(3) Mananán is the Irish Neptune.

A h-aiṫle na laoiḋ sin do ċonncadar loingeas áḋḃal-ṁór iongantaċ ar ċiúṁsaiḃ an ċuain gaċa ndíreaċ rompa, agus ar na ḟaicsin sin ḋóiḃ do ṫógadar Clann Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe a meirge agus a mbrataċa maoṫḟróil[1] agus a n-airm cosanta 'na láṁaiḃ luaṫ-ġonaċa. Ar na ḟaicsin sin do'n ċoḃlaċ eile do leagadar a seólta agus a meirge féin mar ċoṁarṫa síoṫċána ḋóiḃ. Is annsin d'éiriġ callaire Cloinne Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe agus do ḟiafruiġ sé de ġuṫ árd ḟollus-ġlan de luċt an ċoḃlaiġ eile cia h-iad; agus ro ḟreagradar é agus aseaḋ aduḃairt gur b' iad féin clann Ríġ Innse h-Orc, .i. Gruagaċ na craoiḃe, Gruagaċ an ḃoḋa agus Gruagaċ an dordáin, iar dtiaċtain de ḃáiḋ agus de ċonailḃe ag congnaṁ[2], re Cloinn Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe.

Is annsin ṫángadar maiṫe agus mór-uaisle na gcoḃlaċ n-iomarcaċ agus do ċuadar i gcaoinear coṁráiḋ[3] agus iomagallṁa re ċéile. Agus ar snaḋmaḋ agus ar ceangal a gcáirdis re ċéile, do ḃadar seal eile ag féaċain iongantuis na dtonn tiuġ-ruaḋ taoḃ-ġorm tulganaċ. Agus níor ċian ḋóiḃ ar na h-iomráiḋtiḃ sin go ḃfeacadar críoċa agus caisleáin iomḋa uaṫa, agus aonaċ áḋḃal-ṁór ar ḟaiṫċe an Ríġ-ḋúnaḋ, agus ba ḋóiġ leó oiread a ḃfeacadar de ḋaoiniḃ riaṁ go raiḃ baraṁail ḋóiḃ san aonaċ sin.

Agus iar ḃfaicsin an ċoḃlaiġ áḋḃal-ṁóir sin do luċt na críċe do leigeadar 'na ruaṫar ro-reaṫa go h-úr an ċuain iad. Is annsin ṫángadar Clann Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe mar a raiḃ Clann Ríġ Innse h-Orc .i. Gruagaċ na Craoiḃe agus Gruagaċ an dordáin[4], agus d'ḟiafruiġ ḋíoḃ ar ḃ'aiṫne ḋóiḃ an t-oileán no an ċáṫair sin, fá raiḃ an t-aonaċ áḋḃal-ṁór sin. Aduḃradar-san nar ḃ'aiṫne ḋóiḃ féin iad. Is annsin d'ḟiafruiġ Cod de ṁaiṫiḃ na slóġ, créad an ċóṁairle do ḋéanfadaoir. Do laḃair Gruagaċ na Craoiḃe agus is eaḋ ro ráiḋ, "luċt sgéala is cóir ċur ċuca ó ṫúr," ar sé.

"Cia líon raċar ann[5]", ar Cod.

---

[1] L reads "ballbhreaca". [2] A omits these names, which I give from H. F reads "mogha" for "bhoda", and "dornain" for "dordáin". [3] H adds here "agus a náineas". L "agus aighnis". A 25 "agus aninnealt laimhe". [4] L adds "agus gruagach na gaoithe". [5] Thus A 25; but A reads "ca bhiad na líon rachis an bhúan [*i.e.* ann uainn]".

After this lay they beheld a terrific-great wonderful fleet on the edge of the ocean straight before them, and on their beholding that, the sons of the King of Norway raised their flags and ensigns of soft-satin, and [took] their defensive weapons in their swift-wounding hands. And on the other fleet's beholding this, they lowered their sails and their own flags as a token of peace to them. It was then the herald of the sons of the King of Norway arose, and he asked the people of the other fleet, with a loud clear voice, who they were. And they answered him, and what they said was that they themselves were children of the King of the Orkneys, the Gruagach(1) of the Branch, the Gruagach of the Bow, and the Gruagach of the Humming,(2) who were after coming, out of love and affection, to help the children of the King of Norway.

It was then the chiefs and great nobles of the numerous fleets came, and went into gentle discourse and dialogue with one another. And on their having knit and bound their friendships with one another, they were for another while beholding the wonders of the thick-russet blue-sided clamorous waves. And they were not long at such entertainment until they beheld many lands and castles at a distance from them, and a tremendous-great assembly upon the lawn of a royal mansion, and they deemed that all the people they had ever seen—there were as many in that assembly.

And when the people of the land beheld that tremendous-great fleet, they launched themselves in a rushing race down to the border of the harbour(3). It was then the sons of the King of Norway came to where the sons of the King of the Orkneys were; that is to say, the Gruagach of the Branch and the Gruagach of the Humming, and asked them did they know that island or that city in which was that enormous assembly. They answered that they themselves did not know. Then Cod asked the chiefs of the hosts what plan should they adopt. The Gruagach of the Branch spake, and 'twas what he said: "We ought first to send to them messengers-to-bring-tidings," said he.

"How many shall go there?" said Cod.

---

(1) "*Gruagach*" is usually translated "wizard". (2) "*Dordán*" seems to mean a humming or musical sound of some sort, but the oldest MS. reads *dornan*, "fist". (3) "*Cuan*", "harbour", is often used also for the open sea.

"Luċt sgéal do ḃuain amaċ d'aiṁḋeoin, is fearr do ċur ann," ar siad, "d'eagla naċ dtiubraḋ sgéal go h-úṁal; agus cuirṫear fiċe céad uaiḃ-se[1] agus deiċ gcéad uainn-ne," ar Gruagaċ na Craoiḃe, "óir do ḃéarfaiḋ siad sin sgéala leó, de ḋeóin no d'aiṁḋeóin." Is ann sin do leigeadar na deiċ gcéad fiṫċead sin iad d'ionnsaiḋe an aonaiġ, agus do ġaḃadar luċt na críċe d'á leadraḋ agus d'á luaṫ-ṁarḃaḋ; agus is iad muinntir Ċloinne Ríġ Innse h-Orc is mó do ṁarḃ de ṁuinntir Ċloinne ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, mar is orra is lúġa do ḃadar ar gcoiṁéad, óir is tre ṁeing agus tre ṁeaḃail-ċeilg an Ṁacaoiṁ Ṁóir do ċuadar clann Ríġ Innse hOrc a gcoinne agus a gcóṁḋáil Ċloiñe Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe do ḋéanaṁ cumainn agus caradraḋ riu aṁlaiḋ sin. Cíoḋtráċt[2] ni ṫáinig neaċ beó no marḃ de ṁuinntir Ċloinne Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe.

Ba ḟada re Cod do ḃí sé gan sgéal a ṁuinntire d'fáġail. Is annsin do laḃair Gruagaċ na Craoiḃe agus is eaḋ aduḃairt, gur cóir drong eile do ċur d'iarraiḋ sgéala na críċe ċuca.

"Cá líon raċar ann?" ar Cod.

"Raċaiḋ sinn-ne agus na slóiġ uile aċt luċt na trí long ina ḃfuil siḃ-se, a Ċlann Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe." Aduḃairt Cod gur cóir sin[3] do ḋéanaṁ; agus iar gclos sin do'n ċoḃlaiġ do leigeadar an[n a n]drongaiḃ siuḃlaċa isin críċ iad, agus rángadar do'n aonaċ áḋḃal-ṁór, agus do rinneadar luċt na críċe an níḋ céadna sin .i. ro ṁarḃadar uile[4] iad. Agus is iad muinntir Ċloinne Ríġ Innse h-Orc is mó do ṁarḃ iad mar an gcéadna. Aċt tá ní ċeana, ní ṫáinig neaċ beó no marḃ díoḃ ṫar ais. Iar mbeiṫ aiṫiḋ imċian do Ċod aṁlaiḋ sin gan sgéala na críċe d'ḟáġail, is í cóṁairle air ar ċinnseat an ċríoċ d'ionnsaiḋe[5], agus níor ṁair de ṡluaġ aca aċt céad timċeall gaċ fir díoḃ, agus do ċonncadar ráṫ árd aoiḃinn uaṫa, agus rángadar mullaċ an ráṫa sin, agus do ṫógḃadar trí pubaill[6] áilne éagsaṁla ar an ráṫ sin, gur ba "Ráṫ na

---

[1] A reads "buadhibhsi", and "buaine".

[2] The last forty-nine words are added from H.

[3] H reads "aontuigheas Cod sin".

[4] Thus A 25. A reads "anoidhe iad", *i.e.* "a n-oiḋe".

[5] This is from

"It is best to send there [enough] people to force their news out of them against their will, for fear they may not give their tidings submissively, and let twenty hundred be despatched from you, and ten hundred from us," said the Gruagach of the Branch, "for that number will bring tidings with them, will they, nill they." Then that thirty hundred launched themselves towards the assembly, and the people of the country began to smite and quickly-slay them. And it was the people of the sons of the King of the Orkneys who most slew the people of the son of the King of Norway, for they were least on their guard against them; for it was through guile and treacherous-deceit of the Great Macaomh that the children of the King of the Orkneys had gone to meet and accost the children of the King of Norway, to make amity and friendship with them in that way. However, nobody, either dead or alive, came back of the people of the sons of the King of Norway.

Cod thought it long that he was without getting news of his people. It was then the Gruagach of the Branch spake, and what he said was that it were right to send another band to seek tidings of the country for them.

"How many shall go there?" said Cod.

"We and all the hosts, except the people of the three ships in which ye are, O sons of the King of Norway." Cod said that it were well to do so, and when the fleet heard it they launched themselves in active bands into the country, and they reached that terrible-great assembly; and the people of the country did the same thing again—they slew them all. And it was the people of the sons of the King of the Orkneys who, in like manner [as before], most slew them. Howsoever, no one of them came back, either dead or alive. And after Cod's being for a long time in this manner, without receiving news of the country, the plan they resolved on was to approach the land. And none of their army remained living except a hundred round each man of them; and they beheld a high and beautiful rath at a distance from them, and they reached the summit of that rath, and they raised upon that rath three beautiful variegated tents, so

---

H, which usually reads "chinnseat" for "chinneadar". L reads "Do rangadar na sgéala sin clann righ na h-Ioruaidhe agus tagaid i dtir go tinneasnach".

[6] A "pupaille". L "poible". A 25 "puibaill". H "puible".

dtrí pobaill" ainm an ráṫa sin, air ar suiḋeaḋ iad, ó ṡin a leiṫ i gcríoċaiḃ na Sórċa.

Níor ċian dóiḃ annsin, an tan do ċonncadar an t-aon óglaċ d'á n-ionnsaiḋe, agus is aṁlaiḋ do ḃí an t-óglaċ sin agus fleasg file fá n-a ċeann, agus inneall draoi fair, agus brat cuana corcar-ċiúṁsaċ uime[1], agus fleasg ḟionn-airgid 'na láiṁ. Beannaiġeas an t-óglaċ sin de ḃriaṫraiḃ blasta beól-ṁilis, agus do ḃeir sgéala dóiḃ aṁail do feallaḋ for a muinntir, agus ro innis dóiḃ gur ḃ' í sin críoċ na Sorċa ina dtárla iad[2], agus d'iarr orra dul go Críoċaiḃ na h-Ioruaiḋe tar a n-air arís. Is annsin d'ḟiafruiġ Cod d'á ḃráiṫriḃ créad an ċóṁairle do ḋéanfadaois.

Adubradar-san gur ḃ'í a gcóṁairle féin caṫ ceann-árd confaoiḋeaċ[3] do ṫaḃairt dóiḃ ar an uair seo d'eagla naċ ḃfuiġfiḋe ar aon láṫair arís iad. "Is maiṫ an ċóṁairle sin," ar Cod, "agus luiġim-se i ḃfiaḋnaise m'arm dá dtugaḋ sibse a aṫarraċ[4] sin de ċóṁairle ḋam gur orraiḃ féin d'ḟéaċfainn niṁ m'arm ar dtús."[5]

Is annsin d'ḟiafruiġ Cod de'n draoi ca h-ainm do ḃí fair. "Curaire[6] Camċosaċ m'ainm-se," ar sé, "agus is truaġ doiliġ liom-sa an níḋ do b'áil liḃ-se do ḋéanaṁ, .i. an diar is annsa[7] liom gur ab coṁ-ṫuitim dóiḃ indiú." D'ḟiafruiġ Cod de'n Ċuraire Camċosaċ "Créad é do ċáirdeas linne, ó's coṁ-olc leat sinn?" agus dubairt sis "sloinn do ċáirdeas dúinn anois." Agus do ḟreagair an Curaire Camċosaċ é, agus is eaḋ adubairt, "Sgelgan Atis[8] Deib mic Ġlais an t-aṫair d'á rugaḋ mise," ar se, "agus nuair ḃí mo ṁáṫair torraċ orm-sa, do gaḃ Ríġ na Sorċa mar ḋalta mé, agus táim aige ó ṡin ale: do ċuid-se ḋíom, .i. Ilġreasaċ de ċríoċaiḃ na h-Ioruaiḋe mo ṁáṫair. Agus do ṫuil[9] an tonn gráḋ agus an-ḃáiḋ gráḋa fó mo ċroiḋe, ar ḃfaicsin do

---

[1] Thus L. A reads "brat cumhan". A 25: "b. cumhan ceathar-bheannach, agus ionnal druadh agus deagh dhuine aladhna air, fleasg aluinn fileadh ina laimh, brat caomh corcair ciúmhsach uime aga imfholach". [2] The last twenty-six words are from H, which gives the sense best. A reads "do briathraibh alligheanta [i.e. ealadhanta]". [3] L 39 reads "céadfadhach". [4] Thus L; A reads "saoibhsi clachl*adh* sin". [5] H "nach ngeubhainn uaibh". [6] F "curoire cam". H "conaire". [7] A reads "doilighe". [8] H omits;

that the name of that rath on which they were set up was the "rath of the three tents" ever since, in the lands of Sorcha.

They were not long there when they beheld the one youth coming towards them; and this is how that youth was—he had a poet's garland round his head, and the appearance of a druid, and had a fair purple-bordered mantle round him, and a wand of white silver in his hand. That youth salutes them with tasteful sweet-voiced words, and brings them tidings of how their people had been treacherously-deceived, and told them that this was the land of Sorcha upon which they had happened; and he asked them to go back again to the lands of Norway. Then Cod inquired of his brothers what plan should they adopt.

They answered that their own plan would be to give them high-headed furious battle in that hour, for fear lest they should not be all found in one and the same place again. "Good is that advice," said Cod, "and I swear in the presence of my weapons that if ye were to give me any other advice, it would have been upon yourselves I should have first tried the venom of my arms."

Then Cod inquired of the druid what was his name. "My name is Curairè [Kurr-ĭr-yă] Crook-foot,(¹) and I think it a sad pity, the thing which ye desire to do, namely, that the two I best love, are to fall together this day." Cod asked Curairè Crookfoot, "What is your friendship with us, since you think it equally bad our [falling]?" and he bade him "trace back now your friendship for us." Then the Curairè Crookfoot answered and said, "Sgelgan Atis Deib mic Ghlais was the father to whom I was born," said he, "and when my mother was pregnant with me, the king of Sorcha accepted me to be an attendant(²), and I am with him ever since: your share of me is this, Ilgreasach of the lands of Norway was my mother. And a wave of love and loving affection flooded through my heart on seeing your

---

L reads "aitios mac duilbh mic glais". A 25 "Sgála athais mhac deilbh mhic ghlais". [9] Ᵽ reads "do tuil mo tonn báidhe triom". A reads "toil" for "tuil", and A 25 "an toil agus an taongrádh do ghabh me". L "do dháil an ton conailbhe fúm".

(¹) Literally "the Crooked-footed Curaire." "Curaire" has no meaning that I know of, though the definite article is, in almost all the MSS., used before it.
(²) "dalta", a young attendant lad of good family, or a pupil.

ṁuintire-se d'á marḃaḋ. Aċt atá ní ċeana, ṫugas gráḋ m'anma ḋaoiḃ-se. Agus is dearḃ liom siḃ do ṫuitim le sluaġ na críċe-seo, óir ní h-ionċaṫa sluaġ ná socraiḋe an doṁain siu, agus a gcóṁċruinniuġaḋ i n-aon láṫair, re líonṁaireaċt a gcuraḋ agus a gcaiṫ-ṁiliḋe."[1]

Rugadar ar an oiḋċe sin gur ḟoillsiġ lá go na lán-ḟoillse ar n-a ṁáraċ, gur éiriġ an ġrian os a crann-ṗobail teintiḋe, os dreaċ na talṁan tromḟódaiġ gur ḟoillsiġ sí cnuic céiḋe agus caḃáin agus coillte ceann-árda barr-ġlasa cnuas-ioṁḋa de gaċ leaṫ.[2] Is ann sin aduḃairt Cod ris an gCuraire Camċosaċ dul d'ḟógraḋ caṫa ar ṁac Ríġ na Sorċa gona ṁór-ḟluaġ. Agus aduḃairt an Curaire Camċosaċ le Cod, "is snáṁ i n-aġaiḋ easa, no gad um ġaineaṁ, no tuasgan daraċ de ḋornaiḃ, no fadóġaḋ teineaḋ fa[3] inḃear, no is glac um ġaṫ gréine no tear i gceann fiuċṫa,[4] no is léim 'na leabuiḋ ar leóṁan,[5] dul i gceann ṁic Ríġ na Sorċa."

"Leig seaċad an saoḃ-ċóṁráḋ adeir tu," ar Cod, agus is cuma do bhí d'á ráḋ.[6] Do ċuir Cod a láṁ i gcóṁrann[7] a sgéiṫe, agus ṫug liag ḋruimneaċ ḋearsguiḋe[8] de ḋearg-ór, agus ṫug do'n draoi an t-ór. Agus iar na ġlacaḋ do'n Ċuraire Camċosaċ do ṫeilg an liag luaċ-ṁór fo ṫalaṁ, agus ro ġaḃ duḃa agus doiṁeanmna é[9], agus mar do ċonnairc Cod sin do rinneaḋ ró-nuaill corcra ó ḃonn go báṫar dé, agus d'ḟiafruiġ Cod dé "an a' toirmeasg an óir ḃí sé?"

Duḃairt an Curaire Camċosaċ nár ḃ'eaḋ, naċ tormas no trom-ċeasaċt ḃí aige ar an taḃartas fuair[10], aċt gur truaġ doiliġ leis an diar ba h-annsa leis gur ba ċoṁ-ṫuitim dóiḃ araon.

---

[1] The last thirty-three words are from L. A omits them; I read, however, "gcuradh" for "gcuraidhe". [2] The last twenty-eight words are also from L. [3] Thus F and L. A reads "um". A 25 "re". [4] H reads "fiuchte"; A 25 "fuachta". [5] Last seven words from H. F adds "no as buain meala do minbheacoiph agus as morghort formagh danacal gan fal ga iomchosnam daiphsi". [6] Last fifteen words from H. [7] Thus L. A 25 has "a ccuibhribh". A has apparently "ccobh*ran*". F "ccob*ran*". [8] The adjectives are from H. [9] Last seven words from H. [10] Last

people a-slaying. And in very truth I have given to you the love of my soul, but I am certain that ye shall fall by the hosts of this country, for neither the hosts nor armies of the world are fit-to-fight them, even though they were gathered together in one spot, through the abundance of their heroes and their battle-champions."

They bore away that night until the day shone with its full-light upon the morrow, until the sun arose over her fiery standing-tent above the face of the heavy-sodded earth, until she lighted up on every side hills and slopes and hollow-plains and heavy-headed green-topped many-fruited woods. It was then Cod said to the Curairè Crookfoot to go and proclaim battle against the son of the king of Sorcha and his great hosts. But the Curairè Crookfoot said to Cod, "It is a swimming against a waterfall or it is a gad(1) round sand, or a beating of an oaktree with fists, or a kindling of a fire at a river's-mouth, or it is a closing-of-the-palm round a sun-beam, or it is heat against boiling, or it is a leap into a lion's bed to go to meet the son of the king of Sorcha."

"Lay aside that silly discourse you talk," said Cod, but it was no use for him to be speaking(2). Then Cod put his hand into the hollow of his shield and he took out a ridgy polished lump(3) of red-gold, and gave the gold to the druid. And when the Curairè Crookfoot took it, he cast the precious lump upon the ground, and melancholy and dispiritedness seized him. And when Cod saw that he became a "ronuaill"(4) from head to foot, and he asked him "Was it refusing the gold he was?"

The Curairè Crookfoot said that it was neither refusing nor complaining he was of the present he got, but that it was a sad grief to him the two whom he loved best that they had to fall together.

---

twelve words from H. "tormas", which L also reads, is apparently the same as "toirmeasg"; there is an "a" before both in H, which I have omitted.

(1) *I.e.* a withy-band.

(2) Literally "and it was indifferent", *i.e.* without effect, "he was saying it".

(3) Literally "flag".

(4) Zimmer has shown that this word was originally "rothanol", and meant the beam of a mill. It apparently means that his body all turned like a mill-wheel, with indignation.—See Zimmer's article on this word: Zeitschrift f. Celt. Phil., I. i., p. 85.

"Ná h-abair[1] sin," ar Cod, "níor ċuir an talaṁ ar a muin riaṁ neaċ mo ḋiongḃála-sa indiu."[2]

Is annsin do ċuaiḋ an Curaire Camċosaċ d'ionnsaiḋe an ṁór-ṡlóiġ sin ṁic Ríġ na Sorċa do reic aiṫisig[3] Cloinne Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe. Agus aduḃairt ris mar so: "Cé líonṁar do ċaṫa agus cé mileadṫa do ċuraiḋ, agus cé cróḋa ḃur[4] mileaḋa, ba neaṁ-ċróḋa ḃur gcuraiḋ agus ba h-eaṁ-neartṁhur ḃur gcaṫa agus ba meaṫta ḃur miliḋe, agus ba neiṁ-ṫreóraċ ḃur dtréinḟir agus ba tana ḃur dtrom-ṡlóiġ agus ba sgaoilte ḃur mbuiḋne agus ba neaṁ-ċróḋa ḃur saor-ṡlóiġ agus ba neaṁ-ċurata ḃur n-óg-riġṫe ar ċeann Cloinne Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe." Agus ní ṫug Ríġ na Sorċa d'á uiḋe[5] ná d'á aire créad dó ḃí an Curaire Camċosaċ d'á ráḋ, ar ṁéad a ḋeiṫnis[6] ag inneall na gcaṫ n-iomarcaċ sin tar ċeann Cloinne Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe. Agus ó naċ dtug, d'ḟill an Curaire Camċosaċ i bḟriṫing na conaire céadna, agus níor ḟanaḋ leis go ráinig an tulaċ a raḃadar Clann Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe; agus níor aiṫin iad, óir do ċlaoclaiġ daṫ dealḃ agus déanaṁ na bḟear do b'ḟearr deilḃ inneall agus éagosg d'ḟearaiḃ an domaiṁ go h-iomlán, óir do ṁear-lasadar a súile 'na gceannaiḃ, agus do ċóiṁ-éirġeadar a bḟuilt 'na gcolgṡeasaṁ, ionnus go bḟanfaḋ mion-úḃall nó mór-áirne ar ḃárr gaċ aon roinne d'á bḟoltaiḃ craoḃ-sgaoilte. Aċt atá ní ċeana do ċreaṫnadar[7] a gcuirp 'na gcaṫ-éidiḃ[8] agus do ċóiṁ-ḋeargadar a ngruaḋa donn-ḃreaca,[9] agus d'ḟiafruiġ Cod sgéala na gcaṫ mór-áḋbal sin de'n Ċuraire Camċosaċ. "Is áḋḃal sin re innsin," ar an Curaire Camċosaċ, "óir níor cumaḋ coillte dá ḋlús riaṁ naċ dlúiṫe tiagar a n-arm gcorcar-ḋearg os a gceannaiḃ,"[10] ar an Curaire

---

[1] H reads "na biodh an mheisneach sin agadsa asamsa, oir tuingimsi a ttuinghid mo thuatha nach bhfuil isin Sorcha fear mo dhiongbhála-sa a láthair catha no cruadh-chomhlainn a haithle na feille fiorghránna gráineamhail do rinneadh ar mo mhuinntir".

[2] F inserts here a long passage not very legible about the evil dreams which oppressed the host: "nir bo sámh siotchánta codladh no comhsanadh sluagha na Sorcha an ag*a* sin or do biomdha an aislingthe aduathmar iongantacha, agus a bfasttine fiorgraneamoil an ag*a* sin, agus do bhadar neóil neamhghlana an aieoir agus faidhe fuar fliocha na fiormaiminnte agus taighleora siotluatha", etc.

[3] A 25 reads "do reic aisge C. R. na hI." L "do reic C. R. na hI."

[4] A, as usual, reads "mur" for "bhur".

"Do not say that," said Cod, "for the earth never put upon its back a man who is my equal(¹) this day."

It was then the Curairè Crookfoot went to that great host of the son of the king of Sorcha, to tell the admonition of the children of the king of Norway, and he spake to him thus:—"Although plentiful are your battalions, and though warlike your champions, and though valorous your warriors, yet valorless shall be your champions, and weakly your battalions, and cowardly your warriors, and unguide-ful your strong ones, and thin your heavy hosts, and dispersed your bands, and un-valorous your well-born bands and champion-less your young kings, on account of the children of the king of Norway." But the King of Sorcha took neither heed nor notice of what the Curairè Crookfoot was saying, for all his haste in arranging those numerous battalions, preparing for the children of the king of Norway. And since he did not, the Curairè Crookfoot returned by the same way he came, and no halt was made by him until he reached the hill where were the children of the king of Norway. And he did not recognise them, for the colour, shape, and make of those men who were best of shape, figure, and appearance of the men of the entire world, had altered; for their eyes quick-flamed in their heads, and their hair stood up together sword-straight, so that a small-apple or a big-sloe might rest upon the top of every bristle of their separated hair. And then too their bodies quivered in their battle-armour and their brown-spotted cheeks reddened together; and Cod asked the Curairè Crookfoot for tidings of these terrific battalions. "Awful is that to tell," said the Curairè Crookfoot, "for never were created woods however close, that the covering of their purple-red weapons above their heads is not closer still," said

---

[5] Thus Ꝑ and A. The others read "aghaidh".

[6] Thus L. Ꝑ has "ar roimhét anteinneanois do bhi air". A has "athineannuis". A 25 "a aithneis".

[7] Ꝑ reads "chroithneadar". H "chriothnuigh". L "chroitheadar".

[8] Thus H. A reads "a meadhon nionna*thar*". H adds "go gcuala sum bloisg bhearnach agus bag gearan croidhe gach laodhch curaidh diobh ina gcompar ag togar go tinneasnach do chum an chatha".

[9] Thus L. A has "gealdeirge tean ghealla". Ꝑ has "tainbreaca tibirgeala taithneamhacha".

[10] H omits this passage. Ꝑ reads "or na coillte as dluithe ar an domhan as dluithe daingneinaid sin a gcroinn crann-ruadh". A reads "nach dluithe atá os cceann deargar anairm crosorda anairde".

(¹) Or, perhaps, "a man able to repel me"

Camċoraḋ. Do b' iomḋa fir aṁra[1] agus aisling iongantaċ do ċonncadar na slóiġ an oiḋċe sin, agus do ḃí an firmament uile ar coiṁeasgaḋ os a gcionn, agus do b' iomḋa báḋḃ béal-ḋearg luaṫ-ċaiñteaċ agus bran-eóin bonnluaṫ ar eitilleaḋ, agus feiṫide[2] fíor-ġránda ag fíor-ḟaisdine na mór-olc sin os ceann na sluaġ an oiḋċe sin, agus níor ḃ'iongna dóiḃ tarrangaire. Óir is é sin treas ár na beaṫaḋ .i. Caṫ ceaṫarḋa[3] ar ṁáiġ na Teasáile agus caṫ maiġe tuir na ḃfoṁoraċ agus caṫ maiġe na dtrí ḃfeart i gCríoċaiḃ na Sorċa. Is annsin do tógḃaḋ trí sról-ṁeirge do Ċloinn Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, go rángadar i gceann na mór-ṡluaġ sin.

Is annsin do ṫug Cod borb-ruaṫar ríoġ-laoiċ agus príoṁ-ġaisgiġiḋ tríd na caṫaiḃ sin, no go ráinig fá ċóṁair an ċaṫa a raiḃ Ríġ na Sorċa, agus níor ċonailḃeaċ ná cáirdeaṁail fáilte na deise deaġ-laoċ sin d'á ċéile, agus ṫugadar achusan[4] garḃ-ġéar an-iarṁartaċ d'á sean-armaiḃ d'a ċéile,[5] agus ar mbriseaḋ a ngorm-ċraoiseaċ i n-éidiḃ agus i gcorpaiḃ a ċéile, do ṡíneadar na láṁa go léadṁaċ riṫ-ġoineaċ leis na cloiḋṁṫiḃ claisleaṫana cros-órḋa caoṁ-ḟaoḃraċa go dtugadar ráiġtiḋe soiġeaḋ-ġéara fíor-ġonta fó na ċéile, aċt tá ní ċeana dá dteangṁaḋ cáirde coiṁ-ḋísle ar ċóṁair a ċéile ní ṫiúḃraidís taoḃ re fear díoḃ seoċ a ċéile, re luas a n-iombuailte agus re méad a ḃfola agus a ḃfollraċta fá na n-áiġiḃ agus fá na n-éadanaiḃ.[6] Iomṫusa na coda eile de ċloinn Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe: ṫugadar a n-aiġṫe mar a ḃfacadar clann Ríġ Inse h-Orc agus níor ḃ'ḟáilte carad agus níor ċuirm,[7] fáilte na ndeaġlaoċ sin d'á ċéile. Aċt atá ní ċeana ní féidir gníoṁarṫa gaċa gaisgiḋiġ fo leiṫ aca d'innsin, aċt bloḋ[8] beag de ġníoṁarṫaiḃ an ḋeaġ-laoiċ sin, .i. Cod mac Ríġ na

---

[1] F has misplaced this passage, and omits it here. [2] L "féithidhe"; A 25 "feitheadh". [3] The last fifteen words are from L, which makes "beatha" feminine. [4] Written also "catharga" and "cathardha". It is often referred to in Irish writing, and seems to have been the name for the battle of Pharsalia. [5] A 25 reads "tugadar comhathchusan; L "achmusán". [6] This passage, from "ar mbriseadh" to "éadanaibh" is from L, which gives the best text. A reads "cairde na coigeibh", and "re mead a bhfala agus

the Curairè Crookfoot. Many was the visionary-appearance and the wondrous dream-figures that the hosts saw that night; and the whole firmament was in one confusion above their heads; and many was the red-mouthed quick-talking raven, and foot-spreading vulture a-flying, and truly-disgusting creature ever-prognosticating those great evils above the hosts that night. And it was no wonder for them to prophesy, for that was the third slaughter of the world, namely, the *Cath Ceathardha* (1) on the Plain of Thessaly, and the battle of Moytura of the Fomorians (2), and the battle of the Plain of the Three Graves in the lands of Sorcha. It was then the three satin standards were up-lifted by the children of the king of Norway until they reached those great hosts.

It was then Cod gave the furious rush of a king-hero and prime-warrior throughout those battalions, until he reached the battalion where was the king of Sorcha. And neither loving nor friendly was the welcome of those two good heroes for one another, and they gave a rough-sharp very-powerful . . . . . (?) of their tried(3) weapons to one another. And on the breaking of their blue javelins in one another's armour and bodies they stretched their hands powerfully, woundingly, with the broad-furrowed gold-hilted finely-edged swords [in them] till they gave arrow-sharp lacerating thrusts to one another. Howsoever if equally dear friends were to meet one another, they would not trust one man of them more than another, for the quickness of their mutual-striking, and for all the blood and gore in their visages and faces (4). As for the other sons of the king of Norway, they turned their faces where they beheld the children of the king of the Orkneys; and it was not the welcome of friends, and it was not a feast, the welcome of those good heroes for one another. However, it is impossible to tell the deeds of each hero separately, except a little fragment of the deeds of that good

---

a bhfolraite". [7] A 25 reads "níor bhfáilteach cuirm na", etc.
[8] A has "bleadh"; A 25 bladh; the others omit.

---

(1) See above, p. 69. (2) Fought between the Tuatha De Danann and the Fomorians, known as the great battle of Moytura.—See my *Literary History of Ireland*, pp. 285–291. (3) Literally "old". (4) This seems to mean that if a friend of either chanced to come up while they were fighting, he would not know which was which.

h-Ioruaiḋe. Is annsin do leigeadar na slóiġ n-iomarcaċ'[1] ró-ṁór' sin trí gárṫa coṁ-ṁóra le teilgean a n-arm ndiúḃraicṫe i n-áirde, agus deirid eólaiḋe go ndeaċaiḋ caogad fear n-armaċ re gaoiṫ agus re gealtaiġeaċt ó na trom-ġárṫaiḃ sin. Agus fós is cosgarṫa[2] do ḃadar na slóiġ i n-alt na h-uaire sin, oir do ḃadar drong aca agus a gcosa teasgṫa díoḃ agus iad ag tuasgan a n-eascarad re n-a láṁaiḃ, agus drong eile díoḃ agus a láṁa d'a n-easbaiḋ, agus iad ag tuasgan a n-eascarad re n-a gcosaiḃ agus re n-a ḃfiaclaiḃ, agus drong eile díoḃ agus a n-aḃaċ agus a n-ionaṫar asta agus iad d'á ḃfolaċ is na h-eitriġiḃ os na linntiḃ fola flannruaḋ do ṡileaḋ ar ċorpaiḃ agus ar ċréaċtaiḃ na laoċ agus na gcuraḋ,[3] agus drong eile gan cneaḋ gan créaċt orra, agus iad ag cur na gcorp ar [a] muin trasna d'á ndíon féin ar ḟuaim na h-úrluiġeaċta sin na n-óglaoċ.[4] Cíoḋtráċt do b' iomḋa sgiaṫ d'á sgoilteaḋ agus lúiṫreaċ d'á luaiṫ-ṫeasgaḋ, agus caṫ-ḃárr d'á ċruaḋ-ḃrúġaḋ, agus fós do b' iomḋa cloiḋeaṁ re cnáṁ agus féiṫe fíor-ġránda[5] ar fúd an ċaṫa i n-alt na h-uaire sin. Iomṫusa ṁic Ríġ na Sorċa agus ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe do b' iomḋa cneaḋa doiṁne dian-ḃáis agus créaċta do-leiġis ag síor-ḋórtaḋ agus ag sileaḋ uaṫa ar gaċ leiṫ.[6] Atá ní ċeana, ní ḟéadfaḋ neaċ ar ḋruim an domain dá ṁéad gliocas no

---

[1] niomarcaċ is sometimes used for iomarcach, the *n* comes, I think, from the article which precedes "iomarcaidh," as *tá an iomarcaidh agam.*

[2] Thus F. A has "ainmioch", L "truagh".

[3] Last thirty-three words inserted from L.

[4] Last ten words from L.

[5] F has "fead cloidh[imh] re cn. agus feigeadha fíor-truadha. L reads nearly the same.

[6] F inserts here nearly a page descriptive of the effects of the battle, which is found in none of the other MSS. It begins: "Do fhreagradar na dúile uachtaracha accomhdháil an chatha sonn, ag aisneis na nolc agus na nimheadh bai ar na ndenamh san losoin, agus ba mearlupur an mhuir ag iomluadh na nes*ad*? agus na neasba sin, agus do togbadar na tonna tromgartha truadh tinneasnach agus iolguth adbal iongantach ag a caoineadh an oilein sin, agus do buireadair na biastta agus ad geisedar na garbhchnuic le gab*hadh* na greisi sin, agus ad criothnuigheadar na coillte da caion*eadh*, agus ag caion*eadh* na gcuradh ar cheana, agus do gairedar na glaschlocha ag iomradh . . . . agus do guiladar na gaotha ag admhail na nardécht agus do criothnuigh an talamh tromfhódach ag tairngire an tromair sin, agus do gormbr*u*thaigh an grian re coigeadal an glassluagh, agus do niam dubhadar na neóil re hathaigh na huaire sin, agus do chomgaredar coin agus cuanarta badba agus braineoin agus geilte glinne agus arachtasa(?) aieóir

hero Cod, son of the king of Norway. It was then those excessive very-great hosts uttered their equal-great shouts, casting on high their missive weapons, and those-who-know say that fifty armed men went frenzied(1) and lunatic from those loud shouts. And moreover it is overthrown the hosts were in that hour(2), for there were some of them and their feet lopped off them, and they smiting their enemies with their hands, and more of them and their hands wanting, and they smiting their enemies with their feet, and [tearing] with their teeth, and more of them and their internals and entrails out of them, and they covering themselves in the ridges above the pools of crimson red blood, which was shed from the bodies and the wounds of heroes and champions, and there were more without any wound or hurt on them, but they putting the bodies on top of themselves cross-wise to protect themselves from the sound of that conflict of the champions. However, many was the shield a-splitting and the breastplate quickly-lopped and the helmet hard-bruised, and many was the sword moreover hideous with bone and muscle throughout the battle in that hour. As for the son of the king of Sorcha and the son of the king of Norway, many were the deep wounds of stringent-death and the unhealable gashes ever pouring and spurting(3) from them on every side. But indeed no one on the ridge of the earth, no matter how great the wisdom or the

---

ag mear caoineadh an mhórchatha sin, oc a De nimhe, do b' iomdha," etc.

---

(1) Literally "went with wind", for the Irish believed that those who went mad could "walk upon the winds with lightness". (2) Literally "in the joint of that hour". (3) Literally "flowing". Ꝑ, the oldest MS., inserts here a long but not very legible passage which is not in the others, and is worth reproducing. It begins: "The upper elements answered, in the presence of that battle, proclaiming the ills and venoms that were being done upon that day, and quick-spoken(?) was the sea announcing those hurts(?) and losses, and the waves raised sorrowful rapid grief-shouts and various-voices, fearful, wonderful, lamenting that island; and the beasts roared, and the rough hills screamed with the danger of that fight (?), and the woods shook lamenting it, and lamenting too for the heroes, and the grey lochs shouted saying [here the MS. is illegible], and the winds wept in acknowledgment of those great deeds, and the heavy-sodded earth shook, prophesying that heavy slaughter, and the sun glowed-blue at the noise of the grey-hosts, and the clouds blackened at that hour, and the hounds and dog-packs, the ravens and scallcrows, and the mad ones of the glen, and the spectres of the air, were quickly keening for that mutual battle. Oh, God of heaven, many was the, &c.

eólas d'á mbeaḋ aige, leaṫ no trian na mór-olc sin d'innsin. Is annsin ṫáinig airgenta[1] báis agus beag-ṡaoġail do Ríġ na Sorċa, agus ar na ḃfaicsin sin do ṁac Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe do ċuiṁniġ mac Ríġ na Sorċa, mar do rug an Mánaċ tre ḋraoiḋeaċt uaiḋ é, agus ṫug aire ró-ṁaiṫ agus go fríoċnaṁaċ. Ba ġearr [ar] a h-aiṫle sin go ḃfacadar aṫaċ aṫ-uaṫṁar gránda cuca, agus é dísgir dearg lomnoċtta. Is annsin do ċuiṁniġ Cod ar an úḃall-ṁeall iarainn do ḃí i gcuiḃreaċ[2] a sgéiṫe agus tug láṁ na ṫimċeall agus ṫug roġa an urċair ar an aiṫeaċ, agus do ṫárla an t-urċar i lár a aiġṫe agus a ḋuiḃ-éadain[3] dó: iṁṫusa an urċair do rug an t-úḃall comṫrom d'a inċeaṅ tar [a] ċúil-ċeann seaċtar, agus do leig an t-aiṫeaċ sgread aṫ-uaṫṁar cruaiḋniṁneaċ os áird ar, agus do ḟill i ḃfriṫing na conaire céadna agus gé'r ḃeag neart ṁic Ríġ na Sorċa roiṁe sin, ba lúġa 'na ḋiaiḋ sin é, óir do ḃí súil le caḃair an Ṁánaiġ aige gonuige sin. Is annsin ṫug Cod buille do ṁac Ríġ na Sorċa, gur sgoilt an caṫḃárr órḋa do ḃí fá n-a ċeann, agus ṫug mac Ríġ na Sorċa buille eile do Ċod agus do sgoilt a sgiaṫ agus do ċuir ar a leaṫ-ġlúin ċlí é. Agus tógḃar Cod a láṁ i n-aġaiḋ ḃuille ṁic Ríġ na Sorċa agus ṫug sé an dara buille ċuige, agus do ḃuain a ċeann agus a láṁ ḋeas dé de'n ḃuille sin. Is annsin do ḃuain Cod a ċaṫḃárr d'á ċeann d'a ḟionn-ḟuaraḋ, ag iarraiḋ gaoiṫe, agus do ḃí ceó dorċa os ceann an ċaṫa, i n-alt na h-uaire sin, agus d'féaċ Cod ar fud an ċaṫa agus do b' iongna leis naċ gcualaiḋ sé fuaim no fogar[4] a ḃráiṫre ann, óir ba ġnáṫ leó ḃeiṫ ag súr an ċaṫa tar éis a ċur. Ba ṁaiṫ an t-áḋḃar meargṫa mí-laoiċ ḃeiṫ ag feiṫioṁ an ċaṫ' i n-alt[5] na h-uaire sin, óir do b' iomḋa eiṫide[6] ro ġránda garḃ-ġlóraċ os collaiḃ ceann-ṫroma, agus linnte fola an feaḋ an ċaṫa an tan sin, ionnus naċ leigfeaḋ dlús na gcorp siúḃal do na cró-linntiḃ sin.[7]

Is annsin do ċuaiḋ Cod d'iarraiḋ a ḃráiṫreaċ ar fúd an

---

[1] Thus A. L reads "áirgeana"; A 25 "airghointeach". [2] Thus A. H reads "a gcrannóig". L "a gcomhrainn". [3] H reads "gur chuir inchinn amach tre shinistribh a chinn agus tre polluibh a shrón agus a chluas". [4] Thus F. A reads "foghar buillig". [5] A often reads "alta" for "alt",

knowledge he had, could enumerate one-half or one-third of those great woes. It was then that symptoms of death and shortness of life came upon the king of Sorcha; and when the son of the king of Norway perceived them he remembered the son of the king of Sorcha, how the Mánach(1) took him away from him by enchantment, and he gave heed very well and diligently. Short time they were after that, until they saw a horrible hideous giant coming towards them, and he fierce, red, stripped [he was the Mánach]. Then Cod remembered the apple-ball of iron that he had in the hollow of his shield, and he passed his hand round it, and gave a choice cast at the giant, and the shot chanced upon the middle of his face and black visage. As for the shot, the iron apple took its own size of the brain out through the back of his head behind, and the giant let from him on high a fearful venomous screech, and he returned the same way he came. And though small was the strength of the son of the king of Sorcha before that, it was less after it, for he had hoped for the Mánach's help up to that moment. It was then Cod dealt the son of the king of Sorcha a blow, so that he split the golden helmet that was upon his head, and the son of the king of Sorcha gave another blow to Cod, and he split his shield and put him on his left knee. And Cod raises his hand against the blow of the son of the king of Sorcha, and he gave him the second blow, and of that blow he took off his head and his right hand. It was then Cod took off the helmet from his head to refresh himself, seeking air(2). And there was at that hour a dark fog above the battle; and Cod looked throughout the battle and he wondered that he did not hear the noise or shoutings of his brothers in it, for it was their custom to be ranging the battle after joining it. A good cause of confusion it were, to an unwarlike man, to observe the battle then in that hour, for many was the exceeding-ugly rough-voiced creature above the heavy-headed bodies, and pools of blood throughout the battle at that time, so that the closeness of the bodies would not allow the pools of gore to flow away(3).

It was then Cod went to seek his brothers throughout the battle,

---

but not always.

[6] L reads ꝼeıṫıḋe. A eıṫıḋa.

[7] Ꝼ extends this passage at great length, but not very intelligibly.

---

(1) See p. 75.

(2) Literally "wind".

(3) Literally "allow walking [movement] to the blood-pools".

ċaṫa agus fuair Cead marḃ ar lár an ċaṫa agus trí mic Ríġ Innse h-Orc marḃ ar gaċ taoḃ dé, agus a ḟleaġ faoi; agus do rug leis ar an tulaċ, do ḃí os cionn an ċaṫa, é. Agus ṫáinig féin d'iarraiḋ Ṁicead fa'n gcaṫ agus fuair 'na ċrosair[1] cró é, agus do b' imḟníoṁaċ atuirseaċ aṫṁéalaċ do ḃí Cod an uair sin, agus do ṫóċail feart doṁain fada fairsing dóiḃ, agus do ċuir i ḃfoċair a ċéile iad ins an ḃfeart, agus do fearaḋ [leis] a gcluiṫċe caointe, agus do sgríoḃ a n-anmanna i n-óġam, mar ba ġnáṫ. Agus téid fo'n gcaṫ arís d'ḟios an ḃfuiġeaḋ aon nduine beó d'á ṁuinntir, agus ba ḋíoṁaoin dó, óir ni raiḃ fear faisneise sgeul díoḃ gan marḃaḋ aiṫiḋ imċian roiṁe sin, agus noċar ṫuit le n-a n-oiread féin ariaṁ ar tuit siú isin lá reaṁ-ráiḋte.[2] Do ḟuiḋ Cod ar ċloiċ tar éis na h-oibre sin,[3] agus aduḃairt: "Is linn féin do ḋéanam ár gcóṁairle fearta, óir níor ġnáṫ linn ḃeiṫ 'n ár n-aonar", agus aduḃairt an laoi ann:

"Truaġ cuma na gcuraḋ-sa[4]
Aniú naċ imrid arma[5],
Gleo riu noċa(r) ḃ'ḟurasa
Do b' iad an ḃuiḋean ċalma.

"Mé ar an tulaċ bárr-ġloin-se[6]
Ní h-iongnaḋ sinn i mbaoġal,
D'éis mo ḋeise ḋearbráṫar,
Noċa sluaġ neaċ 'na aonar.

"Níor ḋulta i ndáil aon-ċaṫa[7]
Go bráṫ tar éis an ḟeill-se[8],
Cia táim uirri d'aoin-iarraiḋ[9]
Mallaċt ar ċat na h-innse.[10]

"Doilġe liom 'ná an turas-sa
An tréan-ċlann ċalma Iorruaiḋ[11]
Ag tuitim 's na caṫaiḃ-se,
Do ḃeir mo ċroiḋe ro ṫruaiġ."[12]

---

[1] Thus A 25, for the usual "cosair". A reads "easar cró". [2] The last forty-three words are from H, but I have edited *arís* for *dorithis*, and *oiread* for *iorad*. [3] Thus L. A reads "don leat deas don obair". [4] A "na ccuiridh so", which I edit as above. [5] Thus L. A reads "nach iomcharann anois"; H reads "nocha imrid anosa a n-arma". [6] Ꝑ reads "misi fan tul*ach* armgonach". H reads "mise ger bham meardhána". [7] Thus L; Ꝑ reads "i ndail tsaoirfiaga". A "fiadh*aigh*". H has "nior dhiult ondáil saorfhidhaigh. [8] Thus I edit Ꝑ's "an fhillsi". A has "na feil*e*". [9] Thus

and he found Cead dead in the midst of the battle, and the three sons of the king of the Orkneys dead upon the other side of him, and his spear beneath him; and he bore him with him to the hill that was above the battle-field. And he himself came to seek Micead in the battle, and he found him a gory mass. And it was melancholy sad and sorrowful Cod was in that hour, and he dug them a deep, long, wide grave, and he placed them together in the grave, and their funeral games were performed by him, and he wrote their names in Ogam, as was customary. And he goes into the battle again to try if he might find any one of his people alive, but it was in vain for him, for there was never a man to tell tidings of them but was slain a long time before that; and there never fell by the same [small] number of men so many as fell by them in the aforesaid day. Cod sat himself upon a stone after that work, and said: "It is by ourselves we must make our plans in future, for we were never wont to be alone [before]"; and he spake the lay here:

"Vain our heroes valiancy
  Their weapons work no longer,
Death they gave their challenger
  Ah would we had been stronger.(1)

"I on this clear-topped hillock,
  It is no wonder we to be in danger,
After my two brothers,
  No man is a host by himself.

"No man should go to the meeting and battle
  For ever after this treachery,
Although I am engaged in one-search after her,
  A curse upon the cat of the island.

"More sorrow to me than this journey,
  Are the strong valiant children of Norway
Falling in these battles,
  It makes very sorrowful my heart."

I edit, doubtfully, from Ꝼ's "daoiniara"; and H's "dion iaramh"; and A's "do dein iar*raidh*. [10] All the copies read "na saor-innse", except H. [11] Ꝼ reads "an dias do gein Ioruaidh". [12] Ꝼ has "nocha liomsa nach lan truaig".

---

(1) This verse is in the metre of the original, a cumasc or mixture of Cassbhairdne and Little Rannaigheacht. Literally "alas the plight of these heroes, to-day, that they exercise not weapons, contending with them was not easy, it was they who were the valorous band".

A h-aiṫle na laoiḋe sin do ṫoċail[1] sé trí fearta ar an máiġ sin .i. feart Ċloinne Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, feart Ċloinne Ríġ Innse h-Orc, agus feart ṁic Ríġ na Sorċa, agus do'n ṁáiġ sin goirṫear "Máġ na dtrí ḃfeart" i gcríoċaiḃ na Sorċa o ṡin a leiṫ.

Agus d'ḟágadar buiḋne móra an caṫ sin beó, ar gaċ leiṫ, agus ní ṫiúḃraidís féin taoḃaḋ re ċéile re h-uaṁan agus re h-imeagla an ṁór-ġleo sin. Is ann sin do ḃí Cod ag aṁarc ar na ceiṫre h-árdaiḃ uaiḋ gaċa ndíreaċ, agus is gearr do ḃí sé a h-aiṫle [na] n-aṁarc sin go ḃfaca aon óglaoċ d'á ionnsaiḋe sa' máiġ go díreaċ, agus is é óglaċ do ḃí ann .i. an Curaire Camċoraċ .i. an draoi ó ċian, agus do ṫoirḃir Cod teóra póg dó, agus níor ṁó a lúṫġáir dá ḃfeicfeaḋ a ḃráiṫre[2] do ṫeaċt beó ar an uaiġ ċuige 'ná roiṁ an Curaire Camċoraċ: agus d'ḟiafruiġ an Curaire Camċoraċ sgéala an ċaṫa de Ċod, agus ṫug Cod sgéala ḋó mar do ḃí aige, ionnus gur ċuir [an] Curaire i gcuiṁne agus i g-cóṁ-uaim feasa agus filiḋeaċta iad, d' eagla go raċaḋ báṫad no buan [éag] timċioll orra dá éis.[3]

Is annsin do ċonncadar eallta de ġéisiḃ da n-ionnsaiġe ó'n gcuan; agus d'ḟilleadar do ċum an ċuain arís, agus d'ḟill aon ġéis aṁáin díoḃ o'n gcuan mar raiḃ Cod agus an Curaire Camċoraċ, agus aduḃairt an ġéis mar so: "Is truaġ tuirseaċ doiliġ liom an rioċt sin i ḃfaicim ṫu a ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe."

"An labra daonda sin id' ḃeól a eóin[4]?" ar Cod.

"Ṫug an fíor-Ḋia for-órḋa sin dam, d'aṫċuinge," ar an t-éan.

Agus aduḃairt Cod, "A Ḋia, ó ṫárla urlaḃraḋ daonda agat, taḃair sgéala ḋúinn."

"Do-ḃéara ċeana," ar an ġéis, "is mé do ċuir ṫusa 's an rioċt a ḃfuil tu anois."

---

[1] A, which loves strong sounds, reads here and in some other places, "do thochailt". [2] Thus L, which gives the best reading of the last eight words. [3] The last twenty-three words are added from H which reads "feasa iad agus filidheacht," which I have transposed as above. [4] H reads "agus ro

After that lay he dug three graves upon that plain—the grave of the children of the king of Norway, the grave of the children of the king of the Orkneys, and the grave of the son of the king of Sorcha, —and that plain is the "Plain of the three graves" in the lands of Sorcha ever since.

And great bands-of-men had left that battle alive in every direction, and they themselves would not trust one another for the fear and terror [they took] of that great conflict. It was then Cod was looking straight from him round the four airts, and short time he was after such look till he beheld one young hero coming straight towards him through the plain: and this is the youth who was there, namely, the Curairè Crookfoot, the druid of a while back; and Cod bestowed on him three kisses, and not greater had been his joy had he seen his brethren coming alive out of the tomb to him, than his joy at [the coming of] the Curairè Crookfoot. And the Curairè asked Cod for tidings of the battle, and Cod gave him what tidings he had, so that the Curairè put them in remembrance, and in alliteration of knowledge and poetry, for fear lest a drowning [of oblivion] or everlasting death should go round upon them afterwards.

It was then they beheld a flock of swans coming towards them from the sea(¹), and they went back to the sea again, but one single swan of them returned from the sea to where Cod and the Curairè Crookfoot were, and the swan spake thus: "I think it a sad and a grievous pity the way in which I see thee, O son of the king of Norway."

"Is that human speech that is in thy mouth, O bird?" said Cod.

"The all-golden true-God granted me that of a petition," said the bird.

And Cod said, "O God! since thou hast chanced on human speech, give us tidings."

"I shall indeed," said the swan; "it was I who put thee in the condition in which thou art."

---

fhiafruigh (Cod) di cionnas ro fuair a h-aithghin urlabhra daonna do bheith aice amhlaidh sin."

(¹) Literally "harbour", but the word is often used in the sense of the open sea.

“Dá mba tráṫ aċṁusáin dúinn é,” ar Cod, “do ḃéarfamaois, duit é.”

Is annsin aduḃairt an ġéis, “Ġiḋ atá siḃse is na sioċtaiḃ sin, níor sgaoileaḃar mo ġeasa-sa, agus ní h-iad mo ġeasa féin ċaoinim, aċt is truaġ aṁgar liom an sioċt sin a ḃfuil siḃ-se; agus ṫugas brat Ríġ na h-Antuaiġe liom ċugaiḃ-se, agus cibé corp fa gcuirṫear é biaiḋ 'na sioċt féin, má fada no gairid, no go ḃfáġṫar íocṡláinte ḋó, agus is í mo ċóṁairle ḋuit-se a ċur um ċorpaiḃ do ḋearḃráṫar, i ndóiġ go[1] mbeiṫ i gceimeaṁain duit íocṡláinte d'ḟáġail uair éigin do a n-aiṫ-ḃeoḋuġaḋ,” agus ṫug sí an brat iongantaċ sin ḋó.

Is annsin d' éiriġ Cod agus an Cursaire Camċosaċ agus do ṫógadar béal na h-uaiġe, do ċur an ḃrait fa na corpaiḃ: agus ar n-a ḟaicsin sin do'n Ċursaire Camċosaċ do ling ar a muin agus fuair bás i gcéadóir. Agus do éiriġ Cod agus do ċuir an brat umpa 'na dtriar, agus do leag béal na h-uaiġe orra arís, agus ní ḃfuair bás riaṁ aon duine ba ṁeasa le Cod 'ná an Cursaire Camċosaċ, óir níor ḃ' aonar leis agus a ḃeiṫ aige: agus ceileaḃras an eala ḋó agus ráiḋeas na raiñ-se ria n-imṫeaċt dí:

“Truaġ na geasa orrainn-ne[2]
O ṫárla tusa id' aonar,
Sul do ḟeallas orraiḃ-se
Truaġ naċ dtáinig mo ṡaoġal.[3]

“Mé an eala ó'n ċaoṁ-innse
Is mé doḃrán[4] an easa,
Is mé cat na Saor-Innse
Ní mé de ṁnáiḃ ba ṁeasa.[5]

---

[1] The last twenty-six words are added from H.

[2] I have edited this poem from the readings of the various mss. which are mostly corrupt. Thus A reads “thárla ormsi”. A 25 “oramsa”. H “do ghuilsi”. L omits this whole verse. To give the extraordinarily various readings would lengthen these notes most unduly, so I confine myself to noting only the more salient differences. L 27 alone reads the first line as I give it.

[3] Thus H: all the later copies read *saoghalsa*, regarding *saoghal* as a monosyllable.

[4] Thus A and L, but

"If this were a time for us of reproach," said Cod, "we would give it thee."

It was then said the swan: "Although ye are in this condition, yet ye have not loosed my *geasa* from me; still it is not my own *geasa* that I lament, but I think it a sad pity the state in which ye are; and I have brought thee the mantle of the king of Antuaigh with me, and whatsoever body it be, round which it is placed, it will be in its own form, whether for long time or short, until a balm-of-healing be found for it; and my advice to thee is to place it round the bodies of thy brothers, in hopes that it might be ordained for thee to obtain some time a healing-balm for their revival"; and therewith she gave him the wonderful mantle.

Then Cod and the Curairè Crookfoot rose up, and they lifted the cover of the grave, to put the mantle round the bodies. But on the Curairè Crookfoot's seeing that, he leaped down upon top of them and died forthwith. And Cod arose, and he placed the mantle round them all three; and he laid the cover(1) of the grave again upon them, and there never died anyone whose death grieved Cod more than that of the Curairè Crookfoot, for he did not think himself alone, and he to be with him. And the swan bade him farewell; and before going of her, she repeats these verses:

"Sore our *geasa*, every
Misfortune on us lying,
Ere I wrought thee treachery
Would Death had left me dying(2).

"I am the swan from the fair island,
I am the otter of the waterfall(3),
I am the cat of the Free Island,
I am not the worst of women.

H reads "dobharchú". [5] H reads "cidh bhinn idir mhnáibh deasa"; F changes the order of these two verses.

---

(1) *Literally* "mouth". (2) Literally "Alas the geasa upon us, | since thou hast happened to be alone | Before I worked treachery upon you | alas that my [end of] life did not come". (3) See page 63.

"'Ar dtoirs go binn bómaine[1]
'S ann do cuireaḋ na geasa,
D'inġin Ríġ na Dreólainne
Níor ba leas-ṁáṫair leasa.[2]

"'Ar ngeasa is dó-ḟuasgailte
Ní h-iompa táim ar buile,
Aċt tuitim na gcuraiḋ-se.
Do-ḃeir mo ċroiḋe ro-truaġ."[3]

[CASTAR COD DO ḂEṪUINE.]

A h-aiṫle na laoiḋe sin do ċuaiḋ Cod fó'n ḃfíoḋ coille ba ċoṁ-neasa ḋó, agus ṫug gual-eire[4] mór leis de ċraoḃaċ agus de ṡlataiḃ na coille, agus d'ḟíoḋḃa fada bláṫréiḋe,[5] agus do ḋoiġ tor mór tréan teineaḋ. Agus do ṫuit dorċaċt na h-oiḋċe ar Ċod, mar sin. Agus is gearr do ḃí sé d'aiṫle na h-oibre sin go ḃfacaiḋ sé aon ċailleaċ d'á ionnsaiḋe, agus is aṁlaiḋ do ḃí an ċailleaċ sin agus aon ṡúil aṁáin i gceart-lár a duiḃ-éadain duaiṁsiġ droċ-ḋaiṫte, agus aon ċos altaċ ingneaċ ġeur[6] fúiṫe, agus aon láṁ[7] mar ċrann-seóil coṁraṁar loinge as a h-uċt cnapaċ corraċ, agus do ṡuiḋ an ċailleaċ de'n taoḃ eile de'n teiniḋ, agus aduḃairt "I d' aonar[8] taoi a ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe," ar an ċailleaċ.

"Ní h-eaḋ anois," ar Cod, "óir atá tusa agam."

"Ní h-agad atáim-se," ar an ċailleaċ, "aċt tusa atá agam-sa muna dtugaiḋ tú mo ċíos dam."

"Cá cíos sin a ċailleaċ?" ar Cod.

"Coṁ-ḟaid mo ċoise d'ór áluinn aiṫ-leiġte," ar an ċailleaċ.

"Naċ geaḃa tú airgead uaim?" ar Cod.

"Ní ġeaḃad," ar an ċailleaċ.

"Is dóiġ liom naċ ḃfáġann tú airgead na ór uaim-se,"

---

[1] F has "ambeinn boboinne"; H has "h-eas bobhuinne". [2] Thus H; A has "ni dhi bu maith maise". [3] All the MSS. but L 27 read *truagh*, and even in it the *i* has been eliminated by a later hand, but it seems necessary to make a better rhyme. In H the verse reads "mo gheasa dam gidh doilghe | ni hiompa atáim dom buaidhreadh | acht tuitim na deisi caomh-churadh | do bheir mo croidhe go ro truagh". [4] A reads "gual eiradh". A 25 and L, gualaire; F "guaileire", from which I have edited as above. [5] H reads "eire ro mhór do barrasgar craobh ndosach ndeigh dhíogan agus do gheug

"Our errand to Binn Bomaine(1)
It was there the *geasa* were imposed,
To the daughter of the king of Dreolainn
It was not a stepmother of luck(2).

"Our *geasa* are hard-to-be-loosed,
It is not about them I am maddened,
But the falling of these heroes,
Which makes my heart very sad."

[COD MEETS BETHUINÈ.]

After that lay, Cod went into the woody thicket that was nearest to him, and he took with him a great shoulder-load of the branches and rods of the thicket, and of long, fair, smooth wood, and he lighted a great strong tower of fire. And thus the darkness of the night fell upon Cod. And short time he was after that work until he beheld a single hag coming towards him, and this is how that hag was: She had only one eye in the very middle of her black, gloomy, ill-coloured countenance, and one jointed, talon-like, sharp foot under her, and one arm(3), like the thick mast a of ship, [coming] out of her knotty, crooked bosom; and the hag sat upon the other side of the fire, and said, "Alone you are, son of the king of Norway," said the hag.

"Not so now," said Cod, "for I have you."

"It is not you who have me," said the hag, "but I who have you, unless you give me my tribute."

"What tribute is that, hag?" asked Cod.

"The length of my foot of fair, refined gold," said the hag.

"Will you not take silver from me?" said Cod.

"I will not," said she.

"I 'm sure that you get neither silver nor gold from me," said

---

lubach lan leabhar na coille cèadna leis, ionnus gur fhodoigh morc mor teine".
[6] Thus H. A has "ciorclach ciordubh. [7] H adds "ciordhalach cuislineach".
[8] Thus I edit from the "ataonar" of A.

---

(1) See above, page 63.

(2) "Leasmhathair leasa" is a play upon words, the word "stepmother" in Irish bearing also the possible interpretation of "luckmother".

(3) Literally "hand".

ar Cod. "Agus a ċailleaċ," ar sé, "créad fá deara ḋuit-se an cíos sin do ḃeiṫ agaiḃ amuiċ ar gaċ aon?"[1]

Do ráiḋ an ċailleaċ: "An t-aṫair d'á rugaḋ mise do ṫuit ar an tulaċ-sa, agus is é is eiric daṁ-sa,—cia bia doġní teine ar an tulaċ so an oireaḋ úd d'ór d'ḟáġail daṁsa, no ceann an ḟir sin féin."

"Níor ċleaċtas cóṁrac cailliġe do ḋéanaṁ riaṁ, agus giḋeaḋ do ġéan[2] anois é má 's éigin dam."

Is annsin aduḃairt an ċailleaċ, "An áil leat-sa teaċt ar feis oiḋeaċta[3] liom féin anoċt, a ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe?"

Aduḃairt Cod, "dá dtugaḋ duine ba ġráince[4] iná ṫusa cuireaḋ na h-oiḋċe anoċt dam is dearḃ go ngeaḃainn uaiḋ é, agus geaḃad uait-se é."

Is annsin d'éiriġ an ċailleaċ i dtosaċ na sliġe, agus do lean Cod í go dtárla ḋóiḃ bruiġean ċeann-árd ċlogarsaċ uaiṫne uċt-ḃláiṫ ḟuinneógaċ,[5] agus do ċuadar isteaċ innti, agus do b' aoiḃinn an Rí-Ḃruiġean sin, agus is í teine do fuaradar ar urlár na cáṫraċ sin .i. teine de ċloċaiḃ buaḋa, agus ní[or] éiriġ de no deataċ dí, agus do ḃadar cáṫaoiriġ d'ór áluinn i ḃfoċair na teineaḋ sain, agus peall sróil i nglaic gaċ caṫaoireaċ díoḃ, agus do ṡuiḋ Cod i gcáṫaoir ḋíoḃ agus do ṡuiḋ an ċailleaċ i gcáṫaoir eile ḋíoḃ sin. Agus do sgaoil Cod a earra caṫa agus cóṁraic dé, agus d'éiriġ an ċailleaċ agus ṫug sí corn cloċ-ḃuaḋaċ cúṁdaiġṫe i láṁaiḃ Ċuid, agus iḃeas Cod deoċ ar an gcorn sin, agus a h-aiṫle na diġe d'ól, ṫug an ċailleaċ biaḋa saora so-ċaiṫte ċuige, agus do ċaiṫ Cod a leór-ḋóṫain díoḃ, agus ba ṁilis-ḃriaṫraċ deaġ-ċóṁráiḋteaċ cailleaċ na bruiġne le Cod. Agus do b' iongnaḋ leis gan do ḃeiṫ de ḋaoiniḃ aici aċt í féin aṁáin, agus do ḟiafraiḋ Cod de'n ċaillig, a[n] raiḃ isin gcáṫair áluinn sin aċt í féin aṁáin na h-aonar. "Is dearḃ go ḃfuil," ar an ċailleaċ, agus do ċruaḋ-ċroiṫ an ċailleaċ slaḃraḋ do ḃí i láiṁ léi,[6] agus do ṫáinig caogad cailleaċ asteaċ, agus fearas na mná fáilte fria Cod, agus iad

---

[1] The last nineteen words are from H: "amuich" is a common northern pronunciation of "amuigh". [2] L reads "do ghéan". A "do dhéana." A 25 "do dhéanad". [3] F reads "ar fulachta agus ar aoghaidheacht".

Cod; "and hag," said he, "what is the cause of your having that tribute abroad on everyone?"

Spake the hag: "The father to whom I was born fell upon this hill, and the eric [fine] I have is—whoever makes a fire upon this hill, that he must get me that much gold, or [I must get] the head of the man himself."

"I never practised combat with a hag, but yet I shall do so now if it be necessary for me."

It was then the hag said, "Would you like to come and enjoy hospitality with myself, to-night, O son of the king of Norway?"

Said Cod, "If a person [even] uglier than you were to give me an invitation for to-night, it is certain I would accept it from him, and I shall accept it from you."

Then up rose the hag and went before(1), and Cod followed her, until they met a high-headed, belfry-like, green, bosom-smooth, window-studded mansion, and they went into it. And delightful was that royal mansion; and the fire which they found on the floor of that steading was a fire of precious stones, and neither vapour nor smoke arose from it, and there were chairs of fair gold in front of that fire, and a satin cushion in the seat(2) of every chair of them. And Cod sat in one chair, and the hag in another chair. And Cod loosed from him his suit of battle and combat, and the hag arose and gave a goblet of precious stones into his hands, and he drank a drink out of that goblet, and after his taking the drink, the hag gave him excellent edible meats, and Cod ate his full enough of them; and it was sweet-spoken, and full of good converse, the hag of the mansion was with Cod. And he wondered at her having no people with her, but herself alone; and Cod asked her was there anyone but herself alone in that fair burg. "Surely is there," said the hag, and with that she vigorously-shook a chain which she had in her hand(3), and there came in fifty hags. And the women welcomed Cod; and they

---

[4] Thus H. A reads "acht gead grainne tusa da", etc. Ꝑ also reads "gráince". [5] H reads "álainn caomh-chúplach, agus í alainn eagsamhail, go gcaithireach orrdha aongantacha ar a hurlar, go tteineadh", etc. [6] H reads simply "slabhra na bruighne".

(1) Literally "in the beginning of the way". (2) Literally "grasp". (3) Another MS. reads "the chain of the mansion": every house appears to have had its chain.

uile i gcoraṁlaċt ris[1] an gcéad ċaillig. Is annsin fiafruiġear Cod a sgéala féin de'n ċaillig, agus aduḃairt mar so :—

“Ríġ ro ġaḃ[2] flaiṫeas agus forláṁas fó ċríoċaiḃ na Sorċa uair éigin[3], dar ba-ċomainm Roiġne sorg-glais mac Risína ṡiúḃlaiġ, mic Laoisiġ lámḟada[4], agus ní raiḃ de ċloinn aige aċt aon inġean aṁáin agus ní raiḃ mac Ríġ ná ro-ḟlaiṫ ná Tiġearna fo ṫri foġail-rannaiḃ an ḃeaṫa naċ dtug sí éaraḋ toċmarc agus taḃartais ar gaċ aon díoḃ fo leiṫ. Agus do gaḃaḋ lá aonaiġ agus árd-oireaċtais leis an Ríġ sin, ar ḟaiṫċe an dúna so a ḃfuil tusa anoċt, agus ṫángadar maiṫe agus mór-uaisle críċe na Sorċa go h-iomlán ċum an aonaiġ sin, agus do ṡuiḋ a n-uaisle agus a n-árd-ṁaiṫe i dtimċioll an Ríġ go h-uasal onóraċ, agus ṫug an Ríġ súil 'na ṫimċioll go ḃfacaiḋ long luċtṁar lán-aiḋḃreaċ ḃreac-ṡeóltaċ ag tiġeaċt i dtír i gcuan na caṫraċa-sa, agus ní ṫáinig de ṡluaġ no [de ṡocaiḋe] airdí aċt aon óglaċ aṁáin, agus ṫáinig ar an tulaċ so ṫall, agus do ṡáiṫ a sgiaṫ i dtaoḃ na tulċa-sa, agus do ṫógaiḃ a ilċleasa os a ċeann go h-uaṫḃáraċ. Agus ní raiḃ de na slóiġtiḃ uile neaċ d'ar leig an eagla dul d'iarraiḋ sgéala far an ridire óg iongantaċ sin, gur cuireaḋ draoi fáṫaċ focal-ġéar ag iarraiḋ sgéal ar an ngaisgiḋeaċ caṫḃuaḋaċ sin. Agus ṫug an deaġ-laoċ sin sgéala dó gan imreasán, agus do ráiḋ gur b' é féin Ceann gan colainn[5] mac Ríġ na gCaisleán, agus gur d'iarraiḋ inġine Ríġ na Sorċa ṫáinig sé, agus aduḃairt a cur ċuige, no céad fear n-arm do ċur do ċóṁrac ris, agus nuair do ṫuitfidís sin an oiread eile do ċur do ċóṁrac agus do ċaṫuġaḋ fris. Agus ṫáinig an draoi leis na sgéalaiḃ sin do ċum an Ríġ, agus do ċuadar maiṫe agus mór-uaisle críċe na Sorċa i gcóṁairle, agus is í cóṁairle do críoċnuiġeaḋ leó, céad fear n-arm do ċur do ċóṁrac ris an ngaisgiḋeaċ; agus do cuireaḋ. Ní fada do ṁair an céad sin dó.[6] Agus do cuireaḋ céad eile do ċóṁrac fris,

---

[1] H reads “ar aon deanamh le”.
[2] Thus H and Ꝼ, but A has “gabhistar”.
[3] Thus L, but A has “feacht nallain”(?). Ꝼ omits.
[4] H reads *mic* Seadna Suibhlaig *mic* Luighidh l. Ꝼ reads “*mic* Seanda tsiobhlaigh mic Laoisig lamfada”. L reads “arach”, A “eira”. H reads “tocmairce”.

[were] all of the same appearance as the first hag. It was then Cod asked her for her own story, and she spake thus :—

"A king [there was], who on a certain time, assumed sovereignty and authority over the lands of Sorcha, whose name was Roighne Grey-Eye, son of Risina the traveller, son of Laoiseach Long-hand, and he had no children except one only daughter, and there was never king's son, nor great chief, nor lord, in the three plunder-divisions of life but she gave every separate one of them a refusal of espousal and gifts. And a day of gathering and a high assembly was appointed by that king on the lawn of this dún, in which you are to-night, and the great men and nobles of the land of Sorcha came in full numbers to that assembly, and their nobility and high chiefs sat round the king, nobly and honourably. And the king cast an eye around him, when(1) he beheld a laden, full-fair, speckle-sailed bark coming to land in the harbour of this city, and there came out of her neither host nor army, but only one single youth. And he came upon yonder hillock, and thrust his spear into the side of the hillock and performed in fearful guise his various battle-feats on high(2). And there was not one of all the hosts whom fear allowed to go seek tidings of that wondrous young knight, until a knowing, sharp-worded druid was sent to ask tidings of the battle-victorious hero. And that good hero gave the druid his tidings without dispute, and said that he himself was Head without body(6), son of the king of the Castles, and that it was to seek the daughter of the king of Sorcha that he came; and he said to send her to him, or else to send a hundred armed men to fight with him, and when those should fall to send as many more, to fight and to battle with him. And the druid came with those tidings to the king; and the chiefs and great nobles of the land of Sorcha went into counsel, and what was resolved on by them was to send a hundred armed men to fight with the hero; and these were sent. That hundred did not stand him long. And another hundred were sent to fight with him,

---

[5] Thus H. A has "gan colladh". L "colann gan ceann". A 25 "ceann na colladh".

[6] Thus A 25. A and H read "rug do", and L "rug an céad sin as".

---

(1) Literally "till".

(2) Literally "raised his various feats above his head frightfully".

(6) Another ms. reads "Body without head", and a third "Head of the body".

agus ní fada rug an céad sin dó[7]. Aċt tá ní ċeana, do ṫuiteadar urṁór[1] sluaiġ críċe na Sorċa leis, agus an ríġ féin, sgéal ba ṁó, sul do ṫáinig an tráṫnóna ċuige. Agus a ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe is mise féin an inġean do ḃí ag Ríġ na Sorċa fo 'n am sin, agus an tan do ċonnairc mise an t-ár mór ar na slóiġtiḃ,[2] do ċuireas cealtar[3] daoiġeaċta i dtimċioll na caṫraċa so, ionnus naċ ḃfacaiḋ aon duine an ċáṫair-se ó ṡoin a leiṫ, agus do ġaiḃ an gaisgiḋeaċ sin neart agus treise agus ceannas na críċe seó ó ṡoin anuas, agus a ṡlioċt 'na ḋiaiġ[4]. Agus fós a ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, is as ṡlioċt an ġaisgiḋiġ sin atá an fear úd do ṫuit leat-sa, amuiġ, agus is é sin mo ċáirdeas féin riot-sa[5] a ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe," ar an ċailleaċ.

"Beir buaiḋ agus beannaċt"[6] ar Cod, "is maiṫ na sgéala sin, agus innis anois dúinn créad do ḃeir gan ċosaiḃ gan láṁaiḃ siḃ, i gcruṫ éagsaṁail mar sin?"

"Inneósad sin daoiḃ, a ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe," ar an ċailleaċ, "i ndóiġ gur[7] móide sgáṫ agus im-eagla cáiċ rómainn, ár mbeiṫ mar so, agus ní[or] ġnáṫuiġeadar ár dtaiṫiġe tríd sin," ar sí, "agus [is] gan ḟios do luċt na críċe seó támaoid san mbruiġin seo de ġréas, agus a ṁná," ar sí, "téiḋmid ann ár gcruṫ féin go lá.[8]"

Do rinne na mná sin agus níor ḃ' éagsaṁla[9] mná 'san doṁan no iad, ar feaḃas a ndeilḃe agus ar ḃreáġṫaċt a sgéiṁe.[10] Is ann sin do cuireaḋ luiḃe íce, no balsoim, i gcneaḋaiḃ agus i gcréaċtaiḃ mic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe. Is ann sin d'ḟiafruiġ Cod de na mnáiḃ an raiḃ íce no balsom ag Ríġ na Sorċa.

"Do ḃí ċeana," an an inġean, "agus do ḃí uaṫaḋ ban sa gcáṫair, lá éigin, agus ṫáinig aṫaċ úr-ġránda i ḃfoċair do'n ċaiṫriġ seo, agus an íce atá tusa d'iarraiḋ, do rug leis i gcéadóir í, agus do ċuaḋas ar ḃárr na caṫraċ sin, agus do ċoñairc mé an uillṗéist aṫaiġ sin ag dul i mbéal na h-uaiṁe tá re taoḃ na mara so ṡíos."

---

[1] Thus L and A 25. A reads "forgla". [2] H adds "agus m'athair do thuitim as mo los". [3] A spells this "calter". L reads "briocht draoidheachta". A 25 "ceó doilbhe draoidheachta". [4] The last twenty-two words are from L. [5] H reads "uime sin do chuadhas ar bhur

and that hundred did not last him long. But, however, very many of the hosts of the country of Sorcha fell by him, and the king himself—a greater calamity(1),—before the evening came on him. And, I myself, O son of the king of Norway, am the daughter that the king of Sorcha had at that time, and when I beheld the great slaughter of the hosts, I put an enchanted spell round this burg, so that no one saw it from that out. And that warrior assumed strength, and might, and authority over this country ever since, and his race after him. And, moreover, son of the king of Norway, yon man who fell by you outside there, was of the descendants of that warrior, and it is that [causes] my own friendship for you, son of the king of Norway," said the hag [for thus avenging me].

"Take a victory and a blessing," said Cod; "good are those tidings, and tell us now what makes you be without feet or hands in strange guise like that."

"That I shall tell you, son of the king of Norway," said the hag, "[it is] in hopes that the shyness and terror of everyone before us might be the greater for our being like this; and on account of that," said she, "they never made a practice of frequenting us, and it is without knowledge of the people of this country that we are constantly in this mansion; and women," said she, "let us go into our own shape till day."

The women did that, and there were no women in the world more remarkable than they for the excellence of their shape, and the splendour of their beauty. It was then herbs of healing, or balsam, were placed in the wounds and hurts of the son of the king of Norway. It was then Cod asked the women, had the king of Sorcha any healing, or balsam.

"He had, in truth," said the lady; "and there were of a certain day [only] a few women in the mansion; and there came a hideous ugly giant up to the mansion, and the balm you are asking for, he carried it off there and then. And I went to the top of yon *cathair*, and I beheld that monster of a giant going into the mouth of the cave which is at the side of this sea below."

---

gceann-sa". [6] The last four words are from H. H[7] reads "go madh". [8] The last eleven words are from H, which gives the best reading. [9] H reads "nochar báilne". [10] The last nine words are from L.

(7) Literally "story".

Iar sin d'ḟiafruiġ Cod de'n ċailliġ créad fad d' aimsir ó fuair a h-aṫair bás, "no ca h-ainm atá ort féin?"

"Beṫuine is ainm daṁsa," ar sí, "agus tá trí ċéad bliaḋan[1] ó fuair m'aṫair bás."

"Créad do ḃeir beó siḃ an fad sin?" ar Cod.

"An dtugais fo deara an corn ar a dtugas an deoċ duit ó ċianaiḃ?"

"Do ċoñairc mé," ar Cod.

"Maiseaḋ," ar sí, "giḋ bé neaċ ólfas deoċ ar gaċ lá, ní luiġeann aois no úr-ċráḋ[2] air, tre ḃiṫ ṡíos, agus táid seóid eile againn ar a ḃfuilid iomad buaḋ mar súd."

Iar sin do cóiriġeaḋ iomḋaiḋ agus árd-leaba do Ċod, agus cuireaḋ bruit uaisle onóraċa ar an leaba sin. Ṫugadar[3] ar an oiḋċe sin gur éirig an ġrian iona ciorcal teintiḋe os dreaċ na talṁan trompḟóḋaiġe ar n-a ṁáraċ. Is ann sin do ġaḃ Cod [a] earraḋ airtis[4] agus imṫeaċta uime, agus do iarr ar ṁnaoi de na mnáiḃ dul leis do ḋéanaṁ eóluis do ċum na h-uaiṁe, 'na ndeaċaiḋ an t-aṫaċ. Do ċuaiḋ Beṫuine le Cod do ḋéanaṁ eólais na h-uaiṁe ḋó, agus do rinne an laoi:

"'S tuirseaċ sin a ċompánaiġ[5]
A Ċoid na mbriaṫar maorḋa
Cuid ded' eaċtra ġaḃlánaiġ[6]
I mbéal uaiṁe is tu id' aonar.

"Do ṡluaġ gion gur an-áiḃreaċ
Saoilim naċ baoġal duit-se,
Gé taoi anois go tuirseaċ
Mor tír d'á dtugais tuirse."

A h-aiṫle na laoiḋe sin do ċuaiḋ Cod san uaiṁ, agus fuair fosgailte í, agus sliġe ċaol ċúṁang ḋorċa ann, agus do lean Cod an tsliġe sin go dtárla máġ[7] ṁín áluinn ḋó iar

---

[1] H reads "dá mhile bliadhan", F *céad* bli*adhan* go ttuill*eadh*". [2] Thus H, but A has "urchar". L "urchóid". [3] L and A 25 read "rugadar". [4] A reads "aistire". [5] H omits this lay. F omitted it too, but a later hand tries to insert it in the margin; I read "'S" for "Is", to make the line scan. [6] Thus L. A has "gabhlannach". [7] H reads "maighion (?) sgothach mor aluinn".

Thereafter Cod asked the hag what length of time was it since her father died, "or what is your own name?"

"Bethuinè (¹), is my name," said she, "and it is three hundred(²) years since my father died."

"What makes you to be alive so long?" said Cod.

"Did you observe the goblet out of which I gave you the drink, a while back?"

"I saw it," said Cod.

"Well then," said she, "whatever person shall drink a drink out of it, every day, neither age nor misery rest upon him through time eternal, and we have other jewels in which are, in like manner, many virtues."

Thereafter a couch and a high bed were arranged for Cod, and noble, honourable mantles were spread upon that bed. They bore away that night until, upon the morrow, the sun rose in its fiery circle above the face of the heavy-sodded earth. It was then Cod put round him his suit of travel and journey, and he asked a woman of the women to go with him to guide him to the cave into which the giant had gone. Bethuinè went with Cod to show him the way to the cave, and she made the lay:

"Comrade, art thou sorrowful,
Cod of the words right pleasant,
In these caves all horrible
With dangers ever present?(³)

"Thy host although not very showy,
I think that to thee there is no danger,
Although thou art now sorrowful,
Many is the country to whom thou hast given sorrow."

After that lay, Cod went into the cave, and found it open, and a slender narrow path in it. And Cod followed that path, until after leaving the cave, he came upon a lovely smooth plain, and he

---

(¹) Pronounced Bĕh-in-a or Bĕh-in-ya. (²) The oldest MS. reads "a hundred years and more". The Trinity College MS. reads "two thousand years".
(³) This verse is a "cumasc" of Cass-bhairdne and Little Rannagheacht; the seventh line, however, does not end, as it should, in a trisyllable. Literally "It is sorrowful, O companion | Cod of the courteous words, | part of thy difficult(?) adventures | in the mouth of a cave, and thou alone."

ḃfágḃáil na h-uaiṁe sin, agus ṫárla oileán[1] beag dó, agus do ġaḃ sé ag min-iarraiḋ an oileáin no go dtárla tiġ[2] beag ro-áluinn dó, agus teine gan de gan deataiġ ar fadóġ ann, agus an tiġ sin ar na eagar agus ar na úr-luaċraḋ[3] de ċaonnaċ[4] an tsléiḃe, agus de luiḃeanaiḃ na talṁan, agus de ḋuilleaḃar na gcrann. Agus ro ṡuiḋ Cod ann, agus ro ḃuain [a] arm agus [a] earraḋ airtis[5] agus imṫeaċta ḋé agus aduḃairt sé, "Anfad ann so anoċt agus má tá aṫaiġ ins an oileán so is annso ḃíd de ġréas," agus do ḃí nóin agus deireaḋ an laé ann an uair sin.

Agus iar dteaċt na h-oiḋċe[6] ċonnairc Cod aṫaċ úr-ġránda aṫ-uaṫṁar d'á ionnsaiḋe, agus fiaḋ feólmar ar a ḋá ḃinn leis[7], agus do ṫeasgair go lár agus go lán-talṁain é agus feannas go h-aṫlaṁ é dá éis[8], agus do ċuir ar ċeiṫre biorraiḃ fada fionn-ċoill a ċeiṫre ceaṫraṁna, agus fadoiġeas morc treaṫan-ṁór teine sis[9], agus níor laḃair aon ḟocal re Cod ris an raé sin. Agus d'ḟiafruiġ Cod de'n aṫaċ ann sin: "Cá leiṫ ḋíoḃ sin mo leiṫ-se?" Aduḃairt an fear mór, "Ní ḟaoilim-se gur leat ceaċtar ḋíoḃ,"[10] agus an tan fá ḃeirḃṫe[11] ullaṁ an ḟeóil ṫug an t-aṫaċ láṁ na timċeall, agus rug d'á ṫaoḃ féin de'n teine í. Is ann sin ṫug Cod riṫ sanntaċ sár-lúṫṁar[12] ar an ḃfear mór, gur ċuir a ċúig caoil i gceann a ċéile, agus b'áil leis a ċeann do ḃuaint dé.

"Ná marḃ mé," ar an t-aṫaċ, "agus biaiḋ mé úṁall duit ar so suas."

"Tá connraḋ ar an ndéanfainn sin," ar Cod.

"Cá connraḋ sin?" ar an t-aṫaċ.

"An íce atá agat d'ḟáġail dam-sa," ar Cod.

"Níl an íce agam-sa go dearḃṫa," ar an t-aṫaċ, "agus a ḃfuil d'á sgéalaiḃ agam do ḃéar[f]ad duit-se é." Agus do sgaoil Cod i gcéadóir ḋé. Is annsin aduḃairt an t-aṫaċ fá ráiḋtiḃ gréine agus iarsa,[13] go ndéanafaḋ sé fírinne do Ċod.

---

[1] No mention of the "oileán" in H.

[2] H reads "teaguis taithneamhach".

[3] Thus L, but A has "ar teaghar agus ar na teagha".

[4] Thus H. A has "caodhnach"; L "cúnach".

[5] A, as usual, reads "aistire".

[6] Last five words from H.

[7] Ꝼ has "bheinn na lamh".

[8] Last seven words from H.

[9] Last nine words from H, but I have written *teine* for *tine*.

[10] Thus L. A has skipped this by mistake.

[11] Thus I edit

chanced upon a little island(¹), and he proceeded to closely-search the island, until he came upon a small, very-handsome house, and a fire without vapour or smoke kindled in it. And that house was arranged and freshly-strewn(²) with moss of the mountain, and with herbs of the ground, and with foliage of the trees. And Cod sat in it, and took off his arms and his habiliments of travel and journey, and said "I will stop here to-night, for if there are giants in this island, it is here they constantly be," and it was then the hour of nones and the end of the day.

And on the coming of night, Cod beheld a very-hideous, horrible giant coming towards him, and a fatted deer with him by his two horns. And he felled it to the floor and ground, and thereupon he flays it readily, and he sets its four quarters on four long spits of white hazel, and he kindles around it an enormous heap of fire, and during all that time he spake not one word to Cod. And then Cod asked the giant, "Which half of those is my half?" The big man said, "I do not think that either of them is yours." And when the flesh was cooked(³) and ready, the giant put a hand round it and brought it to his own side of the fire. Then Cod gave an eager very-active leap towards the big man, so that he put his five smalls together(⁴), and he was minded to take off his head.

"Do not kill me," said the giant, "and I shall be submissive to you from this out."

"There is a condition on which I would do it," said Cod.

"What condition is that?" said the giant.

"To get for me the salve which you have," said Cod.

"Indeed I have not the salve," said the giant, "but all that I know about it(⁵) I will tell you." And Cod loosed him at once. It was then the giant said, under invocation of sun and moon, that he

---

the "beirfa" of A; the others omit. [12] L reads "so lamaidh". Ᵽ has some contraction beginning with "solam". [13] Thus A 25. A has simply "fa na mionnaibh."

(¹) Something must have here dropped out of the MSS., for one cannot talk of an island in a plain. (²) Literally "be-rushed" or "rush-strewn". (³) Literally "boiled". (⁴) See page 35, line 14. (⁵) Literally "all of its stories that I have, I shall give them".

Is annsin aduḃairt an t-aṫaċ: "do ḃí an íoc-ṡláinte sin[1] ag an aṫair d'á rugaḋ mise, agus ṫángadar triar aṫaċ ċugainn, agus rugadar an íce sin uainn; agus toraḋ mo reaṫa do rug mise uaṫa. Agus do ċuadar i mbéal uaiṁe tá re taoḃ an oileáin seó, agus ní'l a ḃeag no a ṁór d'á sgéalaiḃ agam ó ṡoin a leiṫ." Agus rugadar ar an oiḋċe sin, no gur ṡoillsiġ an lá go n-a lán-tsoillse ar n-a ṁáraċ orra. Is annsin do ċuaiḋ Cod i gceann aistir agus imṫeaċta, agus do iarr sé ar an ḃfear mór dul, do ḋéanaṁ eólais dó, ar an uaiṁ a ndeaċadar na h-aṫaiġ. Is annsin duḃairt an fear mór náċ geaḃaḋ maiṫeas na talṁan agus aon ṡúil aṁáin do ṫaḃairt ar aon aiṫeaċ[2] díoḃ, agus dá dtugtaoí maiṫeas na cruinne ḋó féin naċ geaḃaḋ é, agus dul ar a n-aṁarc arís.

"Tarr, a ḟir ṁóir," ar Cod, "agus ná bíoḋ uaṁan ná im-eagla ort an feaḋ ḃias tu [ann] mo ċuideaċta-sa." Iar gclos na mbriaṫar sin do'n ḟear mór do ċuaiḋ sé leis, go dorus béil[3] na h-uaiṁe.

[CASTAR COD DO ĠRIAN ĠNÚIS-ṠOLAIS.]

Agus do ċuaiḋ Cod i dtosaċ na sliġe isteaċ ins an uaiṁ, agus fuair sliġe ċoṁ-ḋorċa innti,[4] agus iomarcaiḋ de iongantasaiḃ dó-áirṁiġṫe. Agus ṫárla oileán beag dó agus fairrge ar gaċ taoḃ dé, agus cloiḋe[5] coṁranna tre lár an oileáin sin, agus tréad de ċaoraċaiḃ ar gaċ taoḃ dé sin, agus aon reiṫe corcarḋa eatorra, agus do ḃí a leaṫ de na caorċaiḃ duḃ agus an leaṫ eile fionn díoḃ, agus an tan ṫigdís na caoiriġ duḃa do'n taoḃ a mbídís na caoiriġ fionna do ḃídís uile glégeal[6] agus an tan ṫigdís na caoiriġ fionna do ṫaoḃ na gcaoraċ nduḃ de'n ċloiḋe, do ḃídís uile duḃ, agus is é an reiṫe do ċuireaḋ na caoiriġ amaċ 's asteaċ fo an cloiḋe,[7] ar an orduġaḋ sin. Agus do ḃí Cod d'á ḃféaċain seal,[8] agus do ċuaiḋ do'n ċuid eile de'n oileán, agus ṫárla loċ

---

[1] Thus H. A has "ioce". [2] H "fomhóir". [3] A "béal"; the others omit. [4] H has "dorcha dóieolais trithe". [5] Thus H. A has "cladha". F "cloighe". [6] I have followed H here which gives the best reading. A reads "uilliog" for "uile", nearly as pronounced. [7] A here

would deal truly with Cod. Then the giant spake, "The father to whom I was born had that healing-balm, and three giants came to us, and they brought that healing-balm from us, and it was the speed(¹) of my running which saved me from them; and they went into the mouth of a cave which is on the side of this island, and I have no more tidings of them, either great or small, from that out." And they bore away that night, until the sun with its full light shone upon them on the morrow. It was then Cod faced for voyage and travel; and he asked the big man to go and show him the way to the cave into which the giants had gone. But the big man said that he would not take all the goods of the earth and cast one eye on any giant of them—that if the riches of the world were to be given him he would not take them and come within sight of them again.

"Come, big man," said Cod, "and let you have neither fear nor horror, so long as you shall be in my company." And, after the big man heard those words, he went with him to the mouth of the door of the cave.

[COD MEETS BRIGHT-FACED SUN.]

And Cod went forward on the way(²) into the cave, and he found in it a very-dark path, and multitudes of innumerable wonders. And he found a little island and a sea on each side of it, and a dividing ditch through the middle of that island, and a flock of sheep upon each side of it, and one scarlet ram amongst them, and one half of the sheep were black, and the other half were white. And when the black sheep would come to the side on which the white sheep used to be, they used to be bright-white, and when the white sheep would come to the black sheep's side of the ditch, they used to be all black, and it was the ram who used to drive the sheep out and in over the ditch, in that manner. And Cod was a while regarding them. And he went to the other side of the island and chanced upon a fair lake, and a beautiful flock of bright-white birds ever-

---

spells the word "claidh", which is the pronunciation of "Leath Choinn", "cly", rhyming to "fly". [8] Last seven words are from A 25.

(¹) Literally "fruit". (²) Literally "went in the beginning of the way in".

áluinn dó, agus ciṫ[1] áluinn d'éanaiḃ[2] glé-geala, ag sír-éirġe suas ar lár an loċa sin, agus ní ḟilleaḋ aon éinín síos arís[3] díoḃ aċt ag sír-éirġe suas de ġnáṫ. Agus aduḃairt Cod gur maiṫ leis fios do ḃeiṫ aige cia as a dtigeaḋ na h-éin ġléigeala sin, agus ṫug brat uisge[4] ḃí aige amaċ, agus ṫug a uċt ar an loċ, agus téid faoi go greann agus go grinnioll, agus féaċas ar gaċ taoḃ dé, agus do ċonnairc dún[5] daṫ-áluinn dearg-óir i gcéadóir uaiḋ. Agus do ċuaiḋ ann, agus téid sé isteaċ ins an dúnaḋ, agus ṫárla inġean ċruṫaċ ċaoṁ-áluinn[6] dó, agus calla[7] d'ór áluinn Aifrice fo n-a ceann, go cloċaiḃ buaḋa agus go niaṁannaiḃ[8] fionn-ċorcra, agus go geamaiḃ fionn-airgid ag folaċ a h-ór-ḟoilt, agus brat de'n ċorcar-ṡróil[9] na timċeall, agus peall de ṡról uaiṫne fúiṫi go n-éaduiġiḃ uaisle onóraċa os gaċ taoḃ dí. Agus is aṁlaiḋ do ḃí an inġean sin agus slat ġeal ina láiṁ, agus sgian ḃeag san láiṁ eile, agus do ḃí sí ag snoiḋe na slaite sin,[10] agus gaċ slios d'á mbaineaḋ de'n tslait d'éirġeaḋ 'na n-éanaiḃ glégeala tre ḟuinneógaiḃ na caṫraċ[11] amaċ.

Agus do b' iongnaḋ le Cod nádúir na slaite sin, agus do ḃeannuiġ do'n inġin agus do ḟreagair an inġean é, agus is eaḋ aduḃairt: "Cia hé againn naċ iongnaḋ a ċéile; óir is iongnaḋ leat-sa mise, agus is iongnaḋ liom-sa tusa!" D'ḟiafruiġ an inġean a sgéala féin de Ċod agus ṫug-san a sgéala féin dí, ó ṫús go deireaḋ. D'ḟiafruiġ Cod an céadna dí-se agus do ḟreagair an inġean é, agus is eaḋ aduḃairt: "Mise Grian Gnúis-ḟolais inġean Ríġ Foraoíse na n-Iongnaḋ agus is é sin an Ríġ is mó cúṁaċta 'san doṁan re n-a linn, agus a ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe do b' annaṁ friṫ[12] eólas an dúna-sa rómad riaṁ, agus gaḃ an tslat so agus déana dreis[13] d'á snoiḋe." Do rug Cod ar an tslait agus do

---

[1] H has "alt". [2] A 25 "d'éanlaidhibh". [3] H reads "gac én diobh ag fill*eadh* anuas do ridhis". [4] H reads "tug a bheirt uisge cuige do baoi a ccobr*ann* a sgeithe, gur gabh uime i". [5] H has "sonnach". [6] H "caoin-déanmhach". [7] L "ealla". A 25 "cáil". H, F, and A "calla". [8] Thus L. A has "do neamuina". [9] F adds "ar tonngail". L "ar tonngaile". [10] H reads "ag buaint casn*a* don chaomh shlait". [11] H "fuineogaib agus shinistribh and dúnadh, agus do ghluaiseadh iomluaguil na hardghaoithe aiaerdha iad comluthmhar sin ionnas go

rising up out of the middle of that lake, and never a little bird of them used to return down again, but always [they were] continuously-rising up. And Cod thought (1) that he would like to know out of what place those bright birds were coming, and he took out a water mantle (2) that he had, and he laid his bosom on the lake, and he goes under it to the bed and gravel, and he looks about him on every side, and therewith beheld a beautifully-coloured mansion of red gold at a distance from him. And he went to it, and enters the mansion. And a shapely gentle-loving girl met him, and a covering of beautiful African gold upon her head, with precious stones, and with white-purple shimmerings, and with white-silver gems covering her golden hair, and a mantle of purple satin round her, and a cushion of green satin under her, with noble, honourable cloths above her on every side. And this is how that girl was: she had a white rod in her hand, and a little knife in the other hand, and she was slicing the rod, and every slice that she used to take off the rod, they used to rise up and out, as bright birds, through the windows of the mansion.

And Cod marvelled at the nature of that rod, and he saluted the girl, and the girl answered him, and said: "Which of us does not wonder at the other, for you wonder at me, and I wonder at you!" Then the girl asked Cod for his story, and he told her his own story from beginning to end. Cod asked her for the same, and the girl answered him, and this is what she said: "I am Grian Gnúis-sholais [Bright-faced Sun](3), daughter of the king of the Forest of Wonders, and that man is the most powerful king in the world while he lives(4), and seldom it was, O son of the king of Norway, that the way to this palace was ever found [by anyone] before you, and take you this rod and whittle it for a little. And

---

siolf*adh* fear a bhfaicsiona gurab ein do bheith ann". [12] Thus L. A reads "fior eoluis". [13] L reads "seal". "dreis" is "dreas", or more usually "greas" in Munster.

---

(1) Literally "said". (2) See page 29, where a glass-helmet takes the place of the *brat uisge*. In the "Children of Tuireann", the hero uses, to dive under the sea, his "water apparel and his glass helmet-of-light". (3) Pronounced "Gree-an Gnoosh-hullish", *i.e.* "Sun countenance-of-light". (4) Literally "in his own time".

ċaiṫ seal d'á snoiḋe, agus níor ċuir olc na anḃfainne d'á ḃfuair riaṁ roiṁe sin fair.[1] Agus d'ḟiafruiġ Cod dí an raiḃ a leiṫéid sin de ṡlait 'san doṁan aċt í féin. "Tá go dearḃṫa," ar an inġean, "agus an tí ag a ḃfuil, ní ḃéar[f]aḋ uaiḋ í tré ġráḋ no tre ḟuaṫ[2] no tre imeagla, agus is é an fear sin m' aṫair féin, .i. Ríġ Foraoise na n-Iongnaḋ." Agus ṫugadar ar an oiḋċe sin gur ṡoillsiġ an lá go n-a lántsoillse ar na ṁáraċ.

Is annsin d'ḟiafruiġ Cod de'n inġin sgéala na n-aṫaċ do rug an íce leó.[3] Do laḃair Grian Gnúis-ṡolais agus is eaḋ aduḃairt: "Ní fada uait Foraois na n-Iongnaḋ, agus táid na h-aṫaiġ de'n taoḃ eile de'n loċ so, agus an níḋ atá tusa d'iarraiḋ, .i. an íce, d'a mbeaḋ sí againn ba leat-sa í gan fuireaċ, agus raċad féin seal leat do ḋéanaṁ eólais duit."[4] Do rug an inġean Cod léi i sliġe eile, ionnus nár fliuċaḋ aon ruainne d'á éadaċ ina ṫimċioll. Iar dteaċt i dtír ḋóiḃ, d'ḟiafruiġ Cod de'n inġin an raiḃ fear diongṁála[5] aici.

"Do ḃí sin agam," ar sí, "agus ni ḃfuil anois, agus ni ḃiaiḋ go bráṫ."

"Ba ṁaiṫ linne méad éigin de sgéalaiḃ an ḟir sin do ḃeiṫ againn," ar Cod.

"Geaḃair-se sin gan aṁras," ar an inġean, .i. "Ciaḃán Glún-ġeal mac Ríġ na h-éanlaiṫe[6] ṫáinig dom' ṫaḃairt-si de'n dún-so i raḃair-si aréir, agus is aṁlaiḋ ḃí an fear sin; ṫug inġean Ríġ Gréag sruṫ[7] fíor-áḋḃal seirce ḋó, agus ṫáinig sí leis i gcruṫ a ċon féin an oiḋċe sin. Agus do rug mise agus an cú leis isin luing, agus ṫug tosaċ na luinge do ṁuir agus a deireaḋ do ṫír agus seólas gaċa ndíreaċ go dtáinig d'á ṫír féin,[8] agus iar dteaċt i dtír ḋó, ar na ṁáraċ do ḃí an draoiġeaċt urlaṁ léi, .i. cia bé an ċéad eiṫide[9] do ṫeigeóḃaḋ ḋóiḃ, go gcuirfeaḋ sí Ciaḃán Glún-

---

[1] H reads "an mhéid do fuair dolc agus diomna —— do dhíochair snoidhe na slaite uadh e".

[2] Thus A 25; but A reads "tre uatha no tre imeagla no iomad".

[3] H adds "ó Righ na Sorcha".

[4] Last nine words from A 25.

[5] H reads "fear a diongbhala". A 25 reads "da mhalairt féin aice".

[6] L has "h-Antuithe"; H "héanlaighthe".

[7] L "sruth rabharta ró-ghrádh".

[8] The last thirty-one

Cod took hold of the rod and whittled at it for a while, and every evil and every feebleness that he had ever met before, ceased to affect him(1). And Cod asked her was there [any other] such rod in the world but itself. "Truly, is there," said the maiden, "but he who has it will not give it up either for love, or hatred, or fear, and that man is my own father, the king of the Forest of Wonders." And they bore away that night, until the sun shone, with its full light, upon the morrow.

It was then Cod asked the girl for tidings of the giants who had brought the salve away with them. Bright-faced Sun spake, and said: "The Forest of Wonders is not far from you, and the giants are on the other side of this lake, and as for the thing you are looking for, the salve, if we had it, it would be thine without delay: and I myself shall go with you for a while to show you the way." The girl then brought Cod with her by another way [from that in which he had come], so that not a hair of his habiliments was wetted round him. And after they had landed, Cod asked the girl if she had a fitting husband.

"I had that," said she, "but I have not now, and shall not have for ever."

"We would like to know something of the story of that man," said Cod.

"You will get that, without doubt," said the girl: "Ciabhán [Kee-a-vaun] White-knee, son of the king of Éanlaith(2), came to bring me away [in marriage] from this palace, in which you were last night. And this is how that man was: the daughter of the king of Greece had given him a desperate stream of affection, and she came [unknown to him] that night in the shape of his own hound. And he took me and his hound with him aboard his bark, and gave its prow to the sea and its stern to land, and he sails straight away until he came to his own country. And, after his landing on the morrow, she had her enchantment ready, namely, whatever was the first living-creature that would meet us(3), that she would put Ciabhán White-knee in the form of that creature.

---

words are from H. [9] H has "aithide"; L "ni"; A 25 "eitidhe".

(1) Literally "did not put upon him". (2) This seems to mean "of the Birds". (3) Literally "them".

ġeal i rioċt an eiṫide sin. Agus is í an ċéad níḋ ṫárla ḋóiḃ, .i. seaḃac súl-ġorm[1], aġus nuair ċonncamar an seaḃac do éiriġ Ciaḃán glún-ġeal i rioċt seaḃaic eile uainn, gur éiriġ ar ár ḃfiaḋnuise, d'eitil aierḋa, i gcuideaċt an tseaḃaic eile, go ḃfuil aṁlaiḋ sin[2] ó ṡoin aleiṫ; agus ṫig sé san mbile úd ṫall do-ċíḋ tusa, gaċ aon lá, agus ḃím-se agus é féin ag féaċain a ċéile. Agus éirġiḋ sé arís uaim i gcoṁluadar na seaḃac eile ó ṁeóḋan laoi amaċ."[3]

Fiafruiġear Cod dí, an raiḃ 'san doṁan aen níḋ d'ḟóirfeaḋ ar Ċiaḃán Ġlún-ġeal?

Aduḃairt an inġean naċ raiḃ, "óir na geasa do cuirṫear de ḋruim uisge,[4] ní ċuirṫear ar gcúl iad go bráṫ."

Is truaġ an sgeul sin," ar Cod, "agus luiġim-se fo m' armaiḃ gaisgiḋ da mbeaḋ sgaoileaḋ ar a ġeasaiḃ fo ṫrí foġail-rannaiḃ an doṁain go dtiúḃrainn-se ċugaiḃ é d'aiṁḋeóin fear agus ban an doṁain uile." Do ċeileaḃradar Cod agus Grian Gnúis-ṡolais d'á ċéile.

[FORAOIS NA N-IONGNAḊ.]

Is ann sin ṫug Cod a aġaiḋ go Foraois na n-Iongnaḋ, agus níor ċian dó an tan do ċonnairc triar aṫaċ diaḃluiḋe duḃ-ġránna[5] d'á ionnsaiḋe, agus beart de ċroicniḃ fiaḋ-maol agus fearbóg umpa, agus láṁa ciorclaċa ciarḋuḃa[6] aca. Agus beannuiġear Cod dóiḃ ina dteanga[7] féin, agus do b' iongna leó faicsin Cuid, agus ṫugadar gráḋ ro ṁór dó, ar ḟeaḃar a ḋealḃa,[8] agus ṫugadar sgéala ḋó gan imreasán. Is annsin d'ḟiafruiġ Cod sgéala na h-íce de na h-aṫaċaiḃ.

"Is truaġ sin,"[9] ar na n-aṫaiġ, "óir do ḃí íce againn-ne annso, agus rugaḋ uainn í go Foraois[10] na n-Iongnaḋ, agus dá

---

[1] L reads "súlghorm seitrioch". [2] The last sixteen words are from H. [3] The last twelve words are also from H. [4] L has "do druim mara no inbhir"; H has "oir do bi an nuradsin daingidheacht agus daingcis aice do nar [fhag] si dáil fuasgalta air". [5] L reads "báḋḃa ball-ṡúileaċa". [6] H omits; L reads "aon lámh chorcra chiordhubh as ucht gacha fir aco". [7] H omits; L reads "ionna theangain féin". [8] H and L "deilbhe". [9] Thus L; A reads "truagh a nabair"; A 25 "a nabarth*ar*". [10] I observe a uniform ortho-

And the first thing that met us(¹) was a blue-eyed hawk. And as soon as we beheld the hawk, Ciabhán White-knee rose up away from us in the form of another hawk, until he rose out of our presence, of an aerial flight, in the company of the other hawk, so that he is in this plight ever since. And, he comes into yonder tree which you see there, every day, and he and I be looking at one another; and he rises up again away from me in the company of the other hawks, once the middle of the day comes (²)."

Cod asked her, was there anything in the world that would succour Ciabhán White-knee?

The girl said that there was not, "for the *geasa* that are imposed on the top of water, they are never rescinded.(³)"

"That is a sad story," said Cod, "and I swear, by my arms of valour, if there were any loosening of his *geasa* in the three plunder-divisions of the world, that I would bring him to you in spite of the men and women of the entire world." Then Cod and Bright-faced Sun bade each other farewell.

[THE FOREST OF WONDERS.]

It was then Cod faced for the Forest of Wonders, and it was not long until he beheld three devilish, black-ugly giants coming towards him, and garments of the skins of wild deer and roe-buck round them, and circular jet-black hands they had. And Cod salutes them in their own language, and they wondered to see Cod. And they conceived for him a very great love for the excellence of his shape, and they told him their story without dispute. Then Cod asked the giants for tidings of the salve.

"Alas!" said the giants, "we had that salve here, and it was carried away from us to the Forest of Wonders, and if we

---

graphy of "foraois", but it is equally often spelt "forais", and even "foras".

(¹) Literally "them". (²) Literally "from the middle of the day out".

(³) Literally, "are never put back". Observe that it was in the water that Féithlinn, who first put the *geasa* on the sons of the King of Norway, was herself enchanted: see above, page 63. It was while they were bathing in the water that their step-mother changed the children of Lir into swans.

mbeaḋ sí againn do ḃéarfamaois duit-se í, ar ṁéad an ġráḋ ṫugamar duit-se; agus ná lean-sa go bráṫ í," ar siad, "óir is aṁlaiḋ tá an Ḟoraois sin agus bile buaḋaċ 'na lár agus iollraḋ[1] gaċa daṫa ins an gcrann sin, agus ní'l toraḋ de ṫorṫaiḃ an ḃeaṫa naċ ḃfuil ar an gcrann sin, agus is doiliġ do aenneaċ d'á ḃfaicfeaḋ é sgaraḋ ris, tre ḃiṫ ṡíor, ar ṁéad a iongantais, agus ní ḋeaċaiḋ aon duine asteaċ san ḃForaois sin riaṁ ṫáinig amaċ arís go bráṫ, ar ṁéad a draoiḋeaċta[2], agus ná lean-sa an íce sin go bruinne an ḃráṫa no go foirċeann an ḃeaṫa."

"Luiġim-se fá m' armaiḃ guil agus gaisgiḋ," ar Cod, "dá ḃfuiġinn-se an íce ann-so naċ anfainn ann-so gan Foraois na n-Iongnaḋ d'ḟaicsin, ar ṁéad a tearta[3] agaiḃ-se, agus déanaiḋ-se eólas daṁ-sa ċum na Foraoise iongantaiġe go luaṫ," ar Cod.

Do rinneadar na h-aṫaiġ eólas na Foraoise do Cod, agus ní d'á gcead no d'á gcómairle ċuaiḋ sé ann, ar uaṁan luċt na Foraoise. Is annsin do ċuaiḋ Cod go Foraois na n-Iongnaḋ, agus ċonnairc sé bile na mbuaḋ uaiḋ, agus do ċonnairc sé iomad de ḋaṫaiḃ éagsaṁla agus de ṫorṫaiḃ iongantacha fo ġeugaiḃ trom-leaṫana an bile bláiṫ-iongantaiġ sin, agus ro ṡeaċain é. Agus ṫárla trí fir déag dó, agus a dtrí cinn déag d'easḃaiḋ orra, agus Ríġ-ṁíleaḋ ró-ċalma ar lár na druinge sin, agus brat[4] buaḋa d'ór áluinn Afraice uime, agus folt fada f[e]amuineaċ[5] fór-órḋa for a ċeann, agus mionn d'ór áluinn fá n-a ċeann go ndealḃaḋ leóġan agus liopard agus go gríoḃ iongantaċ agus [go] beiṫiḋiġiḃ éagsaṁla ar n-a n-eagraḋ de láṁ suaḋ agus saor-ċeard ar an óir-ṁionn sin, agus ní ḟacaiḋ Cod an oiread sin de ḋaoiniḃ riaṁ ba éagsaṁla 'ná an ḃuiḋean ṁarḃ sin. Agus do ċonnairc ass[6] áluinn go gcloċaiḃ mbuaḋa fá ċois an Ríġ-ṁiliḋ sin, agus do ṡín Cod a láṁ do ḃuain na bróige ḋé, agus do ṫeilg an ċos uaiḋ ar[7] feaḋ naoi gcéimeann ar a ċúl é. Is annsin do laḃair ceann na colna, "ni ṡáróċaḋ aon duine an ċos sin fo'n am so anḋé."

---

[1] H "go niollradh". L "agus deallradh". [2] L "do bhithin na draoidheachta sin". [3] H has "a teiste agus a tuarasgbhála". [4] Thus L. A has "beart". [5] L "fáinneach". [6] H "ass ordha

had it we would bestow it on thee, on account of all the love we have given thee, and never go thou after it," said they, "for the way of that Forest is this: there is a Tree of Virtue in its middle, and a variety of every colour in that tree, and there is no fruit of the fruits of life that is not in that tree, and it is difficult for anyone who may see it to part from it through time eternal, for all its marvellousness; and no man has gone into that Forest who ever came out of it again, for all its enchantment: and do not thou pursue that salve till the womb of judgment, or the end of life."

"I swear by my arms of bravery and valour, that if I were to get the salve here, I would not remain here without seeing the Forest of Wonders, after all your report of it, and do ye quickly show me the way to this wonderful forest," said Cod.

The giants then showed Cod the way to the Forest, and it was not of their will, nor of their advice, that he went there, for fear of the inhabitants of the Forest. It was then Cod proceeded to the Forest of Wonders, and he beheld at a distance from him the Tree of Virtues, and he saw many various colours and wondrous fruits beneath the heavy-broad branches of that flower-marvellous tree; and he shunned it. And there met him thirteen men, and they lacking their heads: and in the midst of that band a valorous king-warrior, and a precious mantle of fair gold of Africa around him, and long clustering(1) very-golden hair upon him, and a diadem of fair gold round his head, with imagery of lions and leopards, and with a wonderful griffin, and with various beasts set in order by the hands of sages and free-workmen, on that gold diadem; and Cod never beheld the same number of people who were more remarkable than that dead band. And he saw a handsome sandal with precious stones on the foot of that kingly hero, and Cod stretched out his hand to take the shoe from off him, but the foot cast him from him nine paces backwards. Then the head of the body spoke: "This time yesterday, no man could have insulted that foot."

---

go clochaib buadha uime chois". A 25 "osann"; "L "bróg"; A "osan*na*".
[7] Thus H. A reads "go feadh naoi ccéimeanuibh".

---

(1) Literally "sea-weedy".

"Dar liom tá úrlaḃraḋ agad a ċinn," ar Cod.

"Atá," ar an ceann.

"Taḃair do sgéala dúinn," ar Cod, "agus sgéala na buiḋne-seó eile."

"Tá connraḋ ar a dtiúḃrainn," ar an ceann.

"Cá connraḋ sin?" ar Cod.

"Feart do ċlaiḋe[1] ḋam féin agus do na fearaiḃ eile seo," ar an ceann, "agus ár n-áḋnacal fó ċéadóir[2]."

Agus iar ráḋ na mbriaṫar sin dó, do rug Cod ar ṁanaoir muirne[3] ṁóir leaḃair do ḃí aige i n-aice a sgéiṫe, agus do ġaḃ ag toċailt na h-uaiġe i gcéadóir, gur ba h-ollaṁ í.

"Dar liom atá an feart ollaṁ," ar an ceann.

"Is ollaṁ anois," ar Cod. Agus is ann sin aduḃairt an ceann an laoi:—

"Truaġ deireaḋ na gcuraḋ-sa.[4]
Ní maiṫ branduḃ[5] gan fuirinn,
D'aon ṁac Ríġ na hAlmaine
Ní ḟóġnann leaba cúṁang.

"Breasal beóḋa borb-ḃriaṫraċ
Deaġ-ṁac Ríġ Ṫíre-an-tSneaċta,
Fiaċaḋ a's Fionn forniata[6]
Gur a ndéanadaoir mná eaċtra.

"Corc a's Cairbre coṁgaireaċ[7]
An dias ro ṡiar ar m'uilinn[8]
Uaiṫne a's Artúr ollḃaḋaċ[9]
Naċ dtug do laoċraiḃ urraim.

"Laiġne dearg is Tuireann[a]
Cuirtear sinne[10] re ċéile,
Ainm na dísre deireannaiġ[11]
Feaḋna fionn is béinne.

---

[1] H "tochailt". [2] The last five words are from H. [3] H "ar an mhanaois a fuair a gcomhgar dhó". L "an mainis mhúirnidhe do bhi aige anaice asgéithe". A 25, "ar an maonaois mhoir mhuirnglobhar". A 25, "ar an manaois mhúirnigh do bhi ar iomchar aige". A "muirigh", from all which I edit as above. [4] L reads "truagh deir an cómhrádh so". A 25 "is truagh deireadh an chomraidh si". A reads "na ccuiraighsi", from which I edit as above. [5] H reads this line "a laoich is fearr fulaing". A has "brananam". L "branadh". L 27, "brannamh", from which I edit as above. A 25 omits this line and makes complete hash of the poem. [6] Thus H. A has "folt

"Head, methinks thou hast human speech," said Cod.

"I have," said the head.

"Give us thy story," said Cod, "and the story of this other company."

"There is a condition upon which I would give it," said the head.

"What condition is that?" said Cod.

"[You] to dig a grave for myself and for those other men," said the head, "and to bury us out of hand."

And after his saying those words Cod grasped the great broad spear that he had near his shield, and began to dig the grave forthwith, until it was ready.

"Methinks the grave is ready," said the head.

"It is ready now," said Cod. And thereupon the head spoke this lay:—

"Alas! for these warriors
  The chess-board now is chess-less;
Son of King of Almainè,
  Narrow thy couch and restless.(1)

"Breasal the lively, of the rough-words,
  The good son of the King of the Land-of-Snow;
Fiachadh and the furious Fionn,
  To whom women used to come on adventures.

"Corc, and Cairbrè the shouting,
  Are these two west, at my elbow;
Uaithne [*Oon-yă*] and the mighty Arthur,
  Who gave not submission to heroes.

"Laighne [*Lyna*] the Red, and Tuireann,
  Let us be placed together;
The names of the two last
  Are Feachtna the White and Béinnè.

---

glan orarmach"; the next line has a foot too many.
[7] Thus H. L "cosgarthach". A "congaireach".
[8] L "fo thír ar muillinn".
[9] Thus H. A "orarmach".
[10] Thus H. A has "cuirir line". I have added an "a" to "Tuireann" in the first line to make it scan.
[11] L "diongmhâla".

---

(1) This is the same metre as before. Literally: "Alas! the end of these heroes | not good a chessboard without chessmen, | the son of the King of Almainè, | a narrow bed suits not.

"Cuirtear sinn san adḃaiḋ-si[1]
 A ḟir an órḟoilt ḟionnḟuair[2]
A ġil ḋeirg óig[3] abraḋuiḃ
 Aduḃrar focal ró-ṫruaġ."

A h-aiṫle na laoiḋe sin do ċuaiḋ an ceann i gcionn d'innsin do Ċod, agus aduḃairt mar so:[4]—"Iollán Ór-Armaċ mac Ríġ na h-Almáinne an fear d'ar ceann mise, agus Clann Ríġ Ṫíre-an-tSneaċta an dá ḟear déag so 'mo ṫimċeall, agus is dearḃ-ċóṁaltaiḋe daṁsa iad, agus ṫugas-sa tuile trom-ġráḋ agus sruṫ síor-ṡeirce d'inġin Ríġ fá ṫuinn," ar an ceann.[5] Agus is aṁlaiḋ do ḃí an ḃean sin: do ḃí móid uirri[6] naċ beaḋ fear aici aċt an fear do ḃéar[f]aḋ ḃile na mbuaḋ ar Ḟoraois na n-Iongnaḋ ċuici; agus do ḃí de ṁéad gráḋ na mná sin agamsa, nár ḟéadar gan dul d'iarraiḋ ḃile na mḃuaḋ, agus ṫáinig mo ḋearḃ-ċóṁaltaiġ liom, agus do h-imireaḋ draoiḋeaċt orrainn ann so, agus is é [an] ċéad níḋ do ċonncamar ċugainn .i. fear beag agus cruit ċaoin-téadaċ ċeol-ḃinn aige ina uċt leis, agus ṫug an fear beag dorn ar an mbéal do'n ḟear fá ċóiṁneasa ḋó againn-ne, agus ṫug an fear sin a ċloiḋeaṁ amaċ do ḃualaḋ fir na cruite, dar leis féin, agus ní h-é do ḃuail, act fear againn-ne, ionnus gur sinn féin do ḋiṫċeannuiġ a ċéile[7] tre ḋraoiḋeaċt ḟir na cruite. Agus cia h-iongna sin? Is iomḋa iongantas is mó 'ná é i ḃForaois na n-Iongnaḋ má's fíor, agus ciḋ maiṫ linne ṫusa d'ar n-aḋlacaḋ, is doiliġ linn[8] ṫu d'ḟanaṁain an fad sin, d'eagla draoiḋeaċta na foraoise iongantaiġ[e] seo."

Is annsin ṫug Cod a láṁa timċioll Iollain Ór-Armaiġ agus do ċuir i lár na fearta é, agus do ċuir seisear ar gaċ taoḃ dé, agus do sgríoḃ a n-anmanna i n-oġam[9] os an ḃfeart, mar ba ġnáṫ aca an uair sin.

A h-aiṫle na h-oibre sin do ḃí Cod ag mín-iarraiḋ agus ag aṁarc na foraoise agus ba ġearr a h-aiṫle an aṁairc[10] sin

---

[1] A has "sa adb*haidh* sin". H "sa nuadh*bhaidh* si". L "san uaidh sin"; A 25 "san aobhaigh sin". [2] L has "fior chraobhaicc", and omits the last two lines, as does A 25. [3] H reads "a ghil dheirg óig". A "geildeirg". [4] In H this story of the heads precedes the poem. [5] The last fourteen words are from H which best gives the sense. [6] H "mionna agus luighe". L "geasa". [7] H reads "acht ga ttáim ris", ar

"Let us be placed in this dwelling,
O man of the cool gold-locks;
O bright ruddy youth of the dark eyebrows,
I have spoken a word very sorrowful."

After that lay, the head fell to telling [its story] to Cod, and it spake thus:—"Golden-armed Iollan, son of the King of Almain, is the man whose head I am, and the children of the King of the Land-of-Snow are these twelve men round me, and they are my foster-brothers. And I gave a flood of heavy love and a stream of constant affection to the daughter of the King Under-Wave," said the head. "And this is how that woman was. She had an oath upon her that she would have no man but the man who would bring to her the Tree of Virtues out of the Forest of Wonders. And it came, of all the love I had for that woman, that I could not but go to seek the Tree of Virtues, and my foster-brothers came with me. And enchantment was wrought upon us here; for the first thing we saw coming towards us was a little man and a gentle-stringed harp with him in his bosom, and the little man struck a fist on the mouth of the man of us who was nearest to him, and that man drew his sword to strike the man of the harp, as he thought, but it was not he whom he struck, but a man of us; so that it was ourselves who beheaded one another, through the enchantment of the man of the harp. And what wonder is that? There is many a marvel greater than that in the Forest of Wonders, if it is true."

Then Cod put his hands around gold-armed Iollan, and placed him in the middle of the grave, and he placed six on each side of him, and he wrote their names in Ogam above the grave, as was the custom with them at that time.

After that work Cod was closely examining and regarding the forest, and short time it was after his regarding it, until he beheld the

---

an ceann, "ro dithcheannad sin uile".

[8] H reads "is mor an ceannach dúinn muill do chur ort oir is mor agus is adhbhal ár ndiol feirte agus is imchian d'aoinfhear amhain ár nadnacal, agus ráidhios an laoi", as above.

[9] Thus H, the others omit "i n-ogham".

[10] Thus L, but A has "na h-iarraidh", making the verbal noun feminine, which is unusual.

go ḃfacaiḋ fear na cruite agus a ċruit fá n-a uċt leis ċuige, agus ṫáinig do láṫair Ċuid. Agus ṫug Cod síṫeaḋ[1] ar ḟear na cruite, agus buailear an ċruit fó an gcarraig cloiċe fá ċóiṁneara ḋó, agus do ċuir blaḋ in gaċ áird de'n ḟoraois dí. Agus tiomsuiġear an fear beag an ċruit arís i ndiaiḋ a ċéile, agus dar leat níor ḃain buille ná béim dí. Do rug Cod an dara feaċt ar an ḃfear beag gur sgar a ċeann re n-a ċolainn.[2] Is annsin d'éiriġ an fear beag arís agus do imṫiġ, agus a ċeann ina láiṁ, agus a ċruit ins an láiṁ eile. Agus do b' iongna le Cod an cleas sin.

Níor ċian, iar sin, a h-aiṫle an ḟir ḃig d'imṫeaċt, go ḃfacaiḋ sé dáṁ iongantaċ[3] ċuige, agus dá ḃinn óir fair[4], agus bean̄-buaḋḃaill[5] 'na ḃéal, agus do ḃuail buille ar an mbean̄-buaḋḃaill sin, agus ní raiḃ cat no cailleaċ no aireaċta gránda éigcéilliḋe i gcreig no i gcuais no i gcarraig no i dtiġ no i dtalṁain no i siġ-ḃroġ siṫe[6] no i néalltaiḃ aṫ-uaṫṁara aéḋir, naċ dtáinig, fá ḟoġair na biñe-buaḋḃaill sin.[7] Is annsin ṫug Cod láṁ fá'n manaois[8] muirne ṁóir leaḃair do ḃí i n-aice a sgéiṫe, agus ṫug urċar ḋí, gur ċuir ṫríd an dáṁ í. Agus nuair ṫárla an tsleaġ ḋó ni mo sgreadaiḋ beaṫuiġiġ eile 'ná sgréaċ na sleiġe féin,[9] agus ba h-iongna le Cod nádúir na sleiġe sin. Agus is aṁlaiḋ do ḃadar na beaṫaiḋiġ eigcéilliḋe[10] sin, agus drong díoḃ ag sgreadfaiḋ[11] agus drong díoḃ ag búirfiḋ, drong ag bargarnaiġ agus drong eile ag tuargan na talṁan d'á gceannaiḃ agus d'á gcosaiḃ, agus ní féidir a áireaṁ no a ḟaisnéis a raiḃ d'olc agus d'áiṫṁilleaḋ draoiḋeaċta is an ḃforaois i n-alt[12] na h-uaire sin, agus ní raiḃ cloċ ná crann innti naċ raiḃ ar aon ċriṫ, agus ar aon tóirneaċ[13]. Is annsin do ṫug Cod an ċloċ[14] niṁe do ḃí i gcuiḃriḃ[15] a sgéiṫe amaċ agus do ṫiomsuiġ na h-eiṫidiġe éigcéilliḋe no gur ċuir i mbéal uaṁa[16] is an ḃforaois

---

[1] Thus A 25. A reads "sithibh", the others "amus".

[2] Thus L and H 25. A reads "re na cuell meithe".

[3] H reads "imdhisgir allata".

[4] A 25 reads "as gach leithcheann leis".

[5] H "beannbhlátheagair buadhbhaill".

[6] L "i sioth-bhroghaibh siansánachta".

[7] Thus H. A has "fo guth an blath bine buadhbhuill".

[8] H "manaois moir leabhar do bhi aige". L "mainis múirnigh do bhi a nglotuinn a sgéithe; A "manais muirn". I edit as before.

[9] H "noch ar mhó sgreadghoire an

man of the harp coming towards him, and his harp with him in his bosom, and he came up to Cod. And Cod gave a leap at the man of the harp, and smites the harp upon the rock of stone nearest him, and he sent a fragment of it [flying] into every quarter of the forest. And the little man gathers up the harp again, piece after piece, and you would have thought that neither stroke nor blow had ever touched it. Cod seized the little man the second time, and separated his head from his body. Thereupon the little man rose up again and departed with his head in his hand, and his harp in the other hand. And Cod marvelled at that exploit.

It was not long after that, when the little man had departed, until he beheld coming towards him a wondrous ox, and two gold horns on him, and a horn-trumpet in his mouth, and he smote a blow upon that horn-trumpet, and there was never cat, nor hag, nor hideous senseless spectre, in crag nor in hollow, nor in rock, nor in house, nor on land, nor in fairy-palace of faerie, nor in the dreadful clouds of the air, but came at the roar of that horn. It was then Cod passed a hand round his great broad spear that was beside his shield, and gave a cast of it, so that he sent it through the ox. And when the spear reached it, not greater was the screaming of any other beast than the screaming of the spear itself, and Cod marvelled at the nature of that spear. And this is how those senseless creatures were, some of them screaming and some of them bellowing, and some of them moaning, and some of them stamping the ground with their heads and with their feet; and it is impossible to enumerate or rehearse all the evil and the confusion of enchantment in the forest in the joint of that hour, for there was neither stone nor tree in it but was in one shaking and in one thunder. It was then Cod took out the venomous stone that was in the hollow of his shield, and he collected the senseless creatures, until he drove them into the mouth of a cave in the forest; and it had been a good

---

daimh no na sleagha ba dhéin”. [10] H “eathuidigh égcéilleigh na foraoisi”. [11] L has “ag sgréachaidh”, “ag osnadhach”, “ag snagaireacht”, and “ag buirthigh”. L 27 has “snagarnach” and “buirfeadhach”. A 25 has “aige bascarnaigh”. My own MS. has “screadaigh”, “buirfighe”, and “basgarn*aidh*”. [12] I read “alt” all through, but A often makes it “alta”. H reads “san moimeint sin”. [13] Thus L, but A has “toirnigh”. A 25 has “aon toran amháin”. [14] L “an chloch-cholg”. [15] Thus A 25. A has “do bhi ccaobhrach”, my own MS. “cobhrach”. [16] A reads “uaimch*e*”. L reads “aithidighe” for “eithididhe”.

iad; agus ba ṁaiṫ [an] t-áḋḃar meargṫa mi-laoiċ i ḃForaois na n-Iongnaḋ an tan sin ḃeiṫ ag éisteaċt le h-uallġáire agus re sgréaċaiḋ agus re criṫ-ḃuirṫiḋ[1] na n-arraċt n-iolċruṫaċ sin.

Aċt tá ní ċeana, ṫáinig Cod tar éis na h-oibre sin ar fead na foraoise, agus ba ṫuirseaċ im-ṡníoṁaċ aiṫṁéalaċ é, agus ba ḃeag nár ḃ' aiṫreaċ leis teaċt do'[n] ḃforaois sin, agus do b' iomḋa faolċú niṁneaċ siúḃlaċ ar fo-luaimneaċ,[2] ag éirġe ar gaċ taoḃ dé, agus ní ḃeireaḋ orra, aċt iad ag imṫeaċt uaiḋ in gaċ aon áird ina ró-ḃuinneaḋaiḃ rói-reaṫa.[3]

Is annsin do ċonnairc Cod bantraċt ró-áluinn ban ċuige, agus Ríoġan ċeannárd ċéadfaṫaċ i dtosaċ na buiḋne sin, agus eiliotram[4] órḋa, ar ceaṫrar, roimpi amaċ, agus ṫáinig an inġean sin do láṫair Ċuid fá'n gcumaḋ sin, agus aduḃairt, "A ṁic iongantaiġ," ar sí, "do b' anaṁ oiḋe[5] róṁad riaṁ i ḃForaois na n-Iongnaḋ, agus an méad ḃus áil leat de ṡeódaiḃ uaisle na foraoise beir leat é, agus an ḟoraois d'ḟágḃáil anoċt."

"Dar an luiġe ġniḋim[6] le Dia," ar Cod, "ní ġeaḃainn ór na cruinne[7] agus gan fanaṁain i ḃForaois na n-Iongnaḋ d'aiṁḋeoin a ḃfuil innti."

"A ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe," ar an inġean, "ag súd agat an dáṁ do ġonair ó ċiainiḃ againn-ne san eiliotrom."[8] Mar do ċualaiḋ Cod sin ṫug a ċloiḋeaṁ amaċ, agus do ġaḃ ag cóṁ-ṫuargain ar an eiliotrom no go ndearnaiḋ sé bloġa beaga béal-sgaoilte ḋé, agus d'imṫiġeadar na mná uaiḋ. Iar sin do leigeadar aon ġáir ós árd arta, agus cuid de'n eiliotrom i n-uċt gaċa mná ḋíoḃ; agus is aṫ-uaṫṁar do ḃí Foraois na n-Iongnaḋ i n-alt na h-uaire sin ó singala [na] n-oillṗiart n-allṁurḋa sin. Agus aduḃairt Cod de ġuṫ árd mór follus-ġlan le luċt na Foraoise, "ni fearr liom cearcall codlata, dá mbiaḋ agam anoċt," ar sé, "ná oillṗiarta na foraoise seo." Is annsin do ċuaiḋ Cod go bile

---

[1] The last eleven words are from L. A has "o sgreadail" and "o sgiamhghal" and "o shiorbhuaidhreadh na", etc. My MS. has "o sgeadaoil" and "o sgiamhghail" and "o shiorbhuaidhreadh".

[2] Thus I edit the "fuath luaimneach" of A.

[3] Thus L. A has "ina ruadh bhunaibh ro reatha".

[4] Thus L. H has "eletrom". A "iollaitruim": readers of Fiona Macleod will remember the use she has made of this uncommon word.

cause of confusion to a bad hero in the Forest of Wonders at that time to be listening to the wailing, and the screeching, and the tremulous bellowing of those many-shaped spectres.

Howsoever, Cod came back through the forest after that work, and it was tired and anxious and sorrowful he was, and it was little but he repented his coming [at all] to that forest. And many was the venomous, wandering, wolf nimbly-going, rising up on every side of him; and he used not to overtake them, but they going away from him in every quarter, in quick running throngs.

It was then Cod beheld a very fair bevy of women coming towards him, and a high-headed, sensible queen at the head of that band, and a golden bier [borne] by four, out before her. And that lady came up to Cod in this guise, and said: "Wondrous youth,"(1) said she, "it was seldom that there was ever a guest before thee in the Forest of Wonders, and all that thou desirest of the noble jewels of the forest do thou bear away with thee; only leave the forest to-night."

"By the oath which I make to God," said Cod, "I would not accept all the gold of the universe and not remain in the Forest of Wonders, in spite of all that are in it."

"Son of the King of Norway," said the lady, "there is the ox for thee which thou woundedst a little time back, which we have in the bier." When Cod heard that, he drew his sword and fell to smiting the bier, until he made small shattered fragments of it; and the women departed from him. After that, they let from them one shout on high, and part of the bier in the bosom of every woman of them. And it was appalling the Forest of Wonders was at that hour, from the noises of those strange monsters. And Cod called with a loud great clear voice to the inhabitants of the forest: "Not better would I like a sleeping couch, if I had it to-night," said he, "than to be fighting with the monsters of this forest." It was then Cod went to the Tree of

---

[5] Thus I edit the "annamh aoidhe" of A. L reads "oidhche comhnuightheach".

[6] Thus I write the "niom" of A. L has "dar luighe mo thuatha do mhionnaibh". H "tuingim fam' armaibh".

[7] H has "forgla maithios".

[8] The last three words are from H. I changed the orthography of "eiliotram" to keep it uniform.

---

(1) Literally, "son."

na mbuaḋ agus ṫug gual-eire[1] mór leis de ġéagaiḃ an ḃile ḃláiṫ-ḃuaiḋiġ iongantaiġ sin go ndearna boṫ agus béal-sgalan dé ar lár na fosaoire. Agus ni ar ċoimirce luċt na fosaoire do ċuaiḋ Cod an oiḋċe sin, act ar ċoimirce a láiṁe agus a lainne féin.

Agus do ḟadaiġ teine tréan[2] mór an uair sin, agus ní raiḃ fad orlaiġ de'n ḟosaoir sin gan eiṫide fíor-ġránda do ḃeiṫ innti, agus do leigidís gárṫa gráineaṁla ina ṫimċioll, ionnus go dtigidís na piasta sin fá'n teiniḋ, d'ionnsaiḋe Ċuid.

Aċt tá ní ċeana, ba ṡaṁailte le suiṫne ruaḋ-gaoiṫe no re fuaim sríoṁ-ṫuinne re h-eas aṫġarḃ, nualain̄[3] coda[4] ḋíoḃ, agus ba ṡaṁailte re fuaim mór-ġaoiṫe re garḃ-ċnocaiḃ cuid díoḃ; ba ṡaṁailte le réaltannaiḃ loinnearḋa a súile 'na gceannaiḃ. Agus do ḃí an ċarraig sin .i. Cod mac Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe gan ċlaoċlaḋ croṫa no céille no deilḃe, gan corruġaḋ meanmna no mearuġaḋ briaṫar, ag éisteaċt ris na mór-olcaiḃ sin.

Is annsin d'éiriġ Cod, an[5] dara feaċt, agus ṫug láṁ 'na dtimċioll aṁail aoḋaire ag tiomsuġaḋ tréada, agus do ṫiomsuiġ go béal uaṁa[6], gur ċuir i mbéal na h-uaṁa céadna arís iad[7]. Agus do lean isteaċ iad, agus an t-arraċt air a mbeireaḋ do ḃuaileaḋ ar an dara h-arraċt é, gur ċuir diṫ ró-ṁór dó-áirṁiġṫe orra, agus do lean dóiḃ go grinneall na h-uaṁa, agus ní ḟeadar cá leiṫ a' ndeaċadar uaiḋ fá'n am sin.

Agus ṫáinig Cod amaċ, iar sin, agus ní ḃfuair ar muir no ar tír riaṁ an oiread sin d'aimsir ba ṁeara leis, 'ná an feaḋ do ḃí sé[8] astiġ ins an uaiṁ. Agus níor lúġaide aiṫ-ṁilleaḋ na fosaoire, dar leis féin, gaċ a ndearna sé de ḋíoġḃáil dóiḃ. Agus do ṫáinig ċum na teine agus ní ḃfuair aon ċriṫir[9] beó ḋí: agus is aṁlaiḋ fuair an boiṫ do ḃí aige, ina ḋoire ḋlúiṫ de ċaol-ċrannaiḃ séiḋe róḟada, agus gaoṫa géara grod-neiṁneaċa d'á lúbaḋ[10] agus sneaċta fliuċ lán-trom ag lúbaḋ na gcrann sin, agus linnte fuara fíor-

---

[1] H has "gual eire".

[2] H reads "torc treathan mhór teine".

[3] L has "anál agus uanfach".

[4] A reads "cuideach" instead of "coda".

[5] A reads "ar an dara feacht."

[6] A generally makes the gen. of *uaim* "uaimhe" and "uaimha", or even "uaimche".

[7] Last nine words are from H, but I read "arís" for the "do risi" of H.

Virtues, and he bore off with him a great shoulder-load of the branches of that blossom-virtued wondrous tree, so that he made of it a hut and a booth in the middle of the forest. And it was not under the protection of the inhabitants of the forest that Cod went that night, but under the protection of his own hand and his own blade.

And thereupon he kindled a great strong fire; and there was not the length of an inch of that forest without some utterly hideous creature in it, and they used to utter fearsome cries round about him, so that those monsters (¹) used to come round the fire up to Cod.

And indeed it was like the rushing of red wind or the sound of a huge wave down a jagged waterfall, the wailings of some of them, and the noise of some of them was like the sound of a great wind against rough-hills, and their eyes in their heads were like to gleaming stars. But that rock, Cod, son of the King of Norway, was unchanged in shape or sense or form, his courage unmoved, his speech unwandering, listening to these great evils.

It was then Cod arose the second time, and he gave a hand round about them, like a shepherd gathering a flock, and he collected them to the mouth of a cave, so that he drove them into the mouth of the same cave again. And he followed them in, and the monstrous-thing on which he would lay hands he used to strike him on the second monster, so that he inflicted a very great innumerable loss upon them, and he followed them up to the bed of the cave, and there is no knowledge of what direction they went from him at that time.

And Cod came forth, after that, and he never experienced by sea or by land the same length of time during which he suffered more (²) than whilst he was inside in the cave. And it seemed to him that none the less for all the loss he wrought them, was the malignity of the forest. And he came again to the fire, but he did not find one spark of it alive, and this is how he found the booth that he had, namely [changed into] a close oak-wood of thin trees, smooth and very high, and bitter quick venomous winds, and wet, full-heavy snow bending those trees, and

---

[8] Thus L which gives the best reading. [9] Thus H, but A has "critre".

[10] Thus H: last thirteen words. A reads "doire do caoileach" and "i na cran*naibh* reidhe gaoithfhuaire". L "na doire do chaol chrannaibh coimhreidhe".

(¹) Literally "worms."

(²) Literally "which was worse with him."

uisge ag snoiḋe agus ag síor-ṫibersin idir na crannaiḃ ceann-réiḋe[1]. Agus is áḋḃal re n'innsin tuarasgḃáil Foraoise na n-longnaḋ mun am sin, agus níor ḃ' in-ċreidte ó ḋraoiṫiḃ dá ḃfearaiġe ná ó úġdar dá ġlice, a raiḃ d' aiṫṁilleaḋ draoiḋeaċta ar feaḋ Foraoise na n-longnaḋ an tan sin. Is annsin ṫárla aṫaċ fíor-ġránda do Ċod re taoiḃ na Foraoise, agus beart de ċroicniḃ fiaḋ maol agus fearbóg uime, agus dá ḃinn coṁ-ġlasa gaḃair fair tre na ċloiginn[2], agus láṁ ċiorcla ċiarduḃ aige, agus aon ċos mar ċrann-seól loinge lán-ṁóire faoi, agus loirgḟearsad imreaṁar d'iarann aṫleaġṫa ina láiṁ, agus laoġ[3] im-ḋísgir allata[4] san láiṁ eile ar éill aige. Agus iar dteaċt do láṫair ḋó d'ḟiafruiġ Cod sgéala ḋé, agus d'ḟiafruiġ fós créad é áḋḃar a ḃráiġḋeanais ar an ḃfiaḋ-maol. Aduḃairt an t-aṫaċ naċ raiḃ fonn [air] sgéala d'innsin, agus "naċ mó do ḋéanfaḋ ar maiṫe[5] re neaċ eile é, agus ní ṫiuḃra[d] níos mó de mo sgéalaiḃ duit-se no do ḋaoiniḃ eile, aċt amáin gur mearuġaḋ oiḋċe do ṫug is an ḃforaois mé."[6]

Annsin mar do ċualaiḋ Cod glór neaṁ-ṫláṫ an aṫaiġ, níor ḟéad a ḟulang, agus ṫug buille cloiḋiṁ tre ċeann an ḟir ṁóir, agus ba ṡaṁailte re fuaim príoṁ-daraċ, foġar agus torann an aṫaiġ, ag roċtain go lár agus go lán-talṁain ḋó. Is annsin ṫug an t-aṫaċ cliseaḋ colna[7] go dtárla 'na ṡeasaṁ ar aon ċois arís, agus an cloiḋeaṁ trasna tre n-a ċeann. Is aṁlaiḋ do ḃí Cod an uair sin ar ġualainn an ḟir ṁóir, agus a ḋá ḋorn i ndornċlaḋ[8] a ċloiḋiṁ féin, agus níor ḟéad a leigean amaċ, agus do rug an t-aṫaċ ar a luirg i láiṁ leis, agus ar an tslaḃraḋ do ḃí ar an ḃfiaḋ-maol san láiṁ eile, agus do ionnsuiġ an t-aṫaċ dorus-ḃeól na huaṁa ḃí san ḃforaois, fó an gcuma sin. Ba nár re Cod an cleas sin, agus ba ḃeag nár ḃ'ḟearr leis bloḋ mór d'á ṡaoġal do ṫeaċt 'ná an ḟoraois d'ḟágḃáil an oiḋċe sin. Agus iar roċtain go dorus na h-uaṁa ḋóiḃ, do ċruaḋ-ḟáisg[9] Cod dorn-ċlaḋ an ċloiḋiṁ go

---

[1] L, last six words from H.

[2] Last nine words are from H. L has "da. b. comfhada gharbh-ghlasa gabhair ar a lámha chiar-chlamhach cíordubh aige".

[3] H "dá laogh". L "damhlaogh".

[4] Thus H. A has "eallaigh".

[5] Thus L. A has "re maith re", etc.

[6] Last ten words from H.

cold linns of spring water flowing and constantly-welling between the smooth-headed trees. And it were awful to tell, the account of the Forest of Wonders at that time, and it were not to-be-believed from druids however knowledgeable, or from author however wise, all the destruction of enchantment that was then throughout the Forest of Wonders. It was after that a hideous giant met Cod beside the forest, and a garment of the skins of hornless deer and roebuck about him, and two goats' horns of equal grayness on him, [growing] through his skull, and a circular jet-black hand he had, and one leg like the mast of a full-great ship under him, and a thick club-staff of refined iron in his hand, a wild un-tamed calf in his other hand by a thong. And after coming up to him Cod asked him his news, and asked him, moreover, what was the reason of the captivity of the wild-deer [calf]. The giant answered that he had no mind to tell tidings, " and that he would do it none the more to please another, and I will give to you no more of my tidings than to other people, except this only, that it was going-astray of night that brought me into the forest."

Then, when Cod heard the unsubmissive voice of the giant, he could not endure it, and he gave a stroke of his sword through the big man's head; and like the noise of a prime-oak [falling] was the crash and sound of the giant as he came to the earth and to the ground. It was then the giant gave a twist to his body until he came standing again on one leg, and the sword through his head. And this is how Cod was then, namely, on the shoulder of the big man, and his two hands in the handle of his own sword, and he was unable to let it out, and the giant grasped the club in one hand, and the chain that was on the hornless deer in the other hand, and he made for the door-mouth of the cave that was in the forest, in that guise. And Cod was ashamed of that feat, for little but he had preferred a great piece of his life to be lost (¹) than leave the forest that night. And after their reaching the door of the cave Cod tightly-grasped the handle of

---

[7] Thus H. A has "cliosad cola". A 25 "cleasa colla". L "cliseadh colla".

[8] H i "ndornchuire"; L "anorchloinn". A 25 "andornchalad". A "dorn cla", which I edit as above.

[9] L "chruadh-nasg".

(¹) Literally "to come."

glac láidir, go ndeárnaiḋ bloḋa beaga[1] ḋe, ionnus gur ṫuit féin de ġualainn an aiṫiġ go talṁain.

Agus iar roċtain[2] ċum na talṁan do Ċod, tug súil ṫairis, agus is eaḋ do ċonnairc an cairṫe coṁ-ṁór cloiċe ar ndéanaṁ de'n aiṫeaċ agus an cloiḋeaṁ tríd, ó'n taoḃ go[3] ċéile.

Agus níor ḟéad Cod an cloiḋeaṁ do ṫarraing as an gcarraig [aċt] do ṫug siṫe sras ar an luirg foṁorḋa do ḃí ag an aṫaċ, agus is eaḋ aduḃairt, "is fada go dtárla mo ḋíol[4] d'arm dam go dtí anoċt." Is annsin do ḟill Cod ar fud na foraoise agus is aṁlaiḋ do fuair í, eidir ċrannaib agus cloċaiḃ, 'na h-aon leic ḟuair oiġreaċta[5] an uair sin, agus níor ṁaiṫ aḋḃa[6] cóṁnuiġṫe an uair sin í, agus aduḃairt Cod, "is mairg duine coiṁṫeaċ[7] ṫáinig i ḃfad go Foraois na n-Iongnaḋ, agus ní ba fearr dóiḃ-sean má ba beó mise amáraċ."

Agus ní raiḃ fios créad do ḋéanfaḋ, an t-am sin, óir ba ṁór uisge na foraoise agus ba ioṁḋa eiṫide fíor-ġránda agus gealta glinne, agus deaṁain aéḋir ag sgreadfaiḋ agus ag béicfiḋ fá'n aimsir sin i ḃForaois na n-Iongnaḋ; agus da dteangṁaḋ a ċaraid gaoil i gcóṁḟogus do neaċ, ní ċluinfeaḋ iad ó ċaint agus ó ġárṫaiḃ na n-arraċta sin.

Agus do smuain Cod nár ḃaoġal dó iad, óir níor luċt troda ná teangṁala iad.[8] Is annsin do ċonnairc Cod lóċrann lonnarḋa lán-álainn ar laraṁ d'á ionnsaiḋe, agus inġean óg iol-ċroṫaċ ċeann-árd ċéadfaḋaċ ag ioṁċur an lóċrainn sin, agus ṫug Cod aiṫne uirri, .i. gur b'í Grian Gnúis-ḟolais inġean Ríġ Foraoise na n-Iongnaḋ do ḃí ann, agus ṫáinig do láṫair Ċuid, agus d'ḟear fáilte go fríoċnaṁaċ ria Cod ina ainm agus ina ṡloinneaḋ, agus aduḃairt an inġean, "A ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, dar liom féin is olc fuair tu Foraois na n-Iongnaḋ ó ṫáinig tu innti, agus tar liom-sa do mo ḃruiġin féin, má olc maiṫ[9] re [a] ḃfuil innti." Ba ṁaiṫ le Cod an cuireaḋ sin d'ḟáġail, agus[10] d'imṫiġeadar rómpa leiṫ ar leiṫ, agus ṫárla ḃruiġean ċeannárd ċlogaraċ aoiḃinn

---

[1] L and H "míreanna mion-bhruighte". [2] Last thirteen words from H. [3] H "guroile". A 25 "na chéile". [4] Thus H. L "mo dhiongmhala"; A "mo tsáith". [5] The last fifteen words are from H, which gives the best reading. L reads "oigheartha". A "oigriata". [6] Thus H. A has

the sword with a firm grip, till he made little fragments of it, so that he fell himself off the shoulder of the giant to the ground.

And after Cod's reaching the ground, he threw an eye back, and this was what he saw: a great pillar of stone made of the giant, and the sword through him from one side to the other.

And Cod was not able to draw the sword out of the rock, but he gave a quick leap at the Fomorian club that the giant had, and he said, "It is long since I met a weapon meet for me till to-night." It was then Cod returned throughout the forest, and this is how he found it; both trees and stones in one flag of ice at that time, and it was not a good dwelling-place at that hour. And Cod said, "Alas, for a stranger who has come from far to the Forest of Wonders, and they shall not be the better for this if I am alive to-morrow."

And he did not know what he would do at that time, for great was the water of the forest, and many was the disgusting creature and *geilt* of the valley, and demon of the air screaming and bellowing, at that time in the Forest of Wonders; and if one's kindred friend were to come close up to a man he would not hear him from the talk and shoutings of those spectres.

But Cod considered that they were not a danger to him, for they were not things of fight or conflict. It was then Cod beheld a shining beautiful lamp, lit-up, and coming towards them, and a young well-shaped high-headed sensible maiden bearing that lamp. And Cod recognized her, that it was Bright-faced Sun, daughter of the King of the Forest of Wonders, who was there; and she came up to Cod, and she earnestly bade Cod welcome in his name and surname, and the girl said, "Son of the King of Norway, methinks it is evil thou hast found the Forest of Wonders, since thou hast come into it, and come with me to my own palace, whether those who are in it like it or dislike it." Glad was Cod to get that invitation; and they went forwards, side by side, and they came to a high-headed belfry-like delightful flower-

---

"aidhbhe". L "ait". [7] Thus L. A "daoidhid". [8] Last seven words from L. H omits the preceding sentence. [9] This is a common idiom of the present day. The English reader would expect the conjunctive "no", which the Scotch insert: cf. the well-known Gaelic song, "Triallamaoid an rathad mór, olc *no* maith le cach é". [10] The last nine words are from L.

ḃláiṫ-iongantaċ dóiḃ, agus ba h-ilġréasaċ iolċroṫaċ an ḃruiġean sin, óir do ḃadar mórán aoiḃneas innti, agus do ḃí seaċt ndoirse uirri, agus céad fear n-arm[1] ar gaċ aon doras díoḃ, agus níor ċumadar láṁa suaḋ na saor-ċeard o do cruṫaiġeaḋ an ċruinne[2] baraṁail[3] do'n ċaṫraiġ sin, ar a h-ilġréasaiḃ, óir do ḃadar mórán de ċloċaiḃ uaisle agus de liagaiḃ loġṁara ina taoḃaiḃ, agus is í caṫair do b'ḟearr dealḃ agus déanaṁ san doṁan í, ó Ċaṫair na h-Isbirne amaċ. Agus fuaradar ar a gceann innti Ríġ forasda flaiṫeaṁail i gcaṫaoir áluinn órḋa, agus trí caogad ridire go mbeartaiḃ óir ór-loisgṫe ar gaċ taoḃ dé, agus bantraċt i mbrataiḃ sróil i n-árd-ġrianánaiḃ an dúna ḋeaġ-ṁaisġ sin.

Agus d'éiriġ an Ríġ sin agus do rug ar láiṁ ar Ċod, agus do ċuir na ṡuiḋe é i n-ionad Ríġ ins an Ríoġ-ḃruiġin sin, agus ṫángadar maiṫe na cáṫraċ, idir ḟear agus mnaoi, d'á ionnsaiḋe agus do ċuireadar fáilte fria Cod, giḋ naċ raiḃ d'á eólus aca aċt [a] ḟaicsin i ḃfoċair na h-inġine, agus méad na honóra do ḃí ag an ríoġain dó.[4] Is annsin d'ḟiaffruiġ an Ríġ[5] de'n inġin, "Cia h-é an Ridire óg aṁulcaċ[6] iol-ċroṫaċ ṫug sí léiṫe do'n teaġlaċ?"

Adubairt an inġean, "Cod mac Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe an fear úd," ar sí, "agus tugaiḋ-se ḋó gaċ níḋ iarrfas orraiḃ, agus muna dtugaiḋ siḃ de ḃur ndeoin é is éidir leis a ḃuain díḃ de ḃur n-aiṁḋeoin, agus giḋ gur líonṁar ḃur slóiġ is ró ḃeag idir láṁaiḃ an ḟir úd iad,[7] óir is leis an ḃfear úd do sraonaḋ caṫ ar Ríġ na Sorċa, agus do ṫuit an Ríġ féin leis, agus iomad slóiġ mar aon fris. Agus ní h-é sin aṁáin, aċt is iomḋa fuaṫ agus arraċta coṁaiġṫeach eile do ṫuit leis, agus is fearr daoiḃ-se gaċ níḋ iarrfas orraiḃ do ṫaḃairt dó 'ná imsearán do ḃeiṫ eadraiḃ agus é. "An ḃfeadair-se," ar an ríġ, "cá niḋ iarrfas orrainn?" "Ni ḟeadar," ar an inġean, "aċt gur dóiġ liom go ḃfuil lorgaireaċt aige ar an íce atá agaiḃ-se." Fiaffraiġeas an flaiṫriġ féin créad de ṁaiṫeas na foraoise le raiḃ a ṡúil.[8] Is annsin adubairt Cod, "Is í breiṫ

---

[1] H reads "fromhtha fior arrachtach".

[2] Thus H. A reads "ó cathair na hIsbirne".

[3] H reads "a commaith darus". A 25 has "maca-hamhla na cathracha sin".

wondrous steading; and of divers decorations variously-formed was that steading, for there were many delights in it, and there were in it seven doors, and a hundred armed men on each door of them, and the hands of sages and free-artificers never wrought since the universe was created the like of that *cathair* for its various decorations, for there were many noble stones and precious gems in its sides, and it is the *cathair* of best appearance and best make in the world, from the *cathair* of Isbirne, down. And they found awaiting them in it a sedate princely king on a beautiful golden throne, and thrice fifty knights with dresses of gold, gold-embroidered, on each side of him, and a company of ladies in mantles of satin upon the high grianáns or sunny-houses of that well-favoured dún.

And the king rose up, and he grasped Cod by the hand and put him sitting in the king's place in that royal mansion, and the nobles of the city came, both men and women, to Cod, and bade him welcome, although they had no knowledge of him, except only to see him along with the maiden, and all the honour that the queen paid him. It was then the king inquired of the girl, "Who was that young, beardless, well-shaped knight whom she had brought with her to the household?"

The girl spake, "Cod, son of the King of Norway, is that man," said she, "and do ye give him everything he shall ask of you, and unless ye give it to him of your own good will he is able to take it from you against your will; and although numerous are your hosts, they are very little in the hands of that man, for it was by that man a battle was broken on the King of Sorcha, and the king himself fell by him and many hosts along with him; and it is not that alone, but many is the horror and other strange spectre that fell by him, and it is better for you to give him everything he shall ask of you than for there to be a quarrel between you and him." "Do you know," said the king, "what thing he will ask of us?" "I do not," said the girl, "but I am sure that he is on the track of the salve which you have." The monarch himself then asks Cod, which of the good things of the forest was he expecting. Then said Cod, "The

---

[4] The last twenty-three words are added from H.

[5] H "an flaithruire".

[6] This word is added from H.

[7] Last eleven words are from A 25.

[8] The last forty words are added from H.

do ḃéarfainn-se orraiḃ .i. breiṫ ḋealuiġṫe idir ḃur gceann agus ḃur gcolainn agus maiṫeas na cáṫraċa agus na foraoise do ḃeiṫ agam féin, muna mbeaḋ an inġean so do ḃur dteasargan[1] orm," ar Cod.

Iar gclos na mbriaṫar sin do luċt na cáṫraċ uile, do leigeadar ar a nglúiniḃ iad, agus ṫugadar a láṁa i láiṁ Ċuid agus ġaḃadar leis mar ṫriaṫ agus mar ṫiġearna, idir ísioll agus uasal, agus ṫugadar grian agus gealaċ do ḃeiṫ dílear urramaċ dó ar feaḋ a raé.[2] Agus ṫug Grian Gnúis-ṡolais cóṁairle do Ċod sin do ġaḃáil uaṫa agus aduḃairt, "Is córaide ḋuit an ṁuinntir úd do ġaḃáil ċugad naċ rugaḋ a mbuaiḋ riaṁ róṁad, re h-uaṫaḋ no re h-iomad." Agus a h-aiṫle na mbriaṫar sin do ṡuiḋ an inġean i gcáṫaoir áluinn agus do ċuaiḋ luċt na caṫraċ uile fó ċíos do Ċod, o sin suas, agus do ġaḃ Cod sin uaṫa.

Is annsin do tógḃaḋ buird ṡlím-leaṫna na Caṫraċ agus do folċaiġeaḋ iad d'éadaiġiḃ uaisle iongantaċa, agus do ṡuiḋ an mór-ṫeaġlaċ sin, agus tugaḋ biaḋa saora so-ċaiṫṁe d'á n-ionnsaiḋe, agus deoċa sói-ṁeasgṫa il-ċineálaċa,[4] agus do ġaḃadar ag ól agus ag aoiḃneas go mba súḃaċ sói-ṁeanmnaċ [iad.] D'éirġeadar luċt ciúil agus oirfide agus aois ealaḋna do ġaḃáil a ndánta agus a ndréaċta agus a gcraoḃa coiṁneasa agus a [n]géaga ginealaċa do ċáċ go coitċeann.[5] Is annsin ṫug Cod a láṁ i gcoḃrainn a sgéiṫe, agus ṫug cumaoin a ealaḋna féin do gaċ aon díoḃ, agus aduḃairt Cod, "Is maiṫ do'n ḃruiġin seo naċ dtugamar eólas i dtosaċ na hoiḋċe uirri." Agus mar do ċualadar muinntir na foraoise sin ó Ċod, do ġaḃ eagla agus uaṁan mór iad, aċt tá [ni] ċeana fós, ba ḃinn re mnáiḃ agus ba ṡearḃ re fearaiḃ ar ċan sé.[6]

Aċt tá ní ċeana, ṫugadar ar an oiḋċe sin no gur ṡoillsiġ an lá go n-a lán-ṡoillse ar n-a ṁáraċ. Is annsin ṫug Cod láṁ ar imṫeaċt, agus tugaḋ an tslat iongantaċ sin dó, agus a ċloiḋeaṁ[7] féin, agus aduḃairt Grian Gnúis-ṡolais, "A ṁic

---

[1] L reads "do ghaibh bhur tteasragan".

[2] Last fourteen words added from L.

[3] Last fourteen words added from L.

[4] The last eleven words are from H.

[5] H omits all this description of the feast and of what Cod said.

judgment that I would pass upon you would be a judgment of parting between your heads and your bodies, and for myself to have the good things of the *cathair* and of the Forest, if it were not for this maiden rescuing you from me," said Cod.

And when all the people of the *cathair* heard these words they went down on their knees and gave their hands into Cod's hand, and accepted him as chieftain and lord, both high and low, and they swore by the sun and by the moon to be faithful and obedient to him throughout their life. And Bright-faced Sun counselled Cod to accept that from them; and she said, "It is the more due for you to accept [the offer of] those men over whom a victory was never gained before you, either by few or by many." And after those words, the maiden sat upon a beautiful throne, and those people of the city all became tributary to Cod from that out, and Cod accepted that from them.

It was then the thin broad tables of the burg were raised, and they were covered with noble wondrous cloths, and that great household sat down, and fine edible meats were brought to them, and drinks well(1) mixed of various kinds, and they began to drink and make merry until they were hearty, and in good spirit. Up rose the musicians and minstrels and men of science to sing their poems and lays, and their branches of kinship, and their trees of genealogy, to all in general. It was then Cod put his hand into the hollow of his shield, and he gave to each one of them the award of his own science; and Cod said, "It is well for this palace that we did not make its acquaintance at the beginning of this night." And when the people of the forest heard that from Cod, fear and great terror seized them: one thing now, women thought it sweet, and men thought it bitter, all that he spake.

Howsoever they bore away that night until the sun shone with its full light upon the morrow. It was then Cod took in hand his departure, and that wondrous rod was given to him, and his own sword; and Bright-faced Sun said: "Son of the King of Norway, the cat of

---

[6] L reads "ba bhinn leis an inghin ar chan Cod agus ba doibhinn leis an dteaghlach uile é". [7] "claoidheamh" in A 25 and L. "claidheamh" in A.

---

(1) Literally "easily-mixed."

Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe do rug Cat na Saor-Innse an íce atá tusa d'iarraiḋ léiṫe, agus tá sí féin agus do ḃráiṫre-se i dtiġ Ḃeṫuine[1], inġine Ríġ na Sorċa, ar do ċeann." Ba ḃinn le Cod na sgéala sin, agus ṫángadar an ṁuinntir sin agus Grian Gnúis-ḟolais leis, go loċ na h-Iongnaḋ ar ais arís, agus d'ḟág Cod beaṫa agus sláinte aca.

Agus ní h-aiṫristear sgéala imṫeaċta air, go ráinig Caṫair Ḃeṫuine i gCríoċaiḃ na Sorċa, agus fuair sé Cead agus Mícead agus an Curaire Camċoraċ agus cat na Saor-Innse innti, maille ria, agus d'ḟearadar fáilte roiṁ Ċod agus do ṗógadar go dil agus go diacraċ é,[2] agus do ġaḃadar ag taḃairt a sgéala féin dóiḃ o ṫús go deireaḋ, mar do h-aiṫḃeóḋaiġeaḋ tre ḃuaḋaiḃ na h-íce do rug Cat na Saor-Innse ċuca, iad.[3] Agus do innis Féiṫleann Ṁongḟúileaċ mar do rug an íce léiṫe do'n taoḃ eile. Act tá ní ċeana do sgaoileaḋ a geasa de ċat na Saor-Innse, an oiḋċe sin, agus ar na ṁáraċ níor ḃ'éagsaṁla[4] bean san doṁan 'ná í.

Agus do ġaḃadar láṁ ar imṫeaċt, agus do ṫángadar go h-aṫláṁ d'ionnsaiḋe [a] luinge féin, agus do ċuaiḋ Cead agus Mícead agus Féiṫleann Ṁongḟúileaċ agus an Curaire Camċoraċ innti. Is annsin aduḃairt Cod naċ raċaḋ beó no marḃ féin go Críoċaiḃ na h-Ioruaiḋe, agus Iollán ór-armaċ mac Ríġ na h-Almáinne d'ḟágḃáil 'na ḋiaiḋ marḃ i ḃForaois na n-Iongnaḋ. Ceileaḃraid d'á ċéile annsin, agus ṫógadar clann eile Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe seólta na ḟean[g]-luinge tar ḋrom-ċlaḋ gaċ doṁan-ḟairrge, agus ní h-innistear [a] sgéaluiḋeaċt no go rángadar Críoċa na h-Ioruaiḋe. Agus fuicfeam annsin iad gan earḃaiḋ, agus tráċtam ar gaċ niḋ dar éirġiḋ do Ċod a ḃForaois na n-Iongnaḋ.

Filleas Cod roiṁe an oiḋċe sin[5] go Cáṫair Ḃeṫuine, go Críoċaiḃ na Sorċa, agus do ḟan 'na ḟarraḋ an oiḋċe sin, go moċa na maidne ar n-a ṁáraċ. Agus do ġaḃ Cod ar sin go h-uaiṁ na n-Iongnaḋ ar na ṁáraċ, agus do ġaḃ mar raiḃ Grian Gnúis-ḟolais inġean Ríġ Foraoise na n-Iongnaḋ, agus do innis dí gurab d'ḟéaċain a' ḃféadfaḋ aiṫḃeóḋuġaḋ do ḋéanaṁ

---

[1] L "beothuinne". A 25 "beithuinne".

the Free Island has brought away with her the salve that you are looking for, and she herself, and your brothers [whom she has made alive again] are before you in the house of Bethuinè, daughter of the King of Sorcha. Sweet were those tidings to Cod; and those people and Bright-faced Sun came with him back again to the Lake of Wonders, and Cod left with them life and health [*i.e.* bade them farewell].

And no tidings of his going are told until he reached the burg of Bethuinè in the lands of Sorcha, and he found Cead and Micead, and the Curairè Crookfoot, and the cat of the Free Island there, along with her, and they welcomed Cod and kissed him lovingly and fervently, and they commenced to tell him their own tidings from first to last, how they were brought to life, through the virtue of the salve which the cat of the Free Island had brought them. And Bright-eyed Féithleann told them how she had taken the salve with her, on the other side. Howsoever, her *geasa* were loosened from the cat of the Free Island, on that night. And on the morrow there was no woman in the world more beautiful than she.

And they took in hand their departure, and they came to their own ship with speed, and Cead and Micead, and Bright-eyed Féithleann, and the Curairè Crookfoot embarked in it. It was then Cod said that he would not go, alive or dead, to the lands of Norway, and leave Golden-armed Iollan, son of the King of Almain behind him, dead, in the Forest of Wonders. They bade farewell to one another then; and the other sons of the King of Norway raised the sails of the slender vessel over the back-ridges of each deep sea, and their tidings are not told until they reached the lands of Norway. And let us leave them there without a want, and let us speak of everything that fell out to Cod in the Forest of Wonders.

Cod returns that night to the burg of Bethuinè to the lands of Sorcha, and he remained with her that night, until early morning on the morrow. And on the morrow Cod departed thence to the Cave of Wonders, and betook himself to where Bright-faced Sun, daughter of the king of the Forest of Wonders, was; and he told her that he was

---

[2] Last fourteen words added from L.

[3] Last fourteen words are added from H.

[4] H "ailne".

[5] Last twenty-six words are added from H.

ar Iollán Ór-armaċ ṫáinig sé, do ḃí marḃ i ḃForaois na n-Ionġnaḋ, ó do ḃí an íce aige do aiṫḃeóḋaiġ a ḋearḃráiṫre féin,[1] agus aduḃairt Grian Gnúis-ṡoluis gur cóir an toisc sin. Agus ṫángadar araon d'ionnsaiḋe na fearta ina raiḃ Iollan Ór-armaċ agus a ṁuinntir, agus d'ḟosgail Cod an feart orra, agus ṫug íce i mbéal gac fir díoḃ fo seaċ, agus d'éirġeadar slán uile an uair sin.

Is annsin d'ḟiafruiġ Cod de'n inġin an raiḃ ar ḋruim an doṁain níḋ d'fóirfeaḋ do Ċiaḃán Glúinġeal ó n-a ġearaiḃ. Aduḃairt an inġean gan contaḃairt naċ raiḃ.

"Ar ġráḋ h-oiniġ[2] ná ceil orm-sa má tá ḟios agat."

"Is olc do rinnis sin d'iarraiḋ orm-sa," ar an inġean, "óir is eagal liom gur tríd do ṫiucfas do ḃás, má ċuiris rómaḋ furtaċt d'ḟáġail dó."[3] Agus aduḃairt mar so, "Danuite, inġean Ríġ Gréag, do ċuir na geasa úd fair, agus dá mbeaḋ an ḃean sin againn-ne ba ḋearḃ do Ċiaḃán Glúinġeal a ġeasa do leiġeas."

Aduḃairt Cod, "Is fada gur innis tusa sin daṁ-sa."

"Eagla do ṫuitim ann, do ḃí orm-sa," ar an inġean, "óir ní h-urusa dul do'n Ġréig, óir is iad is lia de ḋaoiniḃ is an doṁan go h-iomlán."

"Ba beag an tairḃe sin dóiḃ," ar Cod "dá ndeaċainn-se[4] do'n Ġréig." Is annsin ṫáinig Ríġ Foraoise na n-Ionġnaḋ amaċ ar ċeann Cuid agus Iolláin Ór-armaiġ, d'a mbreiṫ do'n ċáṫraiġ, agus do ċuadar leis, agus ba ḋearḃ naċ ḃfuaradar riaṁ oiḋċe is fearr fuaradar 'ná an oiḋċe sin.

EAĊTRA ĊUID AGUS IOLLÁIN 'SAN NGRÉIG.

Agus ar n-a ṁáraċ do ṫriallaḋar, agus cuireaḋ bile na mbuaḋ le muinntir Iolláin Ór-armaiġ go hinġin Ríġ Ṫíre fó Ṫuinn, agus do deasuiġeaḋ long luċtṁar ḋeaġ-ḋíonṁar dó féin agus d'Iollán Ór-armaċ, agus ní rugadar de ṡluaġ ná do ṡoċaiḋe leó aċt iad féin araon,[5] agus ṫugadar aġaiḋ

---

[1] The last thirteen words are added from H.
[2] H "hinidh"; A "heineidh".
[3] Last sixteen words added from H.
[4] Thus L, but A reads "da ndeachaidh mise".

come to try if he would be able to bring to life again Golden-armed Iollan, who lay dead in the Forest of Wonders, since he had the salve which had brought to life his own brothers. And Bright-faced Sun said that it were right to attempt it. And they came together to the grave in which lay Gold-armed Iollan and his people; and Cod opened the grave over them,(1) and put the salve in the mouth of each man of them separately, and thereupon they all rose up whole.

It was then Cod asked the girl, was there on the ridge of the earth anything that would relieve Ciabhan White-knee of his *geasa*. The girl answered without doubt that there was not.

"For the love of thy generosity conceal it not from me, if thou knowest of it."

"Ill hast thou done to ask me that," said the maiden, "for I fear me lest though that may come thy death, if thou undertakest to find him succour," and she spake thus: "Danuitè, daughter of the King of Greece, it was, who imposed those *geasa* on him, and if we had that woman [prisoner], a healing of his *geasa* were certain for Ciabhan Whiteknee."

Said Cod: "Long it was till thou didst tell me that."

"It was fear of thy falling in the matter, that was on me," said the maiden, "for it is not easy to go to Greece, for it is they who are the most numerous of people in the entire world."

"That shall be small advantage to them," said Cod, "if I go to Greece." It was then the King of the Forest of Wonders came out to meet Cod and Gold-Armed Iollan, to bring them to the mansion, and they went with him; and it is certain that they never passed a pleasanter(2) night than they passed that night.

The Adventures of Cod and Iollan in Greece.

And on the morrow they departed, and the Tree of Virtues was sent with Gold-Armed Iollan's people to the daughter of the King of the Land Under-Wave (3); and a laden well-protected bark was prepared for himself and Gold-Armed Iollan, and they took with them

---

[5] Thus L and A 25. A reads "do mháin".

(1) Literally "on them."

(2) Literally "found a better."

(3) See above, pp. 23 and 127.

ar an nGréig an uair sin: agus do ḃí Iollán ag múnaḋ eólais gaċa doṁan-ḟairrge do Ċod, agus seal eile ag féaċain iongantas na dtonn, no go rángadar do'n Ġréig. Agus do ċuadar i dtír, agus do ċoncadar caṫair áluinn órḋa uaṫa, agus aonaċ aḋḃal-ṁór ina timċioll. Fiafruiġeas Cod d' Iollán cia h-é an ċaṫair, no cia h-é an t-aonaċ aḋḃal-ṁór do ḃí ina timċioll, óir ba h-eólaċ san nGréig é.[1] Do innis Iollán sin do Ċod agus aduḃairt an laoi ann, mar so síos:

"Innis ainm na caṫraċ-sa
 A Iolláin na n-arm ḃfaoḃraċ,
Foillriġ ḋúinn go mearḃána[2]
 Na sluaġa ad ċiú 'san aonaċ."[3]

"Filleaḋ uaiṫi ní abraim-se[4]
 Cia deacair dul d'á dtaoḃaḋ,
Caṫair na h-Aiṫne an ċaṫair-se
 Um Ríġ Ġréag tá an t-aonaċ.

"Sluaġ docraċ na caṫraċ-sa
 'S mairg le a ḃfuil a ḃfuaṫa,
A ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe
 Ní ṡaoilim ár dteaċt uaṫa."[5]

"Ná h-abair an coṁráḋ-sin
 A Iollain na n-Arm n-Órḋa,
Ba beag de na slóiġtiḃ-se
 Ṁairfeas,[6] againn, tráṫ-nóna.

"Inġean Ríġ an dúna-sa
 Maḋ olc re lucht an éidigh[7]
Go Grian[8] ġarda Gnúis-ṡolais
 Béarfaḋ ar ais no ar éigin.

"Ní ḃfuil a n-eagla orruiñ-ne
 Giḋ óirḃeirc iad 'sgaċ innis[9],
Ainm na caṫraċ ceann-áirde
 Tarr a Iollain a's innis."

---

[1] The last six words are added from H.

[2] Thus H. The others have "abair linn go ballach", or "go ro bhailleach", or "go balach".

[3] Thus H. The others have "ainm na cathrach-sa an aonaigh".

[4] Thus H. The others read "ni mholain".

[5] Thus L and H. A has "mollaim filladh uathe".

[6] L "'na mbeathaidh".

[7] Thus A 25. H has "a heagnadh". L "a heide". A "re lucht eidigh".

[8] H reads "go gréin".

[9] Thus H. A has "oiric iad an gach innis"; A 25 "ce adhbheil iad re faxin". L "a aigheadh óirdhearc sin an innse".

neither host nor army, but only themselves both, and then they faced for Greece. And Iollan was [one time] showing Cod the way over each deep sea, and again beholding the wonders of the waves, until they reached Greece. And they landed, and beheld at a distance from them a fair golden city, and a huge assembly round about it. Cod asked Iollan what was the city or what was the very-great assembly that was round about it, for Iollan knew Greece. And Iollan told him that, and [they] spake the lay, as it is down here:—

COD. "Tell us of those battlements,
What is the city yonder.
Tell us, friend of gallantry,
What hosts around it wander."(1)

IOLLAN. "To return from it I do not advise,(2)
Although it is difficult to go trust them.(3)
The city of Athens(4) is this city,
Round the King of Greece is the assembly.

"The difficult hosts of this city,
Alas for who incurs their enmity.
O son of the King of Norway,
I do not think we shall escape from them."

COD. "Say not that discourse,
O Iollan of the Golden Arms,
There shall be few of these hosts
Whom we shall have living by evening.

"The daughter of the king of this fortress,
Though it be displeasing to the people of the armour,
[Her] to the brave Bright-faced Sun(5)
I shall bring of good will or forcibly.

"Their fear is not upon us,
Although renowned they are in every isle.
The name of the high-headed city,
Come, O Iollan and tell.(6)"

---

(1) The metre is the same as before. Literally: "Tell the name of this city, | O Iollan of the edged weapons, | reveal to us now, quickly-bold, | the hosts whom I see in the assembly."

(2) Literally "say."

(3) Or perhaps "to go meet them."

(4) The Irish for Athens, by an undesigned coincidence, means also "knowledge."

(5) See above, p. 119.

(6) The lay thus ends with the same word which began it, which is a very usual habit in Irish poems.

A h-aiṫle na laoiḋe sin ṫángadar go faiṫċe caṫraċ na h-Aiṫne, agus do ṫógadar pobal áluinn éagsaṁail iongantaċ ar leaṫ-ṫaoḃ na faiṫċe féar-uaiṫne sin, agus ba ḋeacair an pobal sin d'ḟéaċain an tan sin, óir do sgaoileadar cleasa gráineaṁla ina n-úir-ṫimċioll, agus ní friṫ de ṡluaġ na caṫraċ neaċ do raċaḋ d'iarraiḋ sgéal orra, agus ó nár friṫ, ċuadar do'n ċaṫair agus do ḋúnadar na doirse orra féin.[1]

Iomṫúsa Duinne Dorb-ṫréan mic Ríġ na h-Affraice, is í sin uair agus aimsir ṫáinig sé do ṫaḃairt Danuite,[2] inġin[e] Ríġ Gréag, agus ráinig go dorus an dúna fo'n am sin, agus do iarr osglaḋ go h-úrṁair[n]eaċ.[3] Ṫáinig an doirseóir d'á innsin sin do'n Ríġ, agus ba luaṫġáireaċ luċt an dúna de'n sgéal sin, óir b'é sin aon ḟear ba ṁó teist gaisge san gcuid sin de'n ċruinne ina aimsir féin, agus ba ṁaiṫ leó a ṫeaċt ċuca le linn na n-aoiḋeaḋ sin eile, agus do leigeaḋ asteaċ é agus do sinneaḋ úṁla agus foraḋ dó.[4] Is annsin d'ḟiafraiḋ Duinne Dorb-ṫréan, "Cia h-é an pobal éagsaṁail, do ċonnarc do leaṫ-ṫaoḃ na faiṫċe?" Aduḃradar cáċ naċ raiḃ a ḃeag no a ṁór d'á sgéalaiḃ sin aca féin: leigid an cóṁráḋ sin seaċa.[5] Is annsin d'éirġeadar luċt freasdail agus friṫeola an tiġe, agus do ṫógadar buird ċos-raṁra taoiḃ-leaṫana na caṫraċ, agus d'ḟoluiġeadar iad d'éadaiġiḃ uaisle onóraċa, agus do dáileaḋ deoċa garga gaḃailteaċa orra, nuaḋ biḋ agus sean diġe[6], gur ab subaċ so-ṁeanmnaċ iad, ionnus nár ṁeaṫta meanmna na míleaḋ ná na gcuraḋ fo'n am sin dóiḃ,[7]

Iomṫúsa na deise Ridire do ḃí san bpobal innistear seal eile. Aduḃairt Iollan Ór-armaċ go raċaḋ ar cuairt mar a raiḃ Ríġ Gréag, agus do rug a ḃeart caṫa leis, agus ṫáinig do'n dúnaḋ agus do iarr fosglaḋ, agus do rug an doirseóir an sgéal sin ċum an teaġlaiġ, agus do innis gur b'é an dara fear do ḃí san ṗobal é. Agus aduḃradar a leigean asteaċ, agus nár ċóir diúltaḋ roiṁ aon duine aṁáin ċoiḋċe; agus do leigeaḋ [é] asteaċ do'n

---

[1] The last fourteen words are added from L.

[2] L reads "Dathnuaidhe".

[3] L "go húirmhisneach". H "go hormaisneach".

[4] The last twelve words are added from L.

[5] The last five words are added from H.

[6] The last five words are from H.

After that lay they came to the lawn round the city of Athens, and they raised a beautiful, variegated, wondrous tent on one side of that grass-green lawn, and it was difficult(1) to then behold that tent, for they practised(2) terrific feats of arms round about them; and there was not found a man of the host of the city who would go to ask tidings of them, and since there was not, [the people] went into the city and closed the doors upon themselves.

Now about Buinnè [Bwin-yă] Rough-strong son of the King of Africa: that was the very hour and the time that he came to carry off Danuitè, daughter of the King of Greece. And he reached at that time the door of the *dún* and boldly asked for admittance. The porter came to tell that to the king, and the people of the *dún* were rejoiced at the news, for this was the one man of most fame for valour in that part of the world in his own time; and they were glad of his coming to them at the same time with these other [unknown] guests; and he was let in, and obeissance was paid him and preparations made for his remaining(3). It was then that Buinnè Rough-strong inquired, "What is that handsome tent I beheld on one side of the lawn?" They all answered that they had no tidings of it themselves, either great or small: and they put the conversation by. It was then the attendants and ministers of the house rose up, and they raised the thick-footed broad-sided tables of the *cathair*, and they covered them with noble, honourable cloths, and rough, fermented drinks were presented to them, the new of food and the old of drink, so that they were merry and hearty, so that the courage of the warriors and of the champions at that time was not timid for them.

As for the two knights who were in the tent, that is told another time. Gold-armed Iollan said that he would go pay a visit to where the King of Greece was, and he took with him his habiliments of battle, and came to the fortress and demanded admission(4). And the gatekeeper brought those tidings to the household, and told them that he was the second man who was in the tent. And they said, to let him in, that it was not right to ever refuse a person [who came]

---

[7] H "co nar bhionfh*eadh*ma cuiridh no cathmil*eadh* diobh a nalt na huaire sin".

---

(1) *I.e.* "it would frighten one to behold it." (2) Literally "loosed."

(3) Literally "and there was submissiveness and a resting made for him."

(4) Literally "asked opening."

ċaṫraiġ, agus ṫáinig ar lár na caṫraċ agus folmuiġṫear[1] ionad suiḋe ḋó agus iarras an ríġ air suiḋe is an ionadsin. Aduḃairt Iollan naċ suiḋfeaḋ[2], agus go raiḃ amuiġ sgéal ba ṁó 'ná é féin.

"Sloinn an fear sin dúinn," ar Ríġ Gréag.

"Cod mac Riġ na h-Ioruaiḋe atá ann," ar Iollan, "agus aon uaiṫne gairge an ḃeaṫa is ainm díleas dó."

"Créad ġluaisear do'n ċaṫraiġ seo siḃ?" ar Ríġ Gréag.

"Ar ċeann t' inġine ṫángamar," ar Iollan, "agus is éigin a taḃairt dúinn má olc maiṫ liḃ é."

"Níor ḃ' olc linn sin," ar an ríġ, "muna mbeaḋ fear níos fearr 'ná é aici féin."

"Cia an fear sin?" ar Iollan.

"Buinne Borb-ṫréan mac Ríġ na hAfraice an fear úd," ar an ríġ.

An tan do ċualaiḋ Iollan sin do rinneaḋ roṫnúaill[3] corcra ó ḃonn go baṫar dé, agus ṫug buille de'n tsleiġ do ḃí 'na láiṁ i gclár uċta agus úr-ḃruinne, ar an Ríġ, gur ċuir fad láiṁe laoiċ de ċrann cruaiḋ-raṁar na craoisiġe tre na ḋruim amaċ, agus leigear féin do ċum an dorais é, gan fuiliuġaḋ gan fóirḋeargaḋ do ḋéanaṁ air. Agus do luiġ trom-ṫuirse ar luċt na caṫraċ uime sin, agus annsin aduḃairt Buinne Borb-ṫréan leo, agus is é aduḃairt go raċaḋ do ḋiṫċeannaḋ na ḃfear úd do ḃí san bpobal fo ċéadóir, muna mbeaḋ go mb' ḟearr leis a ndiṫċeannaḋ[4] lá ar n-a ṁáraċ, i ḃfiaḋnaise na nGréag[aċ] 'ná anoċt.

Iomṫúsa Iollain Ór-armaiġ, ráinig go a ṗobal féin gan fuireaċ, agus do ṡuiḋ ina ionad féin. Féaċas Cod ar Iollan Ór-armaċ agus do ċíḋ ruṫaḋ[5] na feirge ina ġnúis agus ina aġaiḋ, agus is eaḋ aduḃairt, "Tuigim go ndearnais éaċt éigin ó ṡoin." "Do rinneas[6] ċeana," ar Iollan. "Máiseaḋ[7] is éaċt uasal," ar Cod. "Má's éaċt uasal an Ríġ, do

---

[1] Thus H. A has "leig*thear*". [2] H has "atá muich [this is a common pronunciation of *amuigh* in "Leath Chuin"] duine is fearr ina mé ar bheagán comhluadair agus ni shuidhfead-sa no go rachad go tti é".

[3] A "ro nuaill". A 25, "ro néall". L "rothnuaill".

[4] H reads "aonach a bhfeóil chasgartha do bheith ag na sluagha ar na mhárach".

[5] H has "ruamna agus ruidheadh". L "ruamanna". A 25 "ruchadh".

single. And he was admitted into the *cathair*, and he came into the midst of it, and a place to sit in was vacated for him, and the king asks him to seat himself in that place. Iollan said that he would not, for that there was outside someone(1) greater than himself.

"Tell us the name of that man," said the King of Greece.

"It is Cod, son of the King of Norway, who is in it," said Iollan, "but the one pillar of the valour of life is his proper name."

"What brings you both to this city?" said the King of Greece.

"For your daughter we have come," said Iollan; "and she must be given to us whether you like or dislike it."

"We would not dislike it," said the king, "if she herself had not a better man than he."

"Who is that?" said Iollan.

"Buinnè Rough-strong, son of the King of Africa, is that man," said the king.

When Iollan heard that he became a purple *rothnuail*(2) from sole to crown, and dealt a blow of the spear that he had in his hand on the broad breast and bosom of the king, so that he drove the length of a hero's hand of the hard, thick shaft of the javelin out through his back, and he launches himself to the door, unreddened by his own blood(3). And, on that, heavy dispiritedness seized the people of the city; but Buinnè Rough-strong spake to them and said that he would go to behead those men that were in the tent at once, if it were not that he proposed to behead them on the morrow in the presence of the Greeks rather than that night(4).

As for Gold-armed Iollan he reached without any delay his own tent, and sat in his own place. Cod looks at him, and he sees the flush of anger in his countenance and visage; and he said: "I understand that you have performed some feat since [you went out]." "Ay, did I," said Iollan. "Why, then, it was a noble feat," said Cod. "If [to slay] the king is a noble feat," said Iollan, "I slew

---

[6] A adds "do b*ea*r an", which seems nonsense. [7] L "adamair (?) is eacht", etc.

---

(1) Literally "a story."

(2) See above, p. 87, note 4.

(3) Literally "without blooding, without reddening, being done on him."

(4) The Trinity College MS. reads, "preferred the hosts to have on the morrow the fair [assemblage] of their flesh-butchery."

ṁarḃar é," ar Iollan. "Beir buaiḋ agus beannaċt," ar Cod, "is óirḋearc an ċéad ġníoṁ sin do rinnis ins an ċaṫraiġ, agus ni ḃfuil d'á imṡníoṁ orrainn aċt naċ i gceart-lár caṫa na nGréagaċ do marḃaḋ leat é—a los caṫa amáraċ."[1]

Is annsin d'éiriġ Breasal Béilḋearg mac Ríġ Gréag agus sé céad curaḋ caṫ-ċalma ar an ḃfaiṫċe amaċ, do ḋíoġailt a aṫar ar an muinntir do ṁarḃ é. Agus do ċíḋ Cod iad ag teaċt agus ṫáinig deallraḋ gléigeal d'éadaiġiḃ na gcuraḋ sin, agus dearcas Cod ar an ḃfaiṫċe, amaċ ar an bpobal, agus do ċíḋ an taiṫníoṁ iongantaċ ṫáinig d'éadaiġiḃ na gcuraḋ, agus ṫáinig i dtoraċ na drongḃuiḋne sin, agus ṫug aon tuargain orra gur ab lia a mairḃ 'ná a mbeó.[2] Aċt tá ní ċeana, ní ḋeaċaiḋ fear innsin sgéal ar ḋíoḃ aċt Breasal Béilḋearg aṁáin, do ċuaiḋ go doras an dúna de ṫoraḋ reaṫa.[3]

A haiṫle na hoibre sin ṫáinig Cod d'á ṗobal, agus do ṡuiḋ ina ionad féin, agus do ḟiafraiḋ Iollan sgéala ḋé, agus aduḃairt Cod, "Ṫárla drong éigin de na Gréagaċaiḃ dam, agus táid 'na gcosar cró ar fead na faiṫċe, agus ní eadar-sa an uaisle no an-uaisle iad." "Is mairg naċ dtugais neaċ beó ḋíoḃ leat," ar Iollan. "Créad é an t-áḋḃar ṫug ort sin do ráḋ?" ar Cod. "Ridire óg árraċtaċ do ċonnarc," ar Iollan, "agus muna mbeaḋ luas[4] do ḟágḃas an ḃruiġean, ar ngoin Ríġ Gréag dam, do íocfainn é uaiḋ[5] an gníoṁ do rinneas."

Do rugadar ar an oiḋċe sin gur éiriġ an ġrian go n-a lán-ṡolas ar n-a ṁáraċ orra. Is annsin do rug Cod ar a ḃeart caṫa, agus ṫáinig amaċ ar an ḃfaiṫċe, agus do ḃuail béim barċrainn ar a sgéiṫ go lonn loisgneaċ, ionnus[6] naċ raiḃ cloċ ná crann de'n ċaṫraiġ naċ raiḃ ar aon ċriṫ ó'n torann-ċleas sin, agus do ċuadar mná agus miondaoine na caṫraċ i dtaisiḃ agus i dtáiṁ-néalaiḃ báis ó'n trom-ṫorann sin. Is annsin aduḃairt Buinne Borb-ṫréan mac Ríġ na h-Afraice, "Níor ḟágḃas," ar sé, "cúl no críoċ, iaṫ, innse, nó oileán[7], ar muir no ar tír, fo ṫri ḟoġal-rannaiḃ na cruinne,[8]

---

[1] The last twenty-one words are added from H. [2] The last forty-eight words are from L. A reads simply "tainig do druim airm agus eidigh". A 25 the same. [3] H has "do toradh a reath agus a roinn luais". [4] L "a luaithe". [5] L reads "d'iocfainn ris é". A 25 and the other omit. H omits all this conversation. [6] H reads "ionnus go ndeachadar almha agus innle cruith agus

him." "Take a victory and a blessing," said Cod, "that first deed that you have done in the city was an illustrious one, and the only thing we regret is that it was not in the midst of the Greeks' battle he was slain by you through fight to-morrow."

It was then uprose Breasal Redmouth, son of the King of Greece, and six hundred battle-valiant heroes on the lawn outside to avenge his father on the people who slew him. And Cod sees them approaching, and there came a bright gleam from the armour of those heroes; and Cod looks out on the lawn from his tent, and beholds the wondrous glistening that came from the heroes' armour, and he came to the front of that band and gave them one smashing so that their dead were more numerous than their living. Howsoever, not a man of them escaped to tell tidings, but Breasal Redmouth alone, who got to the door of the *dún* through the speed(¹) of his running.

After that work Cod came to his tent and sat in his own place; and Iollan asked tidings of him, and Cod said: "I met some band of the Greeks, and they are [left] a slaughtered heap through the lawn, and I know not whether they be noble or ignoble [those I slew]." "It was a pity that you did not bring one of them alive with you," said Iollan. "What reason makes you say that?" said Cod. "A young powerful knight I saw," said Iollan, "and were it not for the speed with which I left the palace after my stabbing the King of Greece, I should have paid at his hands for the deed I did."

They bore away that night until the sun shone upon them with its full light on the morrow. It was then Cod grasped his implements of battle, and came out upon the lawn, and smote a stroke of a hand-stick on his shield fiercely, furiously, so that there was neither a stone nor a tree of the city but was in one quivering from that noise-feat; and the women and minor people of the *cathair* went into weaknesses and trances of death from that great sound. It was then Buinnè Rough-strong, son of the King of Africa, said: "I never left," said he, "corner nor country, territory nor islet nor island, on sea or on land, in the three plunder-divisions of the world but I have visited,

---

ceathra an cheanntair asgéin agus asgaol fa dhiamruibh agus fa dhroibealaib na críche a cceadoir ris an bhfothram sin".

[7] Last four words from L. H has "cearn árd no árceann.

[8] Last eleven words are from H".

(¹) Literally "fruit."

nár ċuartuiġeas, agus ní ċualas ar muir ná ar tír baraṁail do'n ḃéim-sgéiṫe sin, óir atá an ċaṫair uile ar aon-ċriṫ."

Is annsin do ċuir Buinne Borb-ṫréan a earra caṫa uime agus ṫáinig Breasal Béilḋearg agus urṁór na nGreaga[ċ], agus teaġlaċ na caṫraċ amaċ. Is annsin ṫug Cod agus Buinne Borb-ṫréan a n-aiġṫe ṫar a ċéile. Is annsin ṫángadar na Gréagaiġ ar an ḃfaiṫċe amaċ, agus is dó-ḟaisneise an líon ṫángadar ann, óir táid seaċt dteaġlaiġ déag san nGréig, agus oċt dtuaṫa déag in gaċ teaglaċ díoḃ, agus ní raiḃ fear iomċuir crainn gaṫa aca naċ dtáinig go caṫair na h-Aiṫne[1] an lá sin fá ṫársg an ríġ, d'á díoġailt ar an druing do ṁarḃ é. Mar do ċonnairc Iollan bárr daoine ag breiṫ ar Ċod, ṫáinig sé féin fo ṫosaċ na nGréagaċ, agus do riġne[2] buiḋne briste béal-sgaoilte díoḃ, ó'n gcaṫraiġ, agus ní féidir faisnéis no innsin ar ṫuit le h-Iollan i n-alt na huaire sin de ṡluaġ na nGréagaċ. Is annsin ṫug Cod agus Buinne Borb-ṫréan a n-aiġṫe ar a ċéile[3]. Ba ṁaiṫ an t-áḋḃar meisge mílaoiċ[4] ḃeiṫ ag féaċain an ċóṁlainn sin, agus do ḃriseadar a[5] n-airm ar a ċéile, agus níor ḟuiliġ ceaċtar díoḃ ar a ċéile, re feaḃar na hiomdeagla do ronsat, agus do ḃadar mar sin go deireaḋ an ċaoṁ-laoi gan easba meanm[n]a no aigeanta ar ċeaċtar díoḃ, agus do ronsat ċomṡoraḋ cóṁraic re ċéile an oiḋċe sin.

Iar sin téid Cod d'á ṗobal féin, agus do ċuaiḋ Buinne Borb-ṫréan ċum na caṫraċ, agus maiṫe na nGréagaċ mar aon fris. Agus ṫug Cod an tslat ṫug Ríġ Foraoise na n-Iongnaḋ dó, amaċ ar coiḃreaċ[6] a sgéiṫe, agus do ḃí d'á snoiḋe aiṫiġ, agus ṫug d'Iollan í, go ndearna an gcéadna ria,[7] agus níor ċuir cogaḋ no cruaḋ-ċóṁlann d'á ḃfuair siad riaṁ orra a h-aiṫle na huaire sin. Is annsin aduḃairt Cod, "Do ċuaiḋ tusa aréir ar cuairt go caṫair na h-Aiṫne, agus raċaiḋ mise anoċt innti." Do ċuir Cod a earra caṫa uime, agus do ċuaiḋ go dorus an dúna agus d'iarr a osglaḋ. Agus téid an doirseóir do'n dún d'á innsin go raiḃ Cod san dorus, agus ní ċualaiḋ muinntir an dúna no luċt na caṫraċ beagán coiṁiġṫeaċ[8]

---

[1] This word is generally spelt "athaine" in A.

[2] H reads "agus imrios fhíoch agus fheargluinne forra".

[3] The last ten words are from H, but I read "ar a chéile" for the "for oile" of H, to make the language uniform.

[4] L reads "teannta deaghlaoch".

yet I never heard, on sea or on land, the like of that shield-blow, for the whole city is in one quivering."

It was then Buinnè Rough-strong put his battle armour on him, and Breasal Redmouth and a great number of the Greeks and the household of the *cathair* came out. It was then Cod and Buinnè Rough-strong faced one another. And then the Greeks came out upon the lawn, and it is untellable the number who came, for there are seventeen tribes(1) in Greece, and eighteen sub-districts in each tribe of them, and there was not a man of them who bore spear-shaft but came to the city of Athens that day, at the news of the king [being slain] to avenge him on the people who slew him. When Iollan saw excess of numbers bearing down on Cod, he himself came to the forefront of the Greeks, and made broken scattered bands of them from the city; and it is impossible to tell or enumerate all that fell by Iollan of the host of the Greeks in the joint of that hour. It was then Cod and Buinnè Rough-strong faced one another, and it had been a good cause of intoxication to an unwarlike man to be observing that conflict; and they shattered their weapons on one another, and neither of them drew the other's blood, through the excellency of the defence they made, and they were thus till the end of the gentle day, without lack of valour or courage on either of them, and they made a truce from fighting with one another that night.

After that Cod goes to his own tent, and Buinnè Rough-strong returned to the city, and the nobles of the Greeks along with him. And Cod took out the rod that the King of the Forest of Wonders had given him from the hollow of his shield, and he was whittling it for a while, and he gave it to Iollan till he did the same with it, and no war nor hard-conflict of all they ever experienced, afflicted them after that hour. It was then Cod said: "You went to visit the city of Athens last night, and I shall go into it to-night." Cod put his battle armour round him, and he went to the door of the *dún* and demanded admission. And the porter goes to the *dún* to tell them that Cod was at the door; and the people of the *dún* and the men of the city had

---

[5] L reads "gé'r dhiubhraiceadar". [6] H "a gcobhr*ann*". A 25, "gcuibhribh".
[7] The last fifteen words are from H. [8] L reads "beag choinmhe".

---

(1) Literally "households". The ᵹ is sometimes aspirated and sometimes not in the MSS.

riaṁ ba lúġa orra 'ná é[1], agus is í freagra ṫugadar air, nár ċóir cáṫair na h-Aiṫne d'fosglaḋ go héirġe gréine ar na ṁáraċ. Agus mar do ċualaiḋ Cod an freagraḋ sin, ṫug guala fris an gcóṁlaḋ agus do rinne bloḋa beaga buan-réabṫa ḋí, agus fá ṁairg do'n teaġlaċ cuma ṫáinig Cod fá'n ḃfeirg sin, agus ar ndul asteaċ ḋó ṫug aon tuargain cóṁ-ċalma ar ċáċ go coitċeann. Is aṁlaiḋ do ḃí Duinne Dorb-ṫréan fá'n am sin ina ṡeomra codalta, agus ṫáinig fá'n torann-ċlear áḋball-ṁór sin, agus ṫug sé féin agus Cod a n-aiġṫe ar a ċéile, agus do ċuireadar an ċaṫair ar aon ċriṫ. Fá'n am sin do ċuala Iollan Ór-armaċ an mórṫorann sin, agus ṫáinig do'n ċaṫraiġ i gcéadóir. Iar na ḟaicsin ċuca do ṁaiṫiḃ an teaġlaiġ ro ḋruid siad na ċoinne agus 'na ċoṁaircuis agus ro ġuiḋ siad é um ceansaċt éigin do ḋéanaṁ ar Ċod, agus go ndéanfadaois féin an gcéadna ar Ḋuinne Dorb-ṫréan, d'ḟios an ḃfuiġṫiġ uaṫa caradraḋ no compántus do ċeangail re aroile. Do níd aṁlaiḋ, agus beirear Iollan ar Ċod agus beirear uaisle agus árd-ṁaiṫe an dúna ar Ḋuinne Dorb-ṫréan, ionnus gur cuireaḋ ó ċéile iad, agus gur ṫuirnseat a ḃfíoċ agus a ḃfearg-luinne, i gcéadóir, agus gur ġeallsat luċt na caṫraċ fanaṁain ar ḃreiṫ Iollain féin, gibé cúis uma raiḃ an laoċ-ṁíle Cod dóiḃ. Aontuiġear Duinne Dorb-ṫréan agus Cod um ḟuireaċ ar an ḃreiṫeaṁnas sin, agus ceangaltar síṫ agus síoṫċáin eatorra ar gaċ taoḃ ar an gcoingioll ċéadna.[2]

Iomṫusa an teaġlaiġ, do ṫógadar buird agus beinnsiḋe an tiġe, agus do ṡuiḋ Cod agus Iollan Ór-armaċ ar ġualainn a ċéile, agus do ṡuiḋ Duinne Dorb-ṫréan ar an ngualainn eile de Ċod, agus do ṡuiḋ Danuite inġean Ríġ Gréag ar an taoḃ eile de Ḋuinne Dorb-ṫréan, agus do ġaḃadar ag ól 's ag aoiḃneas.

Is annsin do ċuaiḋ Iollan Ór-armaċ i gceann sgéal d'innsin, agus do innis a ṫoirg ó ṫús go deireaḋ .i. gur do léiġeas Ċiaḃáin Ġlún-ġeal mic Ríġ na h-Éanlaiṫe do ṫángadar, agus

---

[1] Thus L. H reads "riamh, réir mo doighilt no é", which is obscure to me.

[2] The last one hundred and twenty words are from H, except that I have written "fanamhain" and "féin" for "fanbhfain" and "ba dhéin."

never heard of a handful of strangers that was more unpleasant to them than he(¹). And the answer they gave was, that it was not law to open the city of Athens until the rising of the sun on the morrow. And when Cod heard that answer, he placed his shoulder to the side of the gate and made small shattered pieces of it; and it was woe to the household the guise in which Cod came in that anger: and on his entering in he gave one valorous overthrow(²) to every one in common. And this is how Buinnè Rough-strong was at that time, namely, in his sleeping-couch, but he came at that terrific-great noise-feat, and he and Cod faced one another, and they set the city in one quivering. At that time Gold-armed Iollan heard that great noise, and came at once to the city. And when the chiefs of the household saw him coming, they approached and accosted him, and they prayed him to quiet Cod in some sort, and that they would do the same by Buinnè Rough-strong, to try could they make them join [in] friendship and amity with one another. They do this; and Iollan takes hold of Cod, and the nobles and high chiefs of the *dún* take hold of Buinnè Rough-strong, so that they were separated from one another, so that their anger and furious rage abated thereupon, in such wise that the people of the city promised to abide by the judgment of Iollan himself, [in settlement] of whatever cause [for wrath] the battle-hero Cod had against them(³). Buinnè Rough-strong and Cod consented to abide by that judgment; and peace and quiet are brought about(⁴) between them on each side, on those same conditions.

As for the household, they raised the tables and the benches of the house; and Cod and Gold-armed Iollan sat, one beside the other, and Buinnè Rough-strong sat at the other side(⁵) of Cod, and Danuitè, daughter of the king of Greece, at the other side of Buinnè Rough-strong, and they commenced to drink and be merry.

It was then Gold-armed Iollan proceeded to tell [their] tidings, and told their errand from first to last, how it was to heal Ciabhán White-knee, son of the King of Éanlaithe, they were come, and to

---

(¹) Literally "who was less on them than he." I have heard this idiom used, even at the present day, in the county Galway. (²) Literally "smashing," "pounding." (³) A curious idiom. I think the above is the correct translation of it. (⁴) Literally "joined." (⁵) Literally "shoulder."

do ḃreiṫ Danuite, inġean Ríġ Gréag, leó, óir is í do ċuir na geasa sin fair, roiṁe sin. Do ġaḃ Iollan ráḋa éarsa[1] agus gréine orra fá ḟanṁuin mar aḋéaraḋ sé féin, agus ṫugadarsan sin dó go neaṁ-ḟallsa. Agus is í breiṫ[2] do ṫug Iollan: “Inġean Ríġ Gréag agus Buinne Borb-ṫréan dul re Cod go Loċ na n-Longnaḋ agus Buinne Borb-ṫréan ḃeiṫ 'na óglaċ ag Cod ó ṡin suas, agus iad do ḋul i n-éinḟeaċt go Foraois na h-Longnaḋ i ḃFortuaṫaiḃ Ifrinn, do leiġeas Ċiabáin Ġlúinġil,” agus aduḃairt các go coitċeann gur ċóir an triall sin do ḋéanaṁ, agus gur ṁaiṫ an ḃreiṫ do ṫug Iollan.

Agus ar n-a ṁáraċ do goireaḋ Ríġ Gréag do Ḃuinne Borb-ṫréan[3], agus do ġaḃ re Cod mar ṫiġearna. Is annsin do sgaradar d'a n-ól[4], agus do ċuadar d'a n-iomḋaiḋiḃ. Agus ro éirġeadar ar na ṁáraċ, agus do ṫrialladar na maṫa sin, .i. Cod, Iollan Ór-armaċ, Buinne Borb-ṫréan, agus Danuite inġean Ríġ Gréag, agus ní h-aiṫristear sgéalaiḋeaċt orra no go rángadar Loċ na n-Longnaḋ, agus do ċuaiḋ Ríġ Foraoise na n-Longnad leó an oiḋċe sin, agus ṫug Grian Gnúis-ḟolais fleaḋ uasal onóraċ dóiḃ, agus cuireaḋ Ciabán Glúinġeal 'na ríoċt féin ar na ṁáraċ, agus do ġaḃ sé re Cod mar ṫiġearna. Sgaraid re céile annsin agus filleas Buinne Borb-ṫréan agus Danuite do'n Ġréig. Iar gceileaḃraḋ ḋóiḃ-sean téid Ciabán agus Grian Gnúis-ḟolais d'á n-aṫarḋa féin.

Iomṫúsa Cuid, gluaiseas roiṁe go[5] h-uaiṁ na n-Longnaḋ, agus níor ċian dó an tan do ċualaiḋ greasaċt na mbolg d'á luaiṫ-ḟéideaḋ, agus fuaim na n-órd d'a luaṫ-ḃualaḋ, agus do ċuaiḋ Cod ċum na ceardċan gan fuireaċ, agus do ċuaiḋ isteaċ innti, agus ṫárla dá ḟear ḋéag dó innti, de ġaiḃniḃ croicneach[a][5] ciarduḃa, agus d'ḟearadar fáilte fria Cod go fríoċnaṁaċ 'na ainm agus 'na ṡloinneaḋ, agus d'ḟiafraiḋ Cod sgéala ḋíoḃ. Do laḃair fear aca, “A ṁic Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, i ḃFortuaṫaiḃ Ifrinn atá tu anois, agus Suarṁaol is ainm do'n ġaḃa dár ceardċa í seó. Agus an ċéad uair ṫáinig tusa annso do ṫionnsgain sé an cloiḋeaṁ

---

[1] A reads “éisge”.

[2] A reads “breath”.

[3] H says that Breasal Béildearg was made king.

[4] Thus I edit “dá ndul” of A; the others omit.

bring Danuitè, daughter of the king of Greece, with them, for it was she who had imposed those *geasa* upon Ciabhán before that. Then Iollan made them swear by moon and sun, to abide by what he should say, and they gave him that promise promptly. And the award Iollan gave was, "that the daughter of the King of Greece and Buinnè Rough-strong should go with Cod to the Lake of Wonders, and that Buinnè Rough-strong should be Cod's man from that out, and that they should go together to the Forest of Wonders in the Outskirts of Hell, to heal Ciabhán White-knee," and all in general said that it were right to make that journey, and that good was the award that Iollan had given.

And on the morrow Buinnè Rough-strong was appointed(1) King of Greece, and he accepted Cod as over-lord. It was then they ceased drinking, and went to their couches. And those chiefs arose in the morning and departed, namely, Cod, Gold-armed Iollan, Buinnè Rough-strong, and Danuitè, daughter of the King of Greece, and no tidings are told of them until they reached the Lake of Wonders; and the King of the Forest of Wonders went with them that night, and Bright-faced Sun gave them a noble, honourable banquet, and Ciabhán White-knee was restored to his own shape on the morrow, and accepted Cod as over-lord. They part from one another then, and Buinnè Rough-strong and Danuitè return to Greece. After bidding them farewell, Ciabhán and Bright-faced Sun depart to their own patrimony.

As for Cod, he proceeds to the Cave of Wonders; and it was not long until he heard the puffing[?] of the bellows quick-blowing, and the noise of the sledge-hammers quick-striking, and Cod went to the forge without delay, and entered into it; and twelve men, skinny, dark-black smiths, met him, and bade Cod welcome heartily in his name and surname. And Cod asked tidings of them; and a man of them spake, "Son of the King of Norway, in the Outskirts of Hell you are now, and Suasmhaol is the name of the smith whose forge this is. And the first time you came here he began to make this

---

[5] The last twenty-eight words are from H. [6] Thus I edit the "croichneach" of A. L has "criochnacha". A 25 "ciorcl*ach*a". H omits.

---

(1) Literally "called." According to H, Breasal Red-mouth was made king.

do ḋéanaṁ duit, agus tá sé ullaṁ anois." Is annsin ṫug Suasṁaol an cloiḋeaṁ i láiṁ Ċuid, agus aduḃairt naċ ndeárnaḋ idir ord agus inneóin a ċoṁ-maiṫ sin do ċloiḋeaṁ riaṁ roiṁe sin; agus duḃradar go ḃfuaradar mórán d'á sgéalaiḃ roiṁe sin, "agus is uime sin do rinneamar an cloiḋeaṁ sin duit, agus ṫugamar aṫarraċ anma ort .i. Gruagaċ na Ciorgala[1]." Agus do lean an forainm sin do Ċod ó ṡin suas.

Gluaisear Cod leis, ar a h-aiṫle, agus ní ḋearnaiḋ cóṁnaiḋe go ráinig go Cáṫair na ḃeṫuine i gcríoċaiḃ na Sorċa an oiḋċe sin, agus foillsiġear dí mar d'éiriġ ḋó, agus do ḃí cáċ ag innsin sgéala a n-eaċtra agus a n-imṫeaċta féin d'á ċéile.

Níor ċian dóiḃ mar sin, an tan do ċualadar óglaċ [ag] doras an dúna, agus is é óglaċ do ḃí ann .i. an Curaire Camċoraċ, agus do leigeaḋ asteaċ é, agus ba ṁór-lúṫġáireaċ iad roiṁe, agus do feastalaḋ agus do frioṫólaḋ go huasal onóraċ é. Agus a h-aiṫle sin d'ḟiafruiġ Cod sgéala ḋé: "Tá sgéala maiṫe agam re n-innsin duit," ar an Curaire Camċoraċ; "do ġaḃadar do ḃráiṫre an treas rann de'n doṁan .i. rann na hAsia Móire go Caṫair an tSroṫa Ḋeirg. Agus is aṁlaiḋ tá an ċaṫair sin, tá trí príoṁ-ṡroṫa na timċeall, agus táid tre ḋoiġir ḋonn-ruaiḋ ḋearg-lassaiġ, agus ní láṁṫar a taoḃaḋ[2] re ró-ṁéad a dteasa agus a dteandála, agus giḋbé ṫeagḃas innti aon oiḋċe aṁáin, ní ḃiaiḋ 'na ṡláinte ó ṡin amaċ, ó ṁéad an deallruiġṫe agus an teasa[3]. Agus ní'l d'ḟearaiḃ innti aċt aon ċéad aṁáin[4], agus tá trí ṁíle de ṁnáiḃ[5] innti, agus is bean is bainríoġan orra .i. Eiteall inġean Ríġ na h-Asia Móire, agus is aca ṁeaḃruiġṫear for-ṁór gairge an ḃeaṫa. Agus níor ṁaiṫ re do ḃráiṫriḃ-se filleaḋ ó'n gcaṫraiġ sin gan úṁluġaḋ do ḃaint dí, agus is aṁlaiḋ do ċuaiḋ sin díoḃ,[6] agus táid ceangailte cruaḋ-ċuiḃriġṫe innti, agus ba ṁaiṫ gaċ olc d'á ḃfuaradar riaṁ ag féaċain uile na caṫraċ sin[7]. Agus ṫángas-sa ar an eaċtra sin ar feaḋ na beaṫa do ḃur n-iarraiḋ-se, d'á innsin

---

[1] H "ha hiorg*uile*". A 25 "na Cíorgaile". L "na Cíorainne". [2] H reads "a taghall". [3] L adds "do bheidhdís a-nairm ina ndoirnib mion brúighte,

sword for you, and it is ready now." Then Suasmhaol gave the sword into Cod's hand, and said that there was never made between hammer and anvil so good a sword before. And they said that they had heard many stories about him before that, "and that was why we made you this sword, and we have given you another name, the Wizard of the Battle-feats"; and that nickname remained with Cod ever after.

Thereafter, Cod goes on his way, and he made no stop until he reached the *cathair* of Bethuinè, in the lands of Sorcha, that night, and he makes known to her how he had succeeded, and each was telling the other the tales of their adventures and of their wanderings.

They were not long in this manner, until they heard a youth at the door of the *dún*, and the youth that was there was the Curairè Crookfoot, and he was let in, and very-joyous were they at his coming, and he was entertained and attended-to, nobly and honourably. And after that Cod asked him for news. "I have good news to tell you," said the Curairè Crookfoot; "your brethren have taken the third division of the world, namely, the division of Greater Asia, up to the City of the Red Stream. And this is how that city is: there are three chief streams round about it, and they are in a brown-red, crimson-lit flame, and for the excess of their heat and fires, none venture to approach them, for whoever chances on them, for only a single night, will never have his health from that out, from all the flaming and the heat. And there are no men in it, except a hundred only, but there are three thousand women in it, and a woman is queen over them, namely, Eiteall [Ett-yăl], daughter of the King of Greater Asia, and it is by them that a great portion of the valour of life is remembered. And your brothers did not like to return from that city without reducing it to subjection; howsoever, that failed them, and they are bound and tightly fettered in it, and every evil they ever met was good in comparison with the ills of that city. And I came through the world on these adventures to seek for you

---

agus a n-earradh agus a n-eadach na smól agus na luaith". [4] Thus H and L, but A has "aon laoch mhâin". [5] Thus H. A and L read "bean". [6] H has "is am. do ch. sin dóibh, go bhfuil", etc. [7] A 25 has "ag féachain mar atâid anois".

sin duit-se, agus is mór eagla ḋuit féin rómpa súd," ar an Curaire Camċosaċ.

Aċt tá ní ċeana, ṫugadar ar an oiḋċe sin go maidin ar na ṁáraċ, gur ṡoillsiġ lá go n-a lán-ṡoillse. Éirġeas Cod annsin, agus cuireas an file ar ċeann Ḃuinne Ḃorb-ṫréan do'n Ġréig, agus do ṫug an Curaire Camċosaċ sgéala ḋó, agus ṫáinig ar sin d'Almáin, agus ṫug Iollan Ór-armaċ leis, agus ṫáinig ar sin go Ciaḃán Glúingeal mac Ríġ ar h-Éanlaiṫe agus ṫug leis é, agus ní h-aiṫristear sgéalaiḋeaċt orra no go rángadar Caṫair na Beṫuine i gcríoċaiḃ na Sorċa i n-éinḟeaċt. Ṫoirḃreadar teóra póg d'á ċéile annsin, ionnus go mba[1] ṡubaċ só-ṁeanmnaċ iad, agus do ḃadar ann sin an oiḋċe sin.

[IMṪEAĊT ĊUID GO CAṪAIR AN TSROṪA ḊEIRG.]

Agus lá ar na ṁáraċ ṫugadar láṁ ar imṫeaċt, agus is í long rugadar leó .i. long Ḃuinne Ḃorb-ṫréan, agus d'ḟuiġill na hairce féin í, agus is ins an Airc do ḃí Naoi feaḋ ḃí an díle d'á cur, agus tar éis na díleann do fágaḋ 'san Aifric 'na crannġaill[2] í, agus ṫáinig sí i n-oiġreaċt a ṡean agus a ṡinnsear ċum Ḃuinne Ḃorb-ṫréan, agus do rinne Ríġ na h-Afraice long luċtṁar lán-aiḋḃreaċ de'n ċrannġaill sin, agus atá teóra buaḋ aice .i. buaiḋ gaoiṫe, buaiḋ eólais, agus buaiḋ aisdis[4], agus do ċuadar an ḃuiḋean curaḋ sin innti .i. Cod mac Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, Buinne Borb-ṫréan mac Ríġ na hAfraice, Iollan Ór-armaċ mac Ríġ na hAlmáinne, agus Ciaḃán Glúingeal mac Ríġ na h-Éanlaiṫe, agus an Curaire Camċosaċ. [Is ann] sin ṫugadar tosaċ do ṁuir agus deireaḋ do ṫír, agus do ḃadar ag taisdeal na dtonn dtiuġ-ruaḋ [sin] na fairrge fíor-ḋoiṁne cúḃar-ḃáine, agus seal eile ag déanaṁ fíor-eólais na fairrge, agus seal eile ag ceangal a gcáirdeas re ċéile[3], go rángadar Críoċa na h-Ioruaiḋe; agus do ċuadar go Cáṫair na gCeann .i. dún Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, agus d'éirġeadar luċt na caṫraċ sin 'na

---

[1] A often reads "gur ba" for "go mba" as here.

[2] A reads "cranngbill" and "crannail".

and tell you; and great is the fear, even for you yourself, from them," said the Curairè Crookfoot.

Howsoever, they bore away that night until the morning of the morrow—until the day shone with its full light. Cod rises then, and he despatches the poet [the Curairè] to Greece for Buinnè Rough-strong, and the Curairè Crookfoot gave him tidings [of Cod's brothers], and out of that he passed into Almain, and brought Gold-armed Iollan with him, and he came from thence to Ciabhán White-knee, son of the King of Éanlaithe, and took him with him; and no tidings are told of them until they reached the *cathair* of Bethuinè, in the lands of Sorcha, all together. There they bestowed three kisses on each other, so that they were merry and hearty, and they passed the night there.

[COD GOES TO THE CITY OF THE RED STREAM.]

And, on the morrow, they took in hand their departure, and the ship which they took with them was the ship of Buinnè Rough-strong, and it is of the remnant of the ark itself; and it was in the ark that Noah was, whilst the flood was in progress, and after the flood it was left in Africa a heap-of-wood [?], and it passed in the inheritance of his elders and ancestors to Buinnè Rough-strong: and the King of Africa made a laden full-fair bark of that wood-heap, and it has three virtues, virtue of wind, virtue of knowledge, and virtue of journey; and that band of heroes entered it, namely, Cod, son of the King of Norway, Buinnè Rough-strong, son of the King of Africa, Gold-armed Iollan, son of the King of Almain, and Ciabhán White-knee, son of the King of Éanlaithe, and the Curairè Crookfoot. It was then they gave its prow to sea and its stern to shore, and they were voyaging those thick-red waves of the very-deep, white-foamed sea, and at another time taking the accurate bearings of the sea, and at another time cementing their friendships with one another, until they reached the lands of Norway. And they went to the City of the Heads, the *dún* of the King of Norway, and the people of that city rose up before them, and the

---

[3] A 25 adds "agus buadh nach bhféadann muir a bathadh no re gaoith a hingreim".

[4] The last nine words are from L.

gcoinne, agus an Ríġ féin, agus do ġaḃadar d'a bpógaḋ go díl agus go diacraċ, agus ṫugadar a n-aimsir i dtír i ḃfoċair an Ríġ ag muirn agus ag macnas, ag ól agus ag aoiḃneas. Agus ar gcaiṫeaṁ na h-aimsire sin dóiḃ do ġaḃadar láṁ ar[1] imṫeaċt, agus níor leigeadar de ṡlóiġtiḃ no de ṡocaiḋiḃ leó aċt iad féin aṁáin .i. an ceaṫrar aduḃramar, agus an Curaire Camċosaċ, agus do ċuadar d'á luing, agus ba ḃrónaċ draoiṫe agus deaġ-ḋaoine ealaḋna agus mion-daoine na críċe i ndiaiḋ na gcuraḋ sin, agus do ráiḋ an Curaire Camċosaċ an laoiḋ :—

"Ceaṫrar ṫángadar a n-oir
O innsiḃ iarṫair[2] an doṁain
Níor ṫairbeal talaṁ no tonn
Ceaṫrar ba ċróḃa i gcómlann.

"Tá ar tús an ceaṫrar caoiṁ
Giolla óg i n-earaidh finn-ġill,
Cod mac Iorruaiḋ na n-arm ṡean,
Áḋḃar áirdríġ an doṁain.

"Buinne borb-ṫréan mairg fá mbeanfaḋ[3]
An dara fear de'n ċeaṫrar
Sgiaṫ go ndoirriḃ óir na h-aice[4]
Deaġ-ṁac Ríġ na hAfraice.

"Iollan Ór-armaċ na dtreas[5]
An trear curaḋ fá ċoiṁḋeas;
Fear beirṫe[6] buaiḋ' gaċa báire
Oiġre Ríġ na hAlmáinne.

"Fear follṁuiġṫe[7] gaċ faiṫċe
Deaġ-ṁac Ríġ na hÉanlaiṫe,
Dar ba hainm Ciaḃán Glúinġeal
An ceaṫraṁaḋ[8] fear de'n ċeaṫrar."

A haiṫle na laoiḋe sin do ċonncadar cáṫair ċeann-árd iostaṁail eoċair-ḃláiṫ iongantaċ, agus dúnta deaġ-ġeala uaṫa, agus d'ḟiafraiġ Cod de'n Ċuraire Camċosaċ ar[9]

---

[1] A reads "tar imtheacht". [2] H omits this lay. L and A 25 read "díon iarthair". There is a syllable too much in this line, the *an* before *domhain* is probably a late accretion. [3] L reads "mar so" (or "fo) a *m*beanann". L 27 "mairg fo a mbean". The line is utterly corrupt. [4] Thus A 25. A reads "Sgiath go hiorsaibh". L "Sgaith irse óir na hairce". L 27 "Sgiath irse óir na haice". [5] L "na gcleas". [6] L "bearrtha": the word spoils the scansion; the line may have been originally "fear buaidhe gacha báire". [7] L "le bhfollamuigthear gach baire".

King himself, and they fell to kissing them lovingly and fondly. And they passed their time on land with the King in cheerfulness and sport, drinking and making merry. And after spending that time, they took in hand their departure, and they allowed no hosts nor bands with them but themselves alone, the four whom we have named, and the Curairè Crookfoot, and they proceeded to their ship: and sorrowful were druids, and good men of science, and the minor people of the land, after those heroes; and the Curairè Crookfoot spake the lay:—

"Four men sailing, from the West,
From the sea-isles the furthest.
Ne'er were seen on land or sea
Four other men so mighty.(¹)

"There are first the gentle four,
The young lad in white-bright armour,
Cod, son of Ioruaidh, of the tried(²) weapons,
The makings of a High-king of the World.

"Buinnè Rough-strong, alas for whom he touches!
The second man of the four.
A shield with golden doors(³) beside him,
The good son of the King of Africa.

"Gold-armed Iollan of the conflicts,
Is the third hero, who was equally-fine,
A man who carries off the victory of every goal,
The heir of the King of Almain.

"A man who empties every lawn,
The good son of the King of Éanlaithe,
Whose name is Ciabhán White-knee,
The fourth man of the four."

After that lay, they beheld a high-headed, inhabited [?], flower-bordered, wondrous city, and fine white mansions at a distance from them. And Cod asked the Curairè Crookfoot did he know that fair-

---

[8] A reads "ceathradh", which makes the line scan. It was originally written, I think, without the *an* before it. [9] Thus H. A has "nar".

(¹) Literally: "Four have come East from the isles of the West of the world. There never voyaged land or wave, a four who were more valiant in combat." "Anoir" literally means "from the east", but this appears to make nonsense.—Metre, *Deibhidh*. (²) Literally "old". (³) There is, evidently, some corruption here.

ḃ'aiṫne ḋó an ċríoċ ċaoṁ-áluinn sin. "Atá aiṫne agam uirri," ar an Curaire Camċosaċ: "Tír na ḃFear ḃFionn an tír úd, agus Cáṫair na dTri gCeann[1] ainm na caṫraċ úd," ar sé, "agus is innti atá do ċliaḃain-se .i. Ríġ na ḃFear ḃFionn, agus, ó ṫárla ḋúinn iad, is cóir cuairt agus céiliḋe ḋéanaṁ aige." Agus do ċuireadar a long i dtír, i gcuan na caṫraċ, agus do ċuadar ar an bfaiṫċe i gcéadóir, agus ṫugadar cách do[2] ḃaraṁail gur b' iad féin do ḃí ann, óir ní raiḃ beagán buiḋne isin doṁan ba óirḋeirce no iad, agus do ḟáiltiġ Ríġ na ḃFear ḃFionn rompa, agus do ḟanadar trí lá agus teóra oiḋċe i bfoċair an Ríġ, agus ba ċonailḃeaċ[3] cáirdeaṁail cóṁairle an Ríġ ḋóiḃ, agus do innis an Curaire Camċosaċ do Ríġ na ḃFear ḃFionn mar do ḃi Clann Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe i gcaṫraiġ an tSpoṫa Ḋeirg i láiṁ, ceangailte cruaḋ-ċuiḃriġṫe, agus do innis ḋó diaḃlaiġeaċt agus draoiḋeaċt na caṫraċ sin, agus a raiḃ de ḋeacraiġeaċt innti, agus gurab d'ḟios an ḃféadfaḋ na curaiḋ calma céadfa[ḋa]ċa sin furtaċt no fóiriġin do ṫaḃairt ḋóiḃ, ṫángadar de'n toisg sin ar an Ioruaiḋ agus ar na h-áiteacaiḃ imċiana a raḃadar.[4]

Aduḃairt Ríġ na ḃFear ḃFionn: "Do ḃéarfaḋ-sa congnaṁ ḋaoiḃ do ġaḃáil na caṫraċ sin," ar sé, ".i. brat iongantaċ iol-ḃuaiḋeaċ atá agam-sa," ar sé, "agus is cuid d'á ḃuaiḋiḃ naċ féidir draoiḋeaċt na diaḃlaiġeaċt d'imirt, ar an té fá 'mbiaiḋ. Tá iolraḋ gaċa daṫa ann, agus atá buaiḋ ar leiṫ ar gaċ daṫ ḋíoḃ agus beiriḋ sé neaċ leis le toil a ṁeanma agus a aigeanta féin,[5] in gaċ ionad i n-ar mian leis féin," agus ṫug an Ríġ an brat sin do Ḃuinne Borb-ṫréan. "Ní ḋaṁ-sa is cóir an brat," ar Buinne Borb-ṫréan, "aċt do'n Ċuraire Camċosaċ." Do ċuir an Curaire Camċosaċ an brat uime. Is annsin d'ḟiafruiġ an Curaire Camċosaċ de'n Ríġ cionnus fuair sé an brat.

"Inneósad sin duit," ar an Ríġ. "Lá éigin d'á raiḃ mise ar ḟaiṫċe na caṫraċ so agus ṫugas súil 'mo ṫimċeall ar na ceiṫre h-árdaiḃ, agus is eaḋ do ċonnarcas long luċtṁar

---

[1] Thus H. A has "na diorchonn". A 25 has "C. an droighin". L omits.
[2] L omits "do".
[3] L has "ba chonnill". A 25 "coinghioltach".

fine land. "I know it," said the Curairè Crookfoot, "that land is the Land of the White Men, and the City of the Three Heads is the name of that city," said he; "and it is in it your cousin is, the King of the White Men; and since we have chanced upon them it were well to pay them a visit and a call." And they thrust their ship in to land, into the harbour of the city, and went up at once upon the lawn [of the palace]; and everyone surmised that it was they who were in it, for there was no small band of men in the world more illustrious than they. And the King of the White Men bade them welcome, and they remained three days and three nights along with the King; and loving and friendly was the King's advice to them. And the Curairè Crookfoot told the King of the White Men, how the sons of the king of Norway were in this city of the Red Stream, prisoners, bound, and tightly manacled; and he told him of the devilishness and enchantment of that city, and all the difficulty of it; and how it was to try if those valiant accomplished champions could bring them help or succour, they had come on that occasion out of Norway and the [other] far-away places in which they were.

The King of the White Men said, "I shall give you help to take that city," said he, "namely, a wondrous many-virtued mantle that I have," said he, "and part of its virtue is, that it is impossible to work enchantment or demonry against him who shall have it on him. There is in it a variety of every colour, and there is a particular virtue in each colour of them, and it brings a person with it, according to the will of his own mind and inclination, to whatsoever place he himself desires," and the King gave that mantle to Buinnè Rough-strong. "It is not to me it is right [to give] the mantle," said Buinnè Rough-strong, "but to the Curairè Crookfoot." Then the Curairè Crookfoot put the mantle around him, and he asked the King how did he come by the mantle.

"I shall tell you that," said the King: "Of a certain day that I was on the lawn of the city, and cast an eye round me to the four

---

[4] The last thirty words are from H, only I have edited "curaidh" for "cuiridhe" and "de'n" for "don".

[5] L adds "abhrithibh na bhfirmameint agus aneithibh na gaoithe".

lán-aiḋḃreaċ ag leagaḋ a seól síor mar ċomarṫa sioṫċána, agus ṫáinig sí i gcuan na caṫraċ so, agus do ċuaiḋ mise d'á hionnsaiḋe aṁail mar ba ġnáṫ liom de ġréas, go ndeaċas asteaċ innti gan fuireaċ, agus ní ḃfuaireas neaċ beó no marḃ innti aċt aṁáin go ḃfuaireas cruit ċeóil-ḃinn ċaoin-téadaċ ag seinm uaiṫe féin, agus eóin áilne d'éin-ċineál ag cóiṁ-linge ciúil[1] na huasal-ċruite sin. Agus do ċuartuiġeas an long go dtárla orm iomḋaiġ ar n-a folaċ de ṡról lán-ṁaiseaċ, agus ṫáinig ró-ṁian suain agus síor-ċodalta orm an tan sin, agus tuitim 'mo ṫoirċim suain agus síor-ċodalta, agus iar músglaḋ ḋam, is aṁlaiḋ fuaireas an long, ceangailte do ṫor coṁ-reaṁar caisleáin, ar lár na fairrge fíor-ḋoiṁne, gan innis gan ráṫ gan oileán i gcoṁfogar dam. Éiriġim mo ṡeasaṁ annsin. Agus do ċonncas doras an tuir ar m' aġaiḋ forsgailte, agus do ċuaḋas asteaċ i gcéadóir, agus rángas bárr an tuir, agus ṫárla orm annsin inġean ċroṫaċ iol-ḃuaiḋeaċ ċaoṁ-áluinn, agus calla d'ór áluinn fó ċloċaiḃ iol-ḃuaiḋeaċa fo n-a ceann, agus na buaḋ-ċloċa sin ar na gceangal d'or-nasg fíor-áluinn agus brat de'n tsról soine-aṁail uimpi. Agus an tan do ċonnairc an inġean sin mise do éiriġ 'na colaṁain coṁ-ḋíreaċ ina ceart-ṡeasaṁ, agus ag éirġe ḋi do rug mise ar an mbrat d'á fasdoġ. Fágḃas an brat agam-sa agus imṫiġeas féin uaim.[2] Do ṫuigeas annsin go raiḃ buaḋa iomḋa aige, agus do iarras air mo ḃreiṫ dom' ċaṫraiġ,[3] agus do ṫóg[4] an brat iongantaċ iol-ḃuaiḋeaċ sin mise leis i ḃfriṫiḃ na firmaminte, no go rángas an ċaṫair seo; agus dá dteagṁóċaḋ beiṫiḋiġ éigcéilliḋe an doṁain dam, agus an brat sin umam, ní ḋéanfadaois olc no urċóid dam, agus ní loisgeann teine agus ní ḃáṫann uisge agus ní ṫoirmisg[eann] arm an tí fa mbiaiḋ an brat sin uime de ġréas, agus ag sin agat imṫeaċta an ḃrait iol-ḃuaiḋiġ sin." Aċt ċeana fá ḃuiḋeaċ Cod de'n taḃartas[5].

Ar n-a ṁáraċ do ġluaiseadar [ag] imṫeaċt, agus ní mo tuirse [mic] Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe inḋiaiḋ na ḃfear sin na tuirse Ríġ Ṫíre na ḃFear ḃFionn an lá sin, agus fágaiḋ

---

[1] Thus L. A has "a gcumadh agus cuibhling tiagar". H "ag coraireacht agus ag comhfhoghramh léithe".

[2] The last ten words are from H, which also adds "ba maith an maisi disi sin".

airts (¹), 'twas what I beheld, a laden full-fair bark lowering its sail as a sign of peace, and it came into the harbour of this city; and I went over as far as it, as was always my custom, until I went into it without delay. And I found no one in it, alive or dead; but I found a harp of sweet music and gentle strings, playing of itself, and beautiful birds of one kind accompanying the music of that noble harp. And I searched the ship until I met with a couch covered with full-fair satin; and a great desire to drowse and sleep came over me then, and I fell in a numbness of slumber and deep sleep. And after I awoke, this is how I found the ship—bound to the thick tower of a castle in the midst of the very deep sea, without islet, or rath, or island near me. I rise then, and stand up. And I saw the door of the tower open over against me, and I immediately went into it, and I reached the top of the tower, and came there upon a shapely, attractive, gentle-fair girl, and a hood of fine gold with various precious stones about her head, and those precious stones bound with a very handsome gold tying, and a mantle of beautiful satin round her. And when that maiden beheld me, she rose up straight, standing as a column; and as she rose I grasped the mantle to arrest her. She leaves the mantle with me, and departs herself. I understood then, that the mantle had many virtues, and I asked it to bring me to my own city: and that wonderful many-virtued mantle took me with it through the expanse [?] of the firmament, until I reached this city. And, if all the furious (²) beasts of the world were to meet me, and that mantle round me, they would do me neither hurt nor harm; and fire does not burn, and water does not drown, and weapon does not stop him around whom this mantle shall always be;—and there is for you the adventure of that many-virtued mantle." And, indeed, Cod was thankful for that present.

On the morrow, they proceeded to depart, and not greater was the heaviness of the son of the King of Norway after those men, than the heaviness of the King of the Land of the White Men on

---

[3] H reads "mfagbail san ionad a ttuigeórainn féin mo bhreith".

[4] A 25 reads "thogaibh".

[5] The last seven words are from L.

(¹) *I.e.* "quarters of the compass".

(²) Literally "senseless".

iomarca beaṫaḋ agus sláinte ag an riġ, agus gluaisid rompa,[1] agus ní h-aiṫristear sgéalaiḋeaċt orra no go rángadar Caṫair an tSroṫa Ḋeirg. Agus do ṫógadar pobal áluinn éagsaṁail iongantaċ leó os cóṁair an loċa lán-ḋeirg sin, agus ba ġráineaṁail inneall a n-arm, óir ba ḟaṁailte le bruiġin forgailte [a] lasaṁlaċt os a gceann, agus ní ḟéadfaḋ duine ar biṫ a ḃféaċain re gráineaṁlaċt [a] n-inneall [agus] a n-arm, agus iomad a dtorann-ċleas. Is annsin do ṫángadar os múraiḃ na caṫraċ amaċ, agus is aṁlaiḋ ṫáinig Eiteall [an ḃanḟlaiṫ] amaċ agus léine áluinn uimpi, agus mionn cúṁduiġte go n-ór-ġeamaiḃ[2] corcra fá n-a ceann, agus folt fada fos-órḋa f[e]amuineaċ[3] fionnbuiḋe for a geal-ġualainn, agus dá ḟleaġ teintiḋe teineaḋ ina láiṁ, agus do ṫeilgeaḋ i n-áirde iad, agus do ġaḃaḋ ina láiṁ arís iad, ag roċtain ċum na talṁan dóiḃ.[4] Do ḃí drong eile de na mnáiḃ sin agus slaḃraḋ iarainn go fo-ḋealgaiḃ niṁe orra i n-a láṁaiḃ leó, agus drong díoḃ ag clesaiḋeaċt leó go héagsaṁail.

Is annsin d'iarr an Curaire Camċosaċ ar ḃuaiḋ an ḃrait a ḃreiṫ go Caṫair an tSroṫa Ḋeirg, agus éirġeas uaṫa i gcóiṁdeaċt na glan-ġaoiṫe géar-luaiṫe, gur gaḃ leaṫad a dá ḃonn d'urlár an oiléin sin. Agus do ḟearadar na mná fáilte go fríoċnaṁaċ roiṁe, óir do ḃí aiṫne aca fair, agus iar ḃfaicsin an ṗobail do na mnáiḃ do ġaḃ eagla ṁór iad. Is annsin d'ḟiafruiġ na mná de'n Ċuraire Camċosaċ, "Cia h-iad luċt an ṗobail ġráineaṁail úd?"

Do ráiḋ an Curaire Camċosaċ: "Cod mac Ríġ na hIoruaiḋe, Iollan Ór-armaċ mac Ríġ na hAlmáinne, Buinne Borb-ṫréan mac Ríġ na hAffraice, agus Ciaḃán Glúinġeal mac Ríġ na hÉanlaiṫe, an ceaṫrar atá san bpobal úd, agus níor ċuir an talaṁ tromḟóideaċ ar a muin riaṁ ceaṫrar d'á macsaṁla súd, óir is iad is treise de na tréin-ḟearaiḃ, agus is uaisle de na huaisliḃ, agus is cróḋa de na curaiḋiḃ, agus is mearḋa de na míliḋiḃ, agus is sioṫealta briaṫra de na daoiniḃ, agus is deaġ-aiṫne de'n droing ḋaonda."

---

[1] The last twelve words are from A 25.

[2] Thus L. A has "go nor gceiminigh". A 25 "go nor geanamhla".

[3] Thus A 25. A has "fat muineach".

[4] H omits the last several lines.

that day; and they leave the King with many farewells and blessings (¹), and go upon their way; and no tidings are told of them until they reach the City of the Red Stream. And they raised a handsome, variegated, wondrous tent in front of that full-red lake, and horrid was the guise of their weapons, for their blaze above their heads was like [the lights of] an open mansion, and no one could at all behold them through the horror of their mien and their weapons, and the abundance of their noise-feats. It was then they came out over the walls of the city, and this is how Eiteall [Ett-yăl] the chieftainess came. She had a fair *léine* around her, and a chased diadem, purple, with gold gems round her head, and she had long, gold, clustering,(²) light-yellow hair [falling] over her white shoulder, and two flaming spears of fire in her hand, and she used to cast them on high and to catch them again in her hand, as they reached the ground. There were others of the women with iron chains in their hands with venomous spikelets on them, and more of them were performing feats with them in various guise.

It was then the Curairè Crookfoot asked of the virtue of the mantle to bring him to the city of the Red Stream. And he rises up away from them in the company of the sharp-swift clear wind, until he gained the breadth of his two soles of the ground of that island. And the women eagerly bade him welcome, for they knew him [before], and when they saw the tent great fear seized them. It was then the women inquired of the Curairè Crookfoot, "Who are the people of yonder frightful tent?"

Spake the Curairè Crookfoot: "Cod, son of the King of Norway, Gold-armed Iollan, son of the King of Almain, Buinnè Rough-strong, son of the King of Africa, and Ciabhán White-knee, son of the King of Éanlaithe, are the four who are in that tent, and the heavy-sodded earth never put upon its back four the like of them, for they are the most powerful of the strong men, and the noblest of the noble, and the most valiant of champions, and the most active of heroes, and the most admirably-worded of men, and the men of best knowledge of the human race."

(¹) Literally "and they leave very-much of life and health to the king".

(²) Literally "sea-weedy".

Is annsin adubairt Eiteall, "Ní móide ár meas-na orra-san." "Ná h-abair na saoḃ-ḃriaṫra beag-ṫairḃeaċa sin a inġean," ar an draoi[1], "agus muna mbeaḋ teas agus tineaṁlaċt an tSroṫa Ḋeirg ḃeaḋ fios na dtréanḟear úd agat-sa, óir is annsúd atá mir cróḋa na cróḋaċta, agus méar-ṁeaḋan na míleaḋ, agus ursa caṫa na gcríoc[2], agus baranta cosanta cáiċ, agus ríġ-ḃile na cróiḋeaċta, aigne gan iompóġaḋ .i. Cod mac Ríġ na hIoruaiḋe." Coinniġeas an banḟlaiṫ an file na foċair féin an oiḋċe sin[3].

Aċt ċeana ṫugadar ar an oiḋċe sin, gur éiriġ an ġrian go n-a lán-ḟoillse ar n-a ṁáraċ, agus ṫáinig an Curaire Camċosaċ re buaḋaiḃ an ḃruit a dtír, agus ṫáinig do'n ṗobal a raḃadar na maiṫe sin, agus ṫug sgéala na mban iongantaċ sin do Ċod. Is annsin adubairt Buinne Borb-ṫréan, "Do raċainn leat a Iollain Ór-armaiġ," ar sé, "d'ḟéaċain an ḃfuil teas an tSroṫa Ḋeirg mar atá a ḟiuċaḋ," agus ṫángadar go húir an loċa láin-ḋeirg sin, agus níor ḟéadadar dul fad láiṁe laoiċ de'n loċ dearg sin ar ainṁeasarḋaċt an teasa,[4] agus annsin adubairt Cod ris an ḃfile, "Taḃair-se iasaċt an ḃrait sin daṁ-sa go ḃfeáċainn cionnus tá Caṫair an tSroṫa Ḋeirg de'n taoiḃ astiġ."

"Ní raċair," ar Buinne Borb-ṫréan, "óir ní ḃeireann an brat leis aċt aon duine aṁáin, agus ar ġráḋ t'oiniġ, ná toirmisg an turus umam féin," ar sé. Ṫug Cod an cead sin dó[5], go haiṁleisg. Is annsin do ċuir Buinne Borb-ṫréan a ḃrat caṫa uime, agus do ġaiḃ an brat ar uaċtar a ġeal-arm, agus téid i gcumas[6] na gaoiṫe géar-ṡiúḃlaiġe, agus do ġaḃ leaṫaḋ a ḋá ḃonn ar lár an oileáin. Is annsin ṫugadar luċt an oileáin frasa diana d'á n-armaiḃ diúbraice fair, agus cromas Buinne Borb-ṫréan a ċeann, agus leigeas ṫairis na frasa sin, go dtug aġaiḋ fá'n gcaṫair go neiṁ-ṁeirḃṫe[7], agus do ġaḃ ag tuargain cáiċ go coitċeann, gur ċuir a raiḃ amuiġ asteaċ d'a n-aiṁ-ḋeóin; agus an uair do rug iomad na láṁ fair, agus tiuġaḋ na dtroṁṡluaġ, ṫug diṫ do-áirṁiġṫe orra,

---

[1] The last ten words are from H. [2] Thus A 25. A adds "bair aigh na ccuiraidh". [3] The last eleven words are from H, but I edit "an oidche" for "andoiche", and "coinnigheas" for "coinghios"; both "congbhaigh" and "coinnigh" are still in common use. [4] The last four

Then said Eiteall, "No greater for that is the heed we pay them." "Do not speak those foolish unprofitable words, maiden," said the druid, "for were it not for the heat and fieriness of the Red Stream you would [soon] know those strong men, for it is there is the valiant portion of valour, and the middle-finger of heroes, and the battle-prop of countries, and the sustaining warrant of all, and the King-tree of heroism, the mind without turning—Cod, son of the King of Norway." The chieftainess keeps the poet along with herself that night.

Howsoever, they bore away that night until the sun rose with its full light upon the morrow, and the Curairè Crookfoot landed through the virtues of the mantle, and came to the tent where these chiefs were, and brought to Cod tidings of those wonderful women. It was then Buinnè Rough-strong spake, "I would go with you, Gold-armed Iollan," said he, "to see is the heat of the Red Stream [as great] as its boiling is." And they came to the brink of that full-red lake, and they were not able to pass over even the length of a hero's hand of that red lake through the immoderateness of the heat. Then said Cod to the poet, "Give me the loan of that mantle until I try how is the city of the Red Stream on the inside."

"You shall not go," said Buinnè Rough-strong, "for the mantle brings with it only one person, and for the love of your generosity do not prevent me making the journey," said he. Cod gave him, reluctantly, leave to do that. Then Buinnè Rough-strong did on his battle garment, and took the mantle over his bright-weapons, and goes in the power of the sharp-travelling wind, and gained the breadth of his two soles of the middle of the island. Then the people of the island despatched impetuous showers of missile weapons at him; but Buinnè Rough-strong stoops his head and lets those showers pass him, till he turned his face for the city unflinchingly, and began to strike down all in common, so that in spite of themselves he drove to the inside all who were on the outside. And when the multitude of [hostile] hands reached him, and the bulk(1) of the great hosts, he inflicted on

---

words are from H. [5] H reads "Aontuigheas Cod sin dó, gér dhoiligh leis é". [6] Thus A 25. A has "a ccoimas". L "a gcumasg". [7] Thus L. A has "go neamheirbhfa", the combination "mhth" is sounded like "f".

---

(1) Literally "thickening."

agus nuair ṫáinig iomad na gcaṫ ar ḃuinne borb-ṫréan d'imṫiġ féin i muinġin a ḃruit i[1] gcéadóir, agus do ċuaiḋ do'n ṗobal 'na raḃadar na gairgiḋiġ sin eile. Agus do ḟear gaċ aon díoḃ fo leiṫ fáilte roiṁe, agus do ḃí seisean ag taḃairt sgéala agus tuarasgḃáil luċt na caṫraċ agus teasa agus tinneála an tSroṫa Ḋeirg.

Agus giḋ mór a ndraoiḋeaċt do ḃádar lán d'eagla Ċuid, agus [a] ḋeaġ-ṁuinntire. Is annsin do ċuir Eiteall feasa agus teaċta go riġṫiḃ an doṁain uaiṫi; ar dtús go Ríġ na hAsia Móire d'innsin na trom-dáiṁe sin dó. Is annsin do ċuir Ríġ na hAffraice sgéala, agus feasa uaiḋ gus na riġṫiḃ eile. Ṫáinig annsin go haṫġearr Tuireann tréan-ḃuilleaċ Ríġ na hAffraice, agus Daire Déadḟolais Ríġ na hAntuaiṫe, agus Raiġne Rosg-leaṫan Ríġ na hEigipte, agus Ioruaḋ mac Ḋealḃaiġ Ríġ na hIoruaiḋe, agus Brotair Béal-ḟairsing Ríġ na beag-innse, agus Fotraċ[2] Fíoċṁar Ríġ Albann, agus Faċtna[3] Fáṫaċ Ríġ Éireann, agus Breasal Béal-ḋearg Ríġ Gréag, agus Lamport Láṁ-ḟada Ríġ Loċlann, agus Sitear[4] Súil-ġeal Ríġ Ṡacsan, agus Toireann Faoḃar-ḋearg Ríġ Franc, agus Sinnsear Sálḟada Ríġ na gCaoileaċ, agus an Donn Duḃ-ċoscra Ríġ na gConċeann, agus Amon Gantaċ Ríġ na gCoitre,[5] agus Miċéal Ríġ na bFear bFionn, agus Ridire an Ġleanna, agus Ríġ Ṫíre an Óir, agus mórán [de] riġṫiḃ eile naċ n-airṁiġtear ann so.

Agus ar dteaċt de'n trom-ḟocraiḋe annsin, do ċuir Ríġ an doṁain teaċta uaiḋ go Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, agus go Ríġ na h-Affraice, agus go Ríġ na h-Almáinne, agus go Ríġ na h-Éanlaiṫe, agus ṫángadar na deaġ-riġṫe i dtimċioll an Árd-Ríġ. Agus d'ḟiafruiġ an t-Árd-Ríġ díoḃ, "créad ṫug an tóir no an tarcuisne ag a gcloinn air féin, ṫar urṁór ríoġ-ṁaicne an doṁain, agus maiṫe ríoġra an doṁain im ḟarraḋ-sa ann so?"

"Ná bíoḋ iongnaḋ ná iomṫnúṫ agad-sa uime sin," ar Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe, "óir do ġaḃadar seaċt ríġ ḋéag ó'n Ioruaiḋ

---

[1] Thus L. A has "a bhrataigh". "bruit" and "brait" seem to be used equally often in this text as the gen. of "brat".

[2] "Fagarthach", in L.

[3] Thus H and L, but A has "Fiachadh".

[4] L has "Sitiol Súlmhar".

[5] L has "Rí na gCatceann".

them innumerable loss; but when the multitude of the battalions came upon him, he himself straightway departed, trusting in his mantle, and went over to the tent where the other heroes were. And each one of them separately bade him welcome, and he was giving them tidings, and an account of the people of the city, and of the heat and fires of the Red Stream.

And although great was their [power of] enchantment, they were full of fear of Cod and of his good band. It was then Eiteall sent from her, messengers(1) and envoys to the Kings of the world, and first to the king of Great Asia, to tell him of that heavy band. It was then the king of Africa sent from him word and messages to the other Kings. There then came in short time Tuireann of the Strong-blows, King of Africa, and Dairè Bright-tooth, King of Antuaith, and Raighne Broad-eye, King of Egypt, and Ioruadh son of Dealbhach, King of Norway, and Brotair Wide-mouth, King of the Small Island, and Fotrach the furious, King of Alba, and Fachtna Fáthach, King of Erin, and Breasal Red-mouth, King of Greece, and Lamport Long-hand, King of Lochlann, and Sitear Bright-eye, King of England, and Toireann Red-blade, King of France, and Sinnsear Long-heel, King of the Kyles, and the Dark-purple Dun, King of the Houndheads, and Amon Gantach, King of the Coitre,(2) and Michael, King of the White Men, and the Knight of the Glen, and the King of the Land of Gold,(3) and many other Kings who are not mentioned here.

And on that numerous multitude's coming there, the King of the World despatched messengers to the King of Norway and to the King of Africa, and to the King of Almain, and to the King of Éanlaith, (4) and those good Kings gathered round about the High-king. And the High-king asked them: "What was it made their sons treat him with scorn and contempt, beyond the multitude of the world's princes and the kingly chiefs of the world who are in my presence here?"

"Neither wonder at it nor be jealous about it," said the King of Norway, "for seventeen Kings from Norway have gained the

---

(1) Rather "tidings." "Cior fios air" means "send for him."

(2) *Aliter* "of the Cat-heads."

(3) I do not know what is to be understood by the Land of Gold. One of the poems ascribed to Ossian mentions it, "Sweet is the voice of man in the Land of Gold."

(4) These were the fathers of Cod, and the men who were with him besieging the city. This episode is very Irish.

Ríoġaċt an Doṁain, agus ní mó 'ná trí ríġ de d' ċine-se do ġaḃ í."

"Tuigim anois," ar Ríġ an Doṁain, "go ḃfuil an mac meanmnaċ mór-aigeantaċ atá agad-sa ag dúil a ndiaiġ na fise[1] agus na faisdine do rinneaḋ ḋó i mbroinn a ṁáṫar .i. go ngeaḃaḋ an doṁan mór go h-iomlán."

"Tá oċt mic ḋéag de ċloinn agad-sa, agus ní'l aċt triúr agam-sa, agus ní ṡaoilim gur mó cuid na n-oċt mac ḋéag sin agad, 'ná cuid mo ṫriúir mac-sa."

Do ċoirgeadar d'á n-iomarḃáḋ annsin, agus ċuadar ar ḟaiṫċe caṫraċ an tSpoṫa Ḋeirg, ar an dtaoḃ eile de'n loċ, agus do ṫógḃadar poible béal-ḟairssinge agus boṫa díona druimneaċa re taoḃ an loċa sin. Is annsin do ċuaiḋ ríġ an Doṁain agus Ríġ na h-Antuaiṫe go h-úir an loċa lán-ḋeirg, ag déanaṁ iongantuis de'n tSpoṫ Dearg, agus d'ḟiafruiġ Ríġ na h-Antuaiṫe de Ríġ an Doṁain, "créad do ḃeir an tear iongantaċ so 'san tsruṫ[2] úd seoċ gaċ sruṫ eile?"

Duḃairt an ríġ, "seaċt gcloċa tá 'san tsruṫ[2] úd liom-sa," ar sé, "agus is cuid d'á mbuaiḋ gibé sruṫ no innḃear 'na gcuirṫear iad is gnáṫaċ leis ḃeiṫ 'na ḋoiġir donn-ruaḋ dearg-lasraċ an feaḋ ḃiaḋ na cloċa sin ann."

"Agus an ḃfuil aon níḋ do ċoirgḟeaḋ tear no tineall an tSpoṫa Ḋeirg seo?" ar sé.

"Tá," ar Ríġ an Doṁain, "agus is tairise liom-sa a ḟios a ḃeiṫ agad-sa, óir tá cloċ ḃuaḋaċ agam-sa seoċ gaċ cloċ eile, agus an uair cuirṫear san tsruṫ[2] í, tráġann i gcéadóir, agus do geaḃṫar na cloċa eile re n-a gcnuasaċ,[3] ar an dtráċt. Agus fós, i gCaṫair na [dtri] mbeann 'san Asia ṁóir tá an ċloċ sin do ġníḋ an sruṫ do ṫráġaḋ, agus tá i ḃfios agus i ḃfaisdine ḋúinn aon ridire do ṫeaċt go Túr na dtri mbeann agus an ċloċ sin do ḃreiṫ uainn go h-aiṁ-ḋeónaċ, agus go ḃfáġainn-se bás obann an oiḋċe sin. Agus tá trí ċéad ridire n-armaċ ion-ċoṁlann ag coiṁéad an tuir sin agus na gcloċ atá ann. Agus ní mór de ḋaoiniḃ riaṁ [d'á] dtugar fios an sgéil sin."

Aċt ċeana, ṫárla fá 'n am sin giolla gráḋa de ṁuinntir

---

[1] MS. "fiese". [2] (3) MS. "sruiṫ", "tsruiṫ". [3] MS. "gcnósaċ".

Kingship of the World, and not more than three Kings of your race have gained it."

"I understand now," said the King of the World, "that the proud high-minded son which you have, is hankering after the vision, and the prophecy which was made him in his mother's womb, namely, that he would gain the Great World entirely."

"You have eighteen children, sons, and I have only three, yet I do not think that the share of those eighteen sons of yours is greater than the share of my three sons."

They ceased their disputing then, and went out upon the lawn of the City of the Red Stream, on the other side of the lake, and they raised wide-mouthed tents, and ridgy shelter-booths, by the side of that lake. It was then the King of Antuaith and the King of the World went to the edge of the full-red lake, marvelling at the Red Stream. And the King of Antuaith asked the King of the World, "What brings the wonderful heat into this flood beyond every other flood?"

The King answered: "Seven stones that I have in that stream," said he; "and it is part of their virtue that whatever stream or river-mouth in which they are placed, always turns to be a dun-red blaze of crimson flame so long as the stones shall be in it."

"And is there anything that would prevent the heat or blaze of this Red Stream?" said he.

"There is," said the King of the World, "and I think it friendly (?) to let you know it, for I have a stone of virtues beyond every other stone, and when it is put into the stream it dries up at once, and the other stones may be gathered up(¹) on the bottom. And, moreover, it is in the City of the Three Bens in Greater Asia, that that stone is which dries up the stream, and it is in knowledge and prophecy for us that one knight shall come to the City of the Three Bens and bring from us that stone in our despite, and that I shall die a sudden death upon that night. And there are three hundred armed knights fit for conflict guarding that tower and the stones that are in it. And it is not many people I have ever let know of that fact."

Howsoever, there happened to be at that time a favourite servant

---

(¹) Literally "are found to gather them on the shore."

Ríġ na bFear bFionn ag éisteaċt re cómráḋ an ríġ ag innsin an sgéil sin do Ríġ na h-Antuaiṫe, agus Treaḃar Tréan-luaṫ ainm an ġiolla.[1] Agus ṫáinig annsin go Ríġ na bFear bFionn, agus ṫug na sgéala sin dó gan fuireaċ. Is annsin do ċuir Ríġ na bFear bFionn an fear céadna go Cod mac Ríġ na hIoruaiḋe d'innsin an sgéil sin dó, agus d'á ráḋ ris feiḋm fear an doṁain do ḟeaċnaḋ ar feaḋ na huaire sin.

Iomṫúsa Ċuid agus a ḋeag-ṁuinntire do ċeangladar cóṁairle créad do ḋéanfadaois, "Do Béara féin cóṁairle ṁaiṫ ḋaoib," ar Buinne Borb-ṫréan, "is cóir ḋéanaṁ."

"Cá cóṁairle sin?" ar Cod.

"Mise dul ar ċeann [na] cloiċe tá i dtos na dtrí mbean[n] insan Aria Ṁóir, agus cuiriḋ-se cealltar draoiḋeaċta in' bur dtimċeall go teaċt daṁ-sa ċugaiḃ, agus na ḋéanaiḋ aċt dímbríġ de gaċ níḋ fearta, óir is dearḃ bás Ríġ an Doṁain do ṫeaċt iar mbreiṫ na cloiċe úd uaiḋ. Do cinneaḋ ar an gcóṁairle sin, agus d'fág Buinne Borb-ṫréan iomarca beaṫaḋ agus sláinte aca, agus do leig i gceann aistir agus imṫeaċta é. Agus i gceann aimsire na ḋiaiḋ sin, iar n-imṫeaċt dó, ṫárla droiċead mór ar aḃainn ṁara do ḃí idir ḋá oileán, agus mórán de ċolnaiḃ agus de ċorpaiḃ go gcréaċtaiḃ iomḃa orra ar gaċ taoḃ de'n droiċead sin, agus mórán de ċeannaiḃ curaḋ ar ġaḃlaiḃ agus ar ḃearaiḃ[2] ar gaċ taoḃ dé, os úir an droiċid sin. Agus ṫárla míleaḋ mór calma ḋó ann, agus [a] uċt re carraig ṁóir ċloiċe agus é créaċtaċ cróilinnteaċ ar dtréigean a ċuid fola.

Do ḃeannuiġ Buinne Borb-ṫréan dó agus d'ḟreagair an míleaḋ calma sin: agus d'ḟiafruiġ sgéala na mór-éaċt sin, agus an áir ṁóir sin dé, agus d'ḟreagair an fear gonta mar so é.

"An Dreólainn an tír 'a bfuil tu, agus mise féin ba Ríġ ḋí[3], agus ṫáinig ban-aṫaċ cailliġe d'ár n-ionnsaiḋe, agus ṫug sí ár curaḋ agus caṫ-ṁíleaḋ orrainn. agus tá sí anois

---

[1] The last forty-seven lines of text are from L alone; the others, curiously, omit, thus rendering rather obscure what follows, and showing what vicissitudes the story must have gone through.

[2] Last six words from H.

[3] "bu ri oirre" in H.

of the King of the White Men(¹) listening to the King's discourse when he was telling that story to the King of Antuaith, and Treabhar Strong-swift was the fellow's name. And he came then to the King of the White Men and gave him those tidings without delay. Thereupon the King of the White Men sent the same man to Cod, son of the King of Norway, to tell him that story, and to bid him avoid the strength of the men of the world for that time.(²)

As for Cod and his good men, they took counsel as to what they should do. "I shall myself give you good counsel," said Buinnè Rough-strong, "which it were right to follow."

"What counsel is that?" asked Cod.

"That I should go for the stone that is in the tower of the Three Bens in Greater Asia, and do ye put an enchanted covering round about you until I come to you, and make light of everything henceforth, for it is certain the death of the King of the World will come to pass after carrying away that stone from him." That council was decided on, and Buinnè Rough-strong left them blessings and farewell (³), and launched himself on his journey and wanderings. And in the course of a while, thereafter, on his departure, he chanced upon a great bridge over a sea river, that was between two islands, and many bodies and corpses with many wounds upon them on each side of that bridge, and many heads of heroes on forks and on spits on each side of it, above the margin of that bridge. And he came then upon a great valiant champion with his breast against a great rock of stone, and he full of wounds and gashes and his blood leaving him.

Buinnè Rough-strong saluted him, and that valorous hero answered. And he asked him the history of those great deeds and of that great slaughter, and the wounded man answered him thus:

"Dreólainn (⁴) is the country in which you are, and I myself was King of it, and there came against us a giant hag, and she wrought for us a slaughter of heroes and champions. And she is now asleep

---

(¹) Whose daughter Cod had rescued. See pp. 63 ff.

(²) Literally "throughout that hour."

(³) Literally "much of life and health."

(⁴) I have met this name in other Irish stories.

'na codlaḋ ar lár an droiċid úd, agus mórán de ċorpaiḃ na mion-óirneaċ brúiġte[1] ar gaċ taoḃ di."

Agus a haiṫle na mbriaṫar sin fuair Ríġ na Dreólainne bás, agus do ċuaiḋ Buinne Borb-ṫréan ċum an droiċid agus do ċonnairc an ḃan-aṫaċ cailliġe sin 'na toircim suain agus síor-ċodlata. Agus do ċuir a hanál agus a suanfaḋaċ[2] i ḃfad ó'n droiċead amaċ é. Is annsin do ċuaiḋ Buinne Borb-ṫréan os cionn na cailliġe sin, agus do ráiḋ mar so. "A Ċailleaċ, d'ḟéadfainn dul ṫart dá mba áil liom féin, agus músgólad ar do ċodlaḋ ṫu," agus do ṫógaiḃ cloċ os cionn an droiċid agus do ḃuail an ċailleaċ ar lár a huċta agus do ċuir tonn duḃḟola tar a béal amaċ. Agus ag[3] éirġe ḋí do ċuir cloċ 'na rinn raṫa[4] i mbruinn na cailliġe, agus ṫug an ċailleaċ mór-ḟuasglaḋ ar a bráġaid do ċur na cloiċe airti. Ṫug Buinne Borb-ṫréan béim cloiḋiṁ dí gur sgar a ceann agus a colann féiṫeaṁail ó ċéile. Agus téid Buinne Borb-ṫréan tar an droiċead anonn an uair sin.

Iomṫura Ríġ an Doṁain agus a ṁuintire, do ċóiriġeadar a bpobla agus do h-aṫ-nuaḋaḋ a dteinte agus a dtineala leó, agus do ċaiṫeadar a mbiaḋa neaṁ-ásraḋa agus a ndeoċa milse meirgeaṁla, agus 'na ḋiaiḋ sin ṫugadar ċuca a gcruiteóraiḋ ceóil-ḃinne caoin-téadaċ[a] agus do ċanadar ceól sír-ḃinn síṫeaṁail dóiḃ fó'n am sin. Iomṫura Ċuid agus a ḋeaġ-ṁuintire: ar n-imṫeaċt mic Ríġ na hAfraice an oiḋċe sin uaṫa do ċaiṫeadar a mbiaḋa saora só-ċaiṫṁe agus a ndeoċa garga gaḃálta míne meirgeaṁla, agus iar sin do ṡnaoiḋeadar slat na n-iongnaḋ. Is annsin aduḃairt Cod re n-a ḋeaġ-ṁuinntir. "An áil liḃ dul go Ríġ an Doṁain ar cuairt d'a ḟéaċain créad é an sóġ[5] atá aige?" Aduḃradar san gur cóir sin do ḋéanaṁ. Is annsin ṫugadar an ḃuiḋean ċalma ċuraḋta ċróḋa sin a n-airm ċuca agus ba ṡaṁailte[6] re ruiṫne ríoġ-ḃruiġne deallraḋ a n-arm agus a n-éidiġ ag teaċt d'ionnsaiḋe fear an doṁain an tan sin.

Agus ṫáinig sidire an uair sin seaċ uair eile, de ṫeaġlaċ

---

[1] L "na noirnibh mionbhruighte". [2] L "a huanfach", A 25 "a srannfach". [3] A "ar". [4] "na colg ratha rion luaithe" in L and A 25. [5] A "so", L "sogha", A 25 "soighe", from which I edit as above. [6] A generally uses this form; A 25 has simply "samhail"; L is intermediate, "samhuilt".

in the midst of yonder bridge, and many on each side of her in bruised fragments (¹)."

And after those words the King of Dreólainn died. And Buinnè Rough-strong went to the bridge and he saw that hag of a giantess in a fit of sleep and deep slumber. And her breath and her snoring drove him out far from the bridge. It was then Buinnè Rough-strong came above that hag and spoke thus: "Hag," said he, "I could pass by thee if I wished it myself, but I shall wake thee out of thy sleep," and he raised a stone over the bridge, and smote the hag in the middle of her breast, and she sent out of her mouth a wave of black blood. And as she rose he sent a stone flying into the hag's chest (²), and the hag gave a wide opening to her throat to put the stone out of it. Buinnè Rough-strong dealt her a sword stroke, so that he parted her head and her sinewy body from one another, and thereupon he passes over to the other side of the bridge.

As for the King of the World and his people, they set in order their tents, and their fires and lights were renewed by them, and they partook of their fresh meats and their sweet intoxicating drinks, and after that they brought to them their music-sweet, gentle-stringed harpers, and they sang ever-melodious, fairy-like music to them at that time. As for Cod and his good people, on the departure of the son of the King of Africa from them, they partook of their free easily-eaten meats and their drinks, rough, fermented, mild, intoxicating; and after that they whittled at the rod of wonders (³). It was then Cod spake to his good people: "Would ye like to go visit the King of the World to try what cheer he has?" They answered that it were right to do so. It was then that vigorous, valorous, valiant band took to them their weapons, and it was like the lights of a royal palace the gleam of their arms and armour as they came towards the men of the world at that time.

And at that time, of all times (⁴), there came a knight of the house-

---

(¹) Literally "in pieces small-bruised."

(²) This appears to mean "down her throat."

(³) See above, pp. 117–119.

(⁴) Literally "beyond another time."

Ríġ an Doṁain, amaċ ar ṗobal an Ríġ féin, agus do-ċí na trí coinnle sorg-ġorma sin amuiġ d'á ionnsaiḋe, agus téid i dtairiḃ agus i dtromnéalaiḃ báis, agus do ḃí mar sin aga fada, agus iar n-éirġe dó do innis do'n Ríġ go raḃadar trí sléiḃte donn-ruaḋa dearg-lasraċa[1] ag teaċt d'á ionnsaiḋe. Dála Ċuid, do roinn sé a ṁuinntir agus is é roinn ṫug sé orra, fear do ċur in gaċ áird de'n tsluaġ díoḃ, agus mar do ḃí gaċ aġaiḋ ar Ċod[2] seaċ gaċ duine eile is é áird a dtárla é, ins an áird a raḃadar trí Ríġṫe do ḃí 'na gcáirdiḃ dile ag Ríġ an Doṁain .i. Ríġ na Sorċa, Ríġ Inse hOrc, agus Ríġ na hAntuaiṫe, agus do rinneadar caor mearġṫa agus buaiḋearṫa[3] de na sluaġaiḃ i n-alt[4] na huaire sin, agus ní héidir a n-áireaṁ ar ṫuit le Cod i n-alt na huaire sin. Agus ṫáinig Iollan Ór-armaċ ċum na coda eile díoḃ, mar raiḃ Ríġ Frainc, Ríġ na Siosaile[5], agus Ríġ na hEasbáinne, agus ba dó-áirṁiġṫe d'ḟíor-eólaċ ar ṫuit re hIollan iar sin, agus ṫáinig Ciaḃán Glúinġeal do'n taoḃ eile díoḃ, agus ṫárla Ríġ Sacsan agus Ríġ eile ar iarṫar an doṁain dó, agus ní héidir áireaṁ no innsin ar ṫuit le Ciaḃán Glúnġeal de'n ruaṫar sin. Is annsin d'ionnsuiġeadar na caṫa céad-faḋaċa sin a ċéile. Aċt tá ní ċeana: dá dteagṁaḋ do ṁac no do ḃráṫair ar ġualainn fir aca do ṡaoilfiḋ gur bé náṁaid no eascarad do ḃeaḋ ann, agus níor ḃ' ion-áirṁiġṫe ar ṫuit le Cod[6], le hIollan, agus le Ciaḃán Glúinġeal, díoḃ; agus ba ċuma sin i ḃfarraḋ[7] ar ṫuit de na sluaġaiḃ féin re ċéile. Aċt tá ní ċeana, ṫárla Ríġ na hIoruaiḋe, Ríġ Inse hOrc, agus Ríġ na Sorċa[8] re ċéile, agus do ċuiṁn[iġ]eadar a ḃfíoċ agus a ḃfoltanas d'á roile, gur ba ċoṁṫuitim dóiḃ na dtriar ar an máiġ sin.

---

[1] Thus L, but A has "sluagh don ruadh dearg lasrach", H "tri croinn donnruadha deargcorcra".

[2] This is not very plain. The others omit.

[3] A "buadhartha", L "buadhearga", from which I edit as above.

[4] A, as usual, reads "[a] nalte na huaire sin".

[5] L reads "Fraince" and "Teasáile".

[6] H reads this passage as follows: "Cuireas Cod Iollan fo árd dona sluaghaibh agus Ciabhan fo ard eile, agus ionnsuigheas féin iad ina n-eidir mheodhan. Ciodhtrácht do ronsat na curradha calma céadfadhacha sin caorrthann cumuisge cumbuartha dona slóghaibh fo chéadoir, ionnus gur theitsiod ochtar dá righthibh riú gan airiogh ar ar mharbhsat duaisle agus d'ardmaithe, d'ógaibh agus d'anradhaibh agus go leór eile o sin amach. Agus airistear orra nach mór gur mó

hold of the King of the World out of the tent of the King himself, and he beholds those three blue-eyed candles [of valour] outside, coming towards him, and he falls into trances and swoons of death, and he was thus for a long time. And after his rising again he told the King that there were three brown-red mountains of crimson flame coming towards him. As for Cod, he divided his people, and this was the division he made of them,—to put a man in each quarter of the compass [facing] the host. And as every face was turned towards Cod beyond everybody else, the quarter in which he chanced was the quarter in which were three kings who were dear friends of the King of the World, namely, the King of Sorcha, the King of the Orkneys, and the King of Antuaith. And they made a mingled, troubled ball of the hosts in the joint of that hour, and it is impossible to enumerate all that fell by Cod in the joint of that hour. And Gold-armed Iollan came to the other portion of them, where were the King of France, the King of Sicily, and the King of Spain, and it were incalculable by a man of true knowledge all who fell by Iollan after that. And Ciabhán White-knee came to the other side of them, and the King of England and another king from the west of the world met him, and it is impossible to enumerate or tell all who fell by Ciabhán White-knee in that rush. It was then the sensible battalions attacked one another. Howsoever, if a son or a brother chanced to be at the shoulder of any man of them it would have been thought that it was an enemy or foe who was in it, and it was not to be reckoned all who fell of them by Cod, by Iollan, and by Ciabhán White-knee; but that was nothing compared with all of the hosts themselves who fell by one another. Howsoever, the King of Norway (1), the King of the Orkneys (1), and the King of Sorcha (2) met one another, and they minded them of their [former] fury and enmity against one another, so that the whole three of them fell together [mutually slain] on that plain.

---

marbhsiod diob no do marbhadar féin dar oile tre mire agus mi-chéill an tréan ndúsgadh tugadh orra fo chéadóir. Filleas Cod agus a dhias deagh-laoch da phuible as a h-aithle. Ro caithsiod a mbi rompa don oidhche sin go subhach soimheanmnach.

[7] Thus I edit the "bhfara" of A. The others omit.

[8] L reads, corruptly and carelessly, "Ri Sacsan, agus Ri Hior, agus Ri Franc".

---

(1) See p. 73.

(2) See pp. 73 and 83.

A haiṫle na mór-olc sin ṫáinig Cod agus a ḋeag-ṁuintir d'á bpobal féin agus ge'r mór earḃa fear an doṁain ó'n trom-ṫorann sin ba ṁó earḃa Ċuid agus a ḋeag-ṁuintire fá Ḃuinne Dorb-ṫréan. Iomtusa Buinne Dorb-ṫréan, innistear sonn seal eile. Ar ḃfágḃáil an droiċid dó, ní cian do ċuaiḋ an tan ṫárla Ríġ-ċaṫair ro-ṁór dó, agus téid isteaċ innti gan fuireaċ[1], agus ba hil-ġréasaċ iongantaċ árd áluinn deaġḋéanta an dún sin, agus ní ḃfuair de ḋaoiniḃ innti aċt aon sidire aṁáin, iar gcaiṫeaṁ urṁóir a aoise, agus macaoṁ óg aṁ-ulcaċ[2] neaṁ-ársaiḋ, agus cailleaċ ċríona ċrom liaṫ ċasaċtaċ[3] de'n leiṫ de'n ḃruiġin, agus caor d'iarann aiṫ-leaġṫa[4] i n-imeall na teineaḋ aca. Agus ag suiḋe do Ḃuinne Dorb-ṫréan do ḋearg an ċaor i gcéadoir, agus ar na ḟaicsin sin do'n ṁuinntir do ḃí istiġ, do éirġeadar uile agus do ṫugadar teóra póga ḋó, agus dob' iongna le Buinne Dorb-ṫréan, agus d'ḟiafruiḋ sgéala de'n ḃeag-ḃuiḋin sin. Agus do ḟreagair an fear ba ṡine aca é, agus is eaḋ aduḃairt:—

“An Isḃéirne[5] an ċríoċ so 'na ḃfuil tu, a ṁic Ríġ na hAfraice. Do ṫáinig piast ċugainn, agus do ċogain ár mór-ṫréad, agus do ṁarḃ ár ndaoine uile na ḋiaiḋ, agus ṫug sí ár sluaġ agus ár soċaiḋe orrainn, idir óg agus ársaiḋ, ionnus naċ maireann aguinn d'ár slóġ agus d'ár soċaiḋe aċt a ḃfuil ann so. Agus d'ḟágadar ár sinsiriḋ i ḃfíos[6] agus i ḃfaistine againn an tráṫ do lasfaḋ an ċaor 'san teiniḋ go dtiocfaḋ Buinne Dorb-ṫréan mac Ríġ na hAfraice ċugainn agus go ḃfóirfeaḋ sé orrainn ó'n éigean sin 'na ḃfuilmíd, agus go muirfeaḋ an ṗiast iongantaċ úd.”

Agus do freasdalaḋ agus do friṫealaḋ go huasal onóraċ é an oiḋċe sin, agus d'éiriġ go moċ ar n-a ṁáraċ. Is annsin aduḃairt an fear aosda: “A ṁic Ríġ na hAfraice; is ionann aṫair daṁ-sa agus do'n ṁacaoṁ óg úd do-ċí tusa, agus is í an ċailleaċ úd ár máṫair araon, agus d'aon toirċeas agus d'aon

---

[1] H “gan uirisiomh”. [2] Thus H. L and A 25 have “naoidheanda”, A “iolcrothach”. [3] L has “casaightheach”. [4] A “at leathghtha”, L “aithleighteach”, from which I edit as above. [5] Thus L. A has “aniobire”,

After those great deeds of evil, Cod and his good men came to their own tent, and though great was the loss of the men of the world from that heavy inrush (1), greater was the want of Cod and his good men after Buinnè Rough-strong. As for Buinnè Rough-strong, that is here told for another while. After his leaving the bridge it was not far he went when he chanced on a very great royal *cathair*, and he goes into it without delay, and variegated, wondrous, high, handsome and well-made was that *dún*, and he found no people in it except one knight only, who had spent much of his span-of-life, and a young, beardless, youthful lad, and an ancient, bent, grey, coughing hag on the other side of the mansion, and they had a ball of refined iron on the brink of the fire. And on Buinnè Rough-strong's sitting down, the ball instantly reddened, and when the people who were inside saw that, they all rose up and they gave him three kisses; and Buinnè Rough-strong marvelled and asked tidings of that small band. And the eldest man of them answered him, and 'twas what he said:—

"Isbéirnè is this country in which thou art, O son of the King of Africa. There came to us a worm and it swallowed (2) our heavy flocks, and it slew all our people after them, and it wrought a slaughter of our hosts and people, both young and old, so that none of our hosts or people are alive except all who are here. And our ancients left it in presage and prophecy to us, that when the ball in the fire would light-up, Buinnè Rough-strong, son of the King of Africa, would come to us and relieve us from that distress in which we are, and would slay that wonderful worm."

And he was attended and served, nobly and honourably, that night, and he rose early on the morrow. Then said the aged man: "Son of the King of Africa, I and yonder young lad whom thou seest have the same father, and yonder old-woman is the mother of both of us, and of one conception and one birth are we both. But not the

---

A 25 "Iosbuirne". [6] H "i bfaisdine agus i bfiortarngaire", A reads "bhfiodhar", perhaps for "fioghair", "figure".

---

(1) Literally "noise." (2) Literally "chewed."

toirḃeart sinn araon. Agus ní hionann ḃeaṫa ar ar hoileaḋ sinn .i. niṁ[1] an ċéad-ḃeaṫa do tugaḋ do'n ṁacaoṁ óg úd, agus gið ḃé oiltear[2] ar niṁ ar dtús, ní ċuireann aois ná urċóid[3] air, tre ḃiṫ ṡíor: agus ar ḃeaṫa na ndaoine eile do hoileaḋ mise, agus uime sin táim ársaiḋ mar so." Is annsin aduḃairt Buinne Borb-ṫréan: "Déantar eólas na Rí-ṗiasta sin dam." Téid an macaoṁ óg agus Buinne Borb-ṫréan mar a raiḃ an ṗiast, agus is annsin fuaradar an ṗiast, ag féaċain agus ag timċeallaḋ na caṫraċ, d'á ḟéaċain an ḃféadfaḋ dul asteaċ. Agus ó nar ḟéad, do lúib í féin timċeall na caṫraċ amuiġ, agus ṫug Buinne Borb-ṫréan urċar de'n ríġ-ċraoisiġ ḃí 'na láiṁ ar an bpéist gur ċuir an tsleaġ tríṫe do'n taoḃ eile, agus annsin ṫug béim de'n lann leaṫan-ġlais do ḃí 'na láiṁ ar an bpéist gur ḃuain a ceann dí. Ro gaḃ, traṫ, lúṫġáire áḋḃal an ridire um an gníoṁ sin[4], agus ṫángadar an ḃuiḋean do ḃí fo ġlas amaċ le luṫġáir ṁóir. Is annsin ṫug an ċailleaċ do ḃí san gcaṫraiġ Fiṫċioll[5] óir ar a raḃadar iomad buaḋ air, do Ḃuinne Borb-ṫréan, agus is uaiṫe goirṫear Fiṫċioll Ríġ na hAfraice ó ṡoin a leiṫ, agus de ṡeódaiḃ maiṫe an doṁain é.

Agus d'ḟág an deaġ-laoċ an ċaṫair sin, agus ni h-aiṫristear a imṫeaċt go ráinig do'n Ária Ṁóir, agus iar ndul ins an ḃfaiṫċe ḋó, do ṫóg pobal fíor-áluinn go gcleasaiḃ gráineaṁla. Agus an tan do ċonncadar mór-ṫeaġlaċ na catraċ an pobal sin ṫángadar do ḋéanaṁ iongantais na timċioll, óir ba h-iongna leó éagsaṁlaċt an ṗobail. Agus nuair fuair Buinne Borb-ṫréan forsgla luċt na caṫraċ amuiġ ó'n gcáṫair, téid tríoṫa no go ráinig doras an dúna, agus téid asteaċ. Agus iaḋas an doras 'na ḋiaiḋ[6], agus tug bás obann aṫġearr d'á ḃfuair astiġ de'n teaġlaċ, agus ṫug cuairt con ó n-a cuainne[7] ag min-iarraiḋ na caṫraċ no go dtárla an ċloċ do ḃí d'[á] iarraiḋ ḋó.

---

[1] H omits this passage.

[2] A reads "do hoiltir", L "gidh be hoiltear", from which I edit as above.

[3] Thus L. A has "urchar".

[4] The last eleven words are from H.

[5] Thus L alone. A reads "Sithal", A 25 "Siteall", H "siothal", L 27 "sitheal", an uncommon word meaning "bowl."

same was the food upon which we were reared; for poison was the first food that was given to that young lad; and whosoever is reared upon poison at the first, neither age nor harm affect him through time eternal: and it was on food [the same as that] of other people that I was reared, and therefore am I aged like this." It was then Buinnè Rough-strong said: "Let me be shown the way to that mighty worm." The young lad and Buinnè Rough-strong go to where the worm was, and it was then they found the worm looking-about and going-round the city trying if she could get in. And since she was not able to get in, she coiled herself round about the *cathair* on the outside; and Buinnè Rough-strong gave a cast of the royal javelin that was in his hand at the worm, so that he sent the spear through it to the other side, and then he dealt a stroke of the broad-green blade upon the worm, so that he smote the head off her. Thereupon great joy of that deed seized the knight, and the company who were under lock came out with great rejoicing. It was then the old woman who was in the *cathair* gave a golden chess-board, in which were many virtues, to Buinnè Rough-strong, and it is from it the name of the "King of Africa's Chess-board" has been given ever since, and it is [one] of the precious jewels of the world.

And the good hero left that *cathair*, and his journeyings are not told until he reached Great Asia; and, after his going into the green [of the city], he raised a truly-beauteous tent with [performance of] terrific feats. And when the great household of the city beheld that tent, they came round about it to wonder at it; for they marvelled at the strangeness (¹) of the tent. And when Buinnè Rough-strong got a number of the people of the city outside, away from the city, he goes through them until he reached the door of the *dún*, and he enters it. And he closes the door behind him, and deals quick and sudden death to all of the household whom he found inside, and he gave the "visit of a hound from its whelps," closely-searching the *cathair*, until he met the stone that he was seeking.

---

[6] H adds "ni is doiche no do riocht aon neach don teaghlach é".

[7] Thus L and A 25. A is corrupt and illegible.

(¹) Literally "variety"; but the word appears to be sometimes used in this tale in the sense of "beauty."

Agus do rug uirri, agus do ċuir i gcuiḃreaċ[1] a sgéiṫe í, agus ṫáinig go doras an dúna, agus do ḃí sluaġ na caṫraċ ag toċailt na trom-ṫalṁan go niata neart-ċalma a dtimċioll an tuir,[2] agus do luaṫ-ḟuasgail Buinne Borb-ṫréan an doras agus ṫáinig amaċ ar an doras ċum na faiṫċe, agus ṫugadar slóiġ na caṫraċ frasa diana d'á n-armaiḃ do-ḟulang dó, níor ḃ'iomlaid[3] gan íoc sin, óir do ṫug Buinne Borb-ṫréan malairt gonta do gaċ aon díoḃ fá seaċ, agus fágḃar tor na dtrí mbeann iarsin; agus ní h-aiṫristear sgéalaiḋeaċt air, no go ráinig go Caṫair na gCloċ nDearg 'san Éigipt.

Agus ráinig doras an dúna, agus d'iarr a ḟosglaḋ, agus téid an doirseóir d'á innsin do'n Ríġ .i. mac Ríġ na hAfraice ḃeiṫ 'san doras. Agus aduḃairt an Ríġ a leigean asteaċ, agus do rinneaḋ sin i gcéadóir leis agus fáiltiġeas na h-uaisle i gcoitċinne roiṁe[4], agus do freastalaḋ go huasal onóraċ é. Is gearr go dtáinig an doirseóir an dara feaċt asteaċ agus d' innis dóiḃ aon óglaoċ ḃeiṫ 'san doras agus beart geal uime, agus aduḃairt an Ríġ a leigean asteaċ agus do rinneaḋ aṁlaiḋ, agus ṫáinig ar lár an dúna. Is annsin d'ḟiafruiġ an Ríġ sgéala ḋó, agus aduḃairt an gaisgiḋeaċ gur ḃ'é féin Iollan Arm-ḋearg mac Ríġ an Doṁain, agus gur ag tóruiġeaċt Buinne Borb-ṫréan mic Ríġ na hAfraice ṫáinig sé, do ṡáruiġ a ḃaile aṫarḋa, .i. baile Ríġ an Doṁain, agus do ṁarḃ mórán d'á ṁuinntir agus do rug cloċ na mbuaḋ uaiḋ.

Is annsin aduḃairt Ríġ na hÉigipte, "tá Buinne Borb-ṫréan i ngeal re n-a ċionntaiḃ féin,[5] ar ár gcumas." Do ḃ'ḟíor ḋó, ar an áḋḃar gur ab ag Ríġ na h-Éigipte do h-oileaḋ Ríġ an Doṁain.[6] Is annsin do loinneaḋ[7] agus do luaṫ-ḟeargaḋ fá Ḃuinne Ḃorb-ṫréan mar do ċualaiḋ an cóṁráḋ sin Ríġ na hÉigipte, agus do éiriġ 'na ċolaṁain cóṁ-ḋíreaċ 'na ċeart-ṡearaṁ, agus do ċuaiḋ amaċ ar an ḃfaiṫċe, agus do lean Iollan Arm-ḋearg amaċ é, agus níor ḃ'fáilte carad um ċuirm, fáilte na deise deaġ-laoċ sin d'á ċéile. Is annsin aduḃairt

---

[1] F "accomhroidh". [2] The last eight words are from H. [3] L has "nior bhairliogan gan íoc sin". A 25 "nior bairleagan". A has "fioch" for "íoc". [4] The last six words are from H. [5] Thus L. F reads "angioll risin". A has "geal le na chior féin". H "angioll re na chiontaibh

And he seized it and placed it in the hollow of his shield; and he came to the door of the fortress, and the host of the city were digging the heavy earth furiously and powerfully round the tower; and Buinnè Roughstrong suddenly opened the door, and came out upon the green, and the hosts of the city cast at him impetuous showers of their insupportable weapons; and that was not an exchange without repayment, for Buinnè Roughstrong gave each separate one of them a wound in return; and he leaves the tower of the Three Bens after that, and no tidings are told of him until he reached the city of the Red Stones in Egypt.

And he reached the door of the *dún* and demanded admittance;(1) and the porter goes to tell the king that the son of the King of Africa is at the door. And the king bade let him in, and that was at once done. And the nobles welcome him generally, and he was treated nobly and honourably. Brief time it was until the porter came in a second time and told them that there was a single young hero at the door, and white garments on him; and the king bade let him in, and it was so done, and he came into the middle of the *dún*. Then the king asked tidings of him, and he said that he himself was Red-armed Iollan, son of the King of the World, and that it was in pursuit of Buinnè Roughstrong, son of the King of Africa, he came, who had ravaged his paternal town, the town of the King of the World, and who killed many of his people, and who brought away from him the Stone of Virtues.

It was then the King of Egypt said, "Buinnè Roughstrong is, in pledge of his own crimes, in our power." That was true for him, for this cause, that it was with the King of Egypt the King of the World had been reared. It was then Buinnè Roughstrong flamed up, and was seized with sudden anger, when he heard that talk of the King of Egypt; and he arose, a straight column, standing upright, and he went out upon the green, and Red-armed Iollan followed him out, and it was not the welcome of a friend to a feast, the welcome of those two good heroes to one another. It was then Red-armed Iollan said,

---

ar ár gcumas do'n chor-so". [6] The last sixteen words are from A 25. Ꝼ says he was "na oide ag r. an domhain". [7] L has "lonnadh" and omits "fa". Ꝼ has "londoigheadh uime".

---

(1) Literally "asked opening."

Iollan Arm-ḋearg, "Cosgaiḋ teaġlaċ an Ríġ," ar sé, "go ḃféaċaim féin agus mac Ríġ na hAfraice[1] cóṁrac re ċeile."

Is annsin do ionnsuiḋeadar an dias deaġlaoċ re ċéile, agus do ronsat cóṁrac féiġ fuilteaċ forbarta foi[r]niata bonn-ṁall bar-luaṫ béim-láidir, agus no go n-áirṁiġṫear gainiṁ mara no duilliḋe feaḋa no drúċt for ḟéar[2] no féar for ḟaiṫċe, no réalteanna aoir, ní háiriṁiġṫear a dtugadar-san de ċneaḋaiḃ agus de ċréaċtaiḃ dó-léiġir ar a ċéile, agus dob' é críoċ an ċóṁraic sin go dtug Buinne Borb-ṫréan braon báis agus beag-ḟaoġail do Iollan Arm-ḋearg, agus iar n-a ḟaicsin sin do Ríġ na hÉigipte agus d'á ṫeaġlaċ do ċuadar timċeall mic Ríġ an Doṁain, agus rugadar leó go Caṫair na gCloċ nDearg é, agus ní mór go dtáiniġ leis teaċt asteaċ, an tan do fuair bás obann aṫġearr, agus d'ḟágadar Buinne Borb-ṫréan 'na aonar ar an ḃfaiṫċe amuiġ.

Agus do ṫuit dorċaċt na hoiḋċe[3] ar Ḃuinne Borb-ṫréan annsin, agus do ṫóg pobal 'na ṡeasaṁ ar an ḃfaiṫċe, agus d'ḟaduiġ tor tréan-ṁór teineaḋ[4] fá an am sin. Ba h-aṁgaraċ[5] do ḃí Buinne Borb-ṫréan ó ċnéaḋaiḃ agus ó ċréaċtaiḃ an uair sin: agus do ḃí inġean ċroṫaċ ċaoṁ-áluinn ag Ríġ na hÉigipte[6], agus do ḃí sí ag féaċain Ḃuinne Ḃorb-ṫréan ins an gcaṫ-iorgail sin, agus tug sí searc a hanma dó, agus ṫáiniġ ar cuairt go Buinne Borb-ṫréan an tan sin, agus do ḃeannuiġ dó go gcaoinear[7] coṁráiḋ agus go milis-ḃriaṫaraiḃ, agus d'ḟreagair Buinne Borb-ṫréan an beannċaḋ. Is annsin ṫug an inġean cloċ ḃuaḋa do ḃí aici amaċ agus do ċumail [í] do ċnéaḋaiḃ agus do ċréaċtaiḃ Ḃuinne Ḃorb-ṫréan, ionnus nár ḟág cneaḋ no créaċt gan leiġeas d'á raiḃ air, re buaiḋ na cloiċe sin. Agus do ġeall an inġean siṫ Ríġ na hÉigipte do ḋéanaṁ dó.

Aduḃairt Buinne Borb-ṫréan nar ḃ'ḟearr dó siṫ 'ná cogaḋ aige. Aċt tá ní ċeana, ṫug an inġean biaḋa saora so-ċaiṫṁe dó, agus deoċa séiṁe soineaṁla, agus do ċaiṫ Buinne Borb-ṫréan a leór-ḋóṫain[8] díoḃ. Iar sin téiḋ an inġean d'á

---

[1] F spells this "na hathfroige", and reads "eibhgite" for "Egipte".
[2] F, which becomes much more condensed towards the close of the story, omits all this verbiage.
[3] H reads "tig ciobar dorchadh na h-oidhche cuige".

"Keep back the household of the king," said he, "till I myself and the King of Africa try battle with one another."

It was then those two good heroes attacked each other, and they made a sharp, bloody, fierce, furious, slow-footed, quick-handed, strong-smiting conflict, and until the sands of the sea, or the leaves of the wood, or the dew upon the grass, or the grass upon the green, or the stars of the air be enumerated, all the wounds and unhealable gashes which they gave each other are not [to be] enumerated; and it was the end of that fight that Buinnè Roughstrong gave to Red-armed Iollan a drop of death and shortness of life. And when the King of Egypt and his household saw that, they came round the son of the King of the World, and they bore him with them to the City of the Red Stones, and he had but barely succeeded in entering, when he died shortly and suddenly; and they left Buinnè Roughstrong alone upon the green outside.

And the darkness of the night fell there upon Buinnè Roughstrong, and he raised a standing tent upon the green, and kindled thereafter a great strong tower of fire. And it was wretched that Buinnè Roughstrong was from wounds and gashes in that hour. And the King of Egypt had a shapely gentle-fair daughter, and she had been observing Buinnè Roughstrong in that battle-conflict, and she gave him the love of her soul, and she came to visit Buinnè Roughstrong then, and she saluted him with gentleness of discourse and with sweet words, and Buinnè Roughstrong answered her salutation. It was then the girl took out a stone of virtues which she had, and rubbed it to the wounds and gashes of Buinnè Roughstrong, so that she left neither wound nor gash of all that were on him, without healing, through the virtue of that stone, and the girl promised to make peace for him with the King of Egypt.

Buinnè Roughstrong said that he did not care more for peace with him than for war. Howsoever the girl brought him noble edible foods, and mild excellent drinks, and Buinnè Roughstrong ate his full of them. After that the girl returns to her sunny-chamber to sleep.

---

[4] H reads "adhnas torc tine treatan ruaidh". [5] A has "hamhgear". [6] Ꝑ adds "angrionan os cionn na faichthe ar iomdhoidh uasail iongantoigh". [7] H "go bithbanda". L "go carthannach" [8] H "a lór dhaothchain". A "deochain".

grianán do ċodlaḋ. Iomṫúra Ríġ na hÉigipte, tar éis báis mic Ríġ an Doṁain, do ḃí go duḃaċ doḃrónaċ an oiḋċe sin. Iomṫura Buinne Borb-ṫréan, iar soillsiuġaḋ do'n lá ar n-a ṁáraċ, do ċeangail a ċorp ina ċaṫ-éidiġ caṫa agus cruaḋ-ċóṁlainn, agus ṫáinig amaċ ar an ḃfaiṫċe, agus do ḃuail a sgiaṫ go calma curata, agus do cualaḋ an béiciḋ sin i ḃfriṫiḃ na firmament. Agus nuair do ċualaiḋ Ríġ na hÉigipte an trom-ṫorann sin, ṫáinig amaċ ar an ḃfaiṫċe, agus do ċóṁraic sé féin agus Ríġ na hÉigipte re ċéile, agus ṫugadar il-iomad de ċneaḋaiḃ doiṁne dó-léiġis d'á ċéile. Aċt tá ní ċeana, do ṫuit an Ríġ le Buinne Borb-ṫréan.

Agus d'ḟágaiḃ Buinne Borb-ṫréan críoċa na hÉigipte, agus ní h-aiṫristear sgéaluiḋeaċt air, no go ráinig go Caṫair an tSroṫa Ḋeirg mar a raiḃ a ṁuinntir féin. Iomṫura Ríġ an Doṁain, an oiḋċe rugaḋ an ċloċ uaiḋ do ṫuit sluim[1] trom tiuġ galair air, agus friṫ marḃ ina iomḋaiḋ féin é ar n-a ṁáraċ. Agus iar dteaċt do Ḃuinne Borb-ṫréan mar a raiḃ a ṁuinntir féin, do ġaḃadar d'á ṗógaḋ go díoċraċ agus fiafruiġid sgéala ḋé, agus ann sin do ráiḋ Buinne Borb-ṫréan an laoiḋ:—

Sgéala[2] leat a Ḃuinne Ḃuirb
  Taḃair do sgéala gan ḟeirg[3]
Isé sgéala sin leaṫ buird[4]
  Inġeilt[5] do ċuilg[6] ón tSruṫ Dearg.

BUINNE.

Tárla san Drólainn dúinn[7]
  Mór-ḃuiḋne 's droiċead re taoḃ
Ar ndórtaḋ fola go h-úr[8]
  Giolla súil-ġorm séidte[9] saor.

Atá fa'n droiċead, truaġ liom,
  Cuirp ḟeanga i n-earbaiḋ a gceann,
Na slóiġ uile bonn ar bonn
  Re húir na dtonn ṫoir a's ṫall.[10]

---

[1] H slaodan troim ghalair. F omits. [2] H omits this lay. [3] L and A 25 "osard". F "aosaird". [4] L and A 25 have "is aon sgeal sin a shlat bhuird". F "as slatburd". [5] Thus L and A 25. A has "ionneall". [6] A 25 "chluig". F omits the last half of the fourth line, and introduces the lay in the following curious words: "agus tucsan na scela soin doibh go deadh [?] amhoil mar docualabhoir gottrasda gurab uime sin do rindeadar na draoithise .ı. cur. c. c.

As for the King of Egypt, after the death of the son of the King of the World, he was sad and sorrowful that night. As for Buinnè Roughstrong, when the day brightened on the morrow he enclosed(1) his body in his armour of battle and hard conflict, and came out upon the green and smote his shield valiantly and vigorously, and the roar of it was heard in the expanse of the firmament. And when the King of Egypt heard that heavy sound, he came out upon the green, and he [Cod] and the King of Egypt fought with one another, and they gave very many deep incurable wounds to one another. But, however, the king fell by Buinnè Roughstrong.

And Buinnè Roughstrong left the lands of Egypt, and no tidings are told of him until he reached the city of the Red Stream, where his own people were. As for the King of the World, the night the stone was taken from him, there fell upon him a heavy severe fit of disease, and on the morrow he was found dead in his bed. And on Buinnè Roughstrong's coming to where his own people were, they fell to kissing him affectionately, and they ask tidings of him. And it was then Buinnè Roughstrong spake the lay:—

Buinnè Roughstrong tell thy tale
  Of the land that thou hast sought,
Fatted with the blood it poured
  Thou thy sword from far hast brought. (2)

BUINNE.

There met us in Dreólainn
  Great bands, and a bridge beside them,
[And] pouring forth blood freshly
  A blue-eyed youth, exhausted, noble.

There are, round the bridge, I think it a pity,
  Slender corpses, wanting their heads,
All the hosts, foot to foot,
  Beside the waves on this side and that.

---

agus dolbh daithgeal draei an laeisi". [7] L reads "thárla sin dúinne a dhuine". [8] L "ar androichead follamh go hur". [9] Thus I edit the "seada" of H; in L "seata". A 25 "seat". Ƥ abbreviates here more than usual "g. a. s. g. s. s". [10] "is teann trall" in A.

(1) Literally "bound." (2) This is in the metre of the original. Literally: Tidings with thee, O Rough Buinnè, give thy tidings without anger. Those tidings are . . . (?) the pasturing of thy sword from the Red Stream. *Metre:* Rannaigheacht Mór, without observance of alliteration.

Sírim[1] ar ḟéinniḋ na n-arm
  A ḋeaġ-ainm do ḋéanaṁ dúinn.[2]
Fá sgéal sin re ngaḃtar gráin
  Sgéal an uair sin fá mbiaḋ dúr.[3]

"Ag so an sgéal d'ḟiafruiġis díom
  A ḟir glic[4] na mbriaṫar mín,
An Dreolainne[5] an tír seo féin,
  'Sis mise ané fá Ríġ ḋí.

"Baoġal duit-se dul re taoḃ
  An droiċid ar ċaol[6] an ċuain,
Atá 'na luiġe ar a lár
  An ṗiast do ċuir ár na sluaġ."

D'ḟéaċas faoḃar m'arm géar
  Mairfiḋ an sgéal so tar m'éis,
I n-éiric ar ṁarḃ de'n tsluaġ
  Beantar liom[7] a ceann de'n ṗéist.

Tárla san Iosbirne ḋúinn
  Fear aosṁar a's macaoṁ óg,
Cailleaċ ċríon i gcaṫraiġ úir
  Ṫugadar dúinn teóra póg.

'San gcátraiġ atá fo'n gleann
  Rugas a ceann de'n ṗéist ruaiḋ[8],
Fuaireas[9] ó'n gcailliġ nár ḃ'óg
  Fiṫċioll[10] óir go n-iomad buaiḋ.

Do ṫuit liom teaġlaċ an Ríoġ
  Ní gníoṁ sin fá déanta rún,
Iar mbriseaḋ tuir na dtrí mbeann
  Ṫugas liom an ċloċ ar gcúl.

Mac Ríoġ an doṁain, sgéal ba ṁó,
  'Na ċosar ċró ṫéid asteaċ,
'S Ríġ na h-'Eigipte ṫuit liom
  Is Iollan Fionn na n-arm ngeal.

---

[1] L and A 25 both omit this rann. [2] Thus L 27, but A has "nainm sa shloineadh dinsin duin". [3] L 27 reads better, "sgeala an áir anba [Ꝼ anaboigh] úir". [4] L "a ghiolla ghlic". Ꝼ "a ghil óg". A "a fhir aobhtha", from which I edit as above. [5] A & L read "dúthchos dúinne an tir so féin". [6] A reads "an droichead re taobh an chuain." [7] A and Ꝼ read "uaim". [8] A reads "ditceanis an piast ruadh". [9] A "foris". [10] Thus L, which here spells it "fichioll". A has, as before, "sitiol". A 25 "siohal". L 27 "síothal". Ꝼ "sítheal".

I ask the warrior of the weapons
To make known to us his good name,
That was a tale at which horror is conceived,
A tale in that hour from which shall come hardships. (?)

"Here are the tidings you have asked of me,
O prudent man of the smooth words,
This country itself is Dréolainn;
It is I who was yesterday king of it.

"It is a danger to thee to pass beside
The bridge beside the harbour:
There are, lying in its midst,
The serpent who wrought the slaughter of the hosts."

I tried the venom of my keen arms
(This story shall live after me)
In eric for all of the hosts whom she slew;
Her head is taken by me off the serpent.

There met us in Isbirnè
An aged man and a youthful lad,
A withered hag in a fresh *cathair*,
They gave to us three kisses.

In the *cathair* that is beneath the valley
I took her head off the red serpent;
I received from the hag who was not young,
A golden chessboard with many virtues.

The household of the king fell by me:
That is not a deed of which a secret should be made.
After breaking the tower of the Three Bens
I brought back with me the stone.

The son of the King of the World, a greater deed,(1)
In a gory mass he comes in;(2)
And the King of Egypt fell by me
And Iollan the Fair(3) of the bright arms.

---

(1) Literally "story." (2) See p. 191. He just came into the city when he fell dead. (3) There is no mention of a Fair Iollan of bright arms in the prose, only of Iollan of the Red Arms, and he was son of the King of the World. It would seem from the verse that Buinnè slew three different people, but only two of them are mentioned in the prose narrative. This is very important, as showing that the verse must have been the earliest of the two, and that the prose narrative was founded upon it. Ꝑ adds, if I remember right, that it was Buinnè's druid Dolbh who made the lay to commemorate his great deeds.

Ní ḃfuiareas ar muir ná ar tír
Troid mar Iollan na narm ngéar,
I gCaṫraiġ na Mór-ċloċ nDearg,
Ag sin agaiḃ dearḃ mo sgéal.

A haiṫle na laoiḋe sin do cuireaḋ an ċloċ 'san tSruṫ Dearg agus do fuaraḋ agus do tiormaḋ an sruṫ i gcéadóir,[1] agus do ċuaiḋ Cod agus a ṁuinntir go Caṫair an tSroṫa Ḋeirg, agus ṫugadar a ḃfuaradar d'ór agus d'ionṁas innti leó, agus ṫugadar gearruġaḋ saoġail d'a ḃfuaradar innti o ṡin amaċ, aċt Eiteall aṁáin.

Iomṫusa fear nDoṁain, ṫugadar a n-aiġṫe ar Ċlainn Ríġ na hIoruaiḋe, agus do rinneadar úṁla ḋóiḃ.[2] Agus do goireaḋ Ríġ an Doṁain do Ċod mac Ríġ na hIoruaiḋe, agus an méad do marḃaḋ de na riġṫiḃ sin san gcaṫraiġ, do goireaḋ riġṫe eile 'na n-áit, d'á n-oiġriḃ féin; agus do goireaḋ Ríġ na hIoruaiḋe do Ċead mac Ríġ na hIoruaiḋe, agus tugaḋ Eiteall mar ṁnaoi ḋó, agus tugaḋ rann de ṫrí rannaiḃ an Doṁain do ḃuinne borb-ṫréan, agus an méad [do ṁair] de riġṫiḃ an Doṁain ar an láṫair sin ṫángadar d'ionnsaiḋe an áird-ríġ sin, do ċeangal a gcuir agus a gcáirdis fris, agus d' ḟáġail tuillioṁ agus tuarasdail uaiḋ, agus cíosa agus cána ṫaḃairt dó-san ó ṡin suas. Is annsin do goireaḋ Ríġ na hAsia Móire do Iilíceaḋ, agus ṫángadar Clanna Ríġṫeaḋ agus tiġearnaiḋ dúiṫċe agus barúin agus biaḋtaiġ agus taoisiġ d'á ionnsaiḋe do ġaḃail forba[3] agus fearainn uaiḋ, agus do ṫaḃairt úṁla agus ursama ḋó. Iomṫusa Ríġ an Doṁain, .i. Cod mac Ríġ na hIoruaiḋe, ba ṫrom conaiġe [ba] ḃinn-ḃéarlaċ na fileaḋa, ba ṡoilḃir soineaṁail na soċaiḋe, agus na cineaḋaċa, ba húṁal

---

[1] F reads as follows:—

Ceanglaid a gcuirp ina gcaṫ-ḃeirtiḃ caṫa agus is í cóṁairle air ar ċinnseat an cloċ ċaoṁ-ḃuaḋaċ ṫug buinne borb-tréan ċuca do ċur fon tSruṫ nḋearg do ḋíoḃaḋ a teasa agus a teandála. Do riġid aṁla ionnus gur toirneaḋ agus gur tréan-ṁúcaḋ draoiḋeaċt agus tréan lassaċa an tsroṫa do ḃuaḋaiḃ na cloiċe a ccéadoir.

Iar sin téid Cod cona muintir fán gcaṫraiġ go fraoċa forniata agus go raċtṁar mor-aigiontaċ agus noċ ar ḟansat no gur gaḃsat eitiol inġean Ríġ na h-Asia Móire banḟlaiṫ na caṫraċ agus gur sgaoil siad gaċ doċar ceangail dá roiḃ ar ċloinn Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe. Do coṁ-airgseat an ċaṫair iar sin, agus beired roġaḋ a séad agus

I never experienced on sea or on land
  A fight like [that with] Iollan of the sharp weapons,
In the City of the Great Red Stones,
  There is for you the truth of my tidings.

After that lay, the stone was placed in the Red Stream, and the stream was at once made cold and dried up. And Cod and his people crossed over to the City of the Red Stream, and they brought away with them all the gold and treasure they found in it; and they gave shortness of life to all they found in it from that moment, except to Eiteall alone.

As for the men of the World, they turned towards the children of the King of Norway and made submission to them. And Cod, son of the King of Norway, was named King of the World; and as many of those kings as were slain round the city, other kings from their own heirs were appointed kings in their places; and Cead, son of the King of Norway, was called King of Norway, and Eiteall was given him to wife; and a division of the three divisions of the World was given to Buinnè Roughstrong, and all of the Kings of the World who were on the spot came to that High King to knit their sureties and friendships with him, and to receive pay and stipend from him, and to give him from that forward rent and tribute. It was then Micead was appointed(¹) King of Great Asia, and the sons of kings, and the lords of territory, and barons and hospitallers and chiefs, came to him to receive from him land and territory, and to pay him homage and submission. As for the King of the World, namely, Cod, son of the King of Norway, heavy were fortunes, sweet-spoken were the poets, courteous and fortunate were the peoples and the races, submissive

---

dioġrais gaca hairm da ḃfuairseat innte airte, iar mbreiṫ buaḋa ar a laoċaiḃ agus ar [a] deaġ-curaḋaiḃ.

Iomtusa muintire Ríġ an Ḋomain tiagaid a gcoṁairle ḋfios cia ḋá ngoirfidis aird-ríġ agus as í coṁairle air ar ċinnseat ceannus agus caoṁ ḟlaiṫios do ṫaḃairt do Ċod do ḃriġ gur aiṫniġeadar go raiḃ cumas a caiṫme agus a cosnaṁa aige . . .

This last line is of great interest, as it shows the Irish form of the proverb, "spend me and defend me," *i.e.* "caith agus cosain mé".

[2] F says that it was the king of the white men, whose daughter, Féithlin, had been rescued by the children of Norway, and the king of Antuaigh, or Antuaith, her grandfather, who persuaded the kings to make Cod King of the World. [3] Thus A and H 25, and L has "fóirbhe".

(¹) Literally "called."

aigiontaċ na hoiġ[e], agus ba ḃinn-ḟoclaċ beancuire le linn an tréin-ríġ sin, no go ḃfuair bás.[1]

---

[1] A has the following colophon:—

Agus buiḋeaċas do Ḋia Uile-ċúṁaċtaiġ go dtáinig liom a ċríoċnuġaḋ anois, agus beannaċt Ḋía do gaċ Críostuiḋe léiġfeas guiḋe le hanam an tí sgríoḃ mar so féin í. Vale lecto[r].

Finis.

AOḊ M̄C DOṀNAILL,
do sgríoḃ an beagán so.

Ag so leaḃar Ṫomáis Uí Luiniġ ar na ċríoċnaḋ seaċtuadh la fiċet do ṁíoḋh Iuli an ḃliaġain d'aois an tiġearna .i. míle agus seaċt ccéad agus ceaṫra bliaġna déag 1714, 7c. &c.

F ends thus:

"G*ura* bi eachtra chl*oinne riogh* na h-I*oruaidhe* an scel sin anuas, agus fos goirid fireol*aigh* ciorg*aile* na sc*eul*oidheachta don eachtrasa, agus dolbh daithgheal draoi agus *Curaire Camchosach* do scriobh an eachtrasa a ffleascoiph fil*eadh* agus anamhlorgoiph druagh, agus gurabi so an ceathramhadh teanga in artarraingeadh hi; agus do scaoil*eadh righte* an dom*hain* da ccrioch*aibh* fpein oshin amach. Finid. Amen. Ailim trocoire ar an trionoid."

L ends:

"Le Seaghán O Domhnaill. Sirim guidhe an leaghthóra mar aon le n-a lucht éisteachta. October the 1st, 1778."

A 25 ends:

"Ag sin eachtra chloinne R. na h-Ioruaidhe ar na cur i gceart críoch le Seamus mac Ciarnáin 's an mbhliadhain d'aois ár dTighearna 1770. Guidh ar anamnaibh mharbh Purgeadair. Na dearmuid an sgríobhnóir Seámus Mac Ciarnáin, agus guidh ar anam Mhriartigh Mac an Bháird. Finit."

[but] spirited(¹) were the virgins, and sweet-worded were ladies during the time of that strong king, until he died.(²)

(¹) Or perhaps, if *umhall-aigiontach* be taken as one word, "humble-spirited."

(²) A, the northern MS. which I have taken as the basis of the text has the following colophon:

"And thanks be to Almighty God that I have succeeded in finishing it now, and the blessing of God to every Christian who shall read [it], and pray for the soul of him who wrote it, this way, itself. [*i.e.* even so moderately well as this.] Vale lector.

"Finis.

"HUGH MAC DONNELL,
"Who wrote this trifle.

"This is the book of Thomas O'Luinigh, finished the 27th day of the month of July the year of the age of the Lord one thousand and seven hundred and fourteen years, etc."

Ꝼ, the oldest MS., ends thus:

"So that story down [to this] is the Adventures of the Children of the King of Norway; and men of true knowledge call these adventures the battle-feats(?) of story-telling, and it was Dolbh Bright-hue the druid and the Curaire Crookfoot who wrote these adventures in poet's wands and in druid's tablet-staves, and this too is the fourth language into which it was translated. And the kings of the world were despatched to their own countries from that out. Finid. Amen. I beseech the Trinity for mercy."

The Munster MS. L ends thus:

"By John O'Donnell. I beseech the prayer of the reader together with those of his hearers. October the 1st, 1778."

A 25 ends:

"These are the adventures of the children of the King of Norway, rightly ended by James Mac Kernan in the year of the age of our Lord 1770. Pray for the souls of the dead in Purgatory. Do not forget the writer Séamas Mac Ciarnain [Kernan] and pray for the soul of Mriartach Mac an Bhaird [Murty Ward]. Finit."

GLOSSARY.

[THIS Glossary contains chiefly the words that are not found in O'Reilly's Dictionary, or which are given there with different meanings from those found in the text. For the explanation of several words in "The Lad of the Ferule" I am indebted to my friend the Rev. P. O'Leary, of Castlelyons, whose knowledge of the southern language is unique. The figures refer to the pages.]

Aċusan, 90, *also* coṁaċċusan. Ṫugadar aċusan d'á sean-armaiḃ d'á ċéile.

Adḟuar, 38, very cold.

Aiṁleisg, 172, go haiṁleisg, reluctantly.

Aireaṁ, 6, fame, *literally* 'count': *cf. English* 'account.'

Aireaċta, *or* arraċt, 128, monster, spectre.

Aiṫeaċ, 114, *often used for* aṫaċ, *i.e.* faṫaċ, giant.

Aiṫiḋ, 82, *more usually* aṫaiġ, *as* aiṫeaċ *for* aṫaċ, time, length of time.

Aiṫisig, 88, *perhaps meant for gen. of* aiṫeasg, advice, warning.

Alpaḋ, 26, voracious-swallowing. "Ag alpaḋ na feola," *song of* an Siota 's a ṁáṫair.

Aṁgar, 100, *used as an adj.*, afflicted, pitiable.

Aṁra, 90, fis aṁra, a dream-vision.

Amuiċ, 104, *a common form of* amuiġ *in Ulster and Connacht*, outside, abroad.

Amas, 24, *literally* an attack, a hitting. Rinne mé amas air, I made at him to hit him. Fuair mé amas air, I got a chance to hit him.

An, 112, *i.e.* fan, remain, stay.

Anairṫe, *n.*, 34, broth, soup. Thus pronounced in Central Connacht also, but more usually written anḃruiṫ.

Antuaiġ, *n.*, 158, ríġ na h-Antuaiġe, the king of Antuaigh, the Irish name for Antioch. *In Leabhar Breac*, Antuaid.

Ardnós, *n.*, 50, high fame; *see* urraḋnós.

Asgnaṁ *or* asgnaḋ, *v.*, 60, 70, sailing, voyaging. Ag asgnaḋ an aigéin, ag asgnaṁ na sruṫ-ḟairrge.

Aṫaide, *n.*, *see* feiṫide.

Aṫaloisg, *n.*, 8, *apparently the same meaning as the modern* sloigisg, a rabble (of children, cats, dogs, etc.).

Aṫarḋa, *n.*, 158, patrimony, paternal abode; *also used as an adj.*, 188.

baclainn, 12, *dat. of* bacla, the hollow of the bent arm. Níor ḃfada go ḃfacaiḋ mé gunn' ar mo ḃacalainn. *Munster Song.*

ball, 42, ar an mball, *or* ar ball, presently, on the spot.

bancuire, 58, ladies, a troop of women.

baraṁail, an equivalent, a likeness. Oiread a ḃfeacadar de ḋaoiniḃ riaṁ do ḃí baraṁail dóiḃ san aonaċ sin, 80, *i.e.* as many as that. Baraṁail do'n ċáṫraiġ sin, the like of that city. *Also* an opinion, a surmise. Ṫugadar cáċ do ḃaraṁail, 166, every one surmised.

[In modern Connacht, go baraṁail means 'middling', like go reusúnta. Go de mar tá tu? Go baraṁail.]

bárr, 154, bárr daoine, excess of numbers.

basgarnaiġ, 128, lamenting. [*O'R. has* bascarnaċ.]

beag, 36. Is gearr anois, beag, ó ġaḃ sé, it is almost no time since he went. Beag naċ, almost. Is anois beag-naċ do ġaḃ sé, it was only just now he went, 37, *n.* [9].

béal-sgalan, 132, a booth, a shelter. Boṫ agus beal-sgalan.

beann, 36, 42, *perhaps* horn. Na g-cúig ceann na gcúig mbeann agus na gcúig muinéall, of the five heads, the five horns, and the five necks. *I have met this description of a giant in a Kerry folk-tale.* Caṫair na dtri mbeann, 176, the city of the three horns (or bens, hills ?).

beann-ḃuaḋmuin and beann buaḋmainn, 10, a horn for blowing.

beann-ḃuaḋḃaill, 128, *id.*

bearaċ, 32, sharp-pointed, prick-eared (?). Cluas ḃearaċ, a pointed ear [*of a fox*]. Eilte bearaċa barra-ċluasaċa, 16. [*O'R. has* bearaċ, prattling, talkative.]

béiciḋ, 192, outcry, roar [*of a shield struck*].

beirḃiuġaḋ, 16, boiling [*in Munster*].

beiriġṫe, 24, boiled. [*In Connacht* bruiṫte, cf. *the remark of the Mayo man when he first heard Munster Irish*, "Ḃeiṫ' na fataiḋ againn-ne bainte niġte bruiṫte 's iṫte nuair ḃeiṫ' Muiṁneaċ ag ráḋ p-r-á-t-a-i-ḋ b-e-i-r-i-ġ-ṫ-e !]

biaḋna, 6, *plur.* of biaḋ, food: *but* biaḋa, 40. [*Compare* fiaḋna, *plur. of* fiaḋ, p. 16.]

blaḋ, 128, = bloḋ, a fragment, piece.

bloisg-ḃéimeanna, 42, resounding blows. Bloisg, noise.

broiṫimisg, *also* broċdanus, 10, *n.* [7], a place where badgers are.

buaḋ-ḃuaḋmuin, *see* beann-ḃuaḋṁuin.

búirfiḋ, 128, ag búirfiḋ, bellowing.

buinne, *see* ro-ḃuinne.

Carrán (?), 34.

Céadna, 154, 156, *used as a noun under the form* an gcéadna, the same thing.

Cealltar, 178; cealtar, 108. Common in the phrase which often occurs of cealltar draoiḋeaċta, an enchanted covering, a spell of invisibility. Tobar atá fá ṁuir agus cealltar draoiġeaċta uime.

Ceann, head; joy. Mo ċeann, Hail! Mo ċeann fá ḃur mbeiṫ annsin, 72, my joy that ye are there. I gceann, added to: teas i gceann fiuċṫa, 86. I gceann, to meet: dul i gceann Ríġ na Sorċa, 86. Ráinig i gceann na sluaġ, 90, he reached and met the hosts.

Ceist, 54, troubling, questioning. Ná bíoḋ na geasa sin de ċeist orraiḃ, let not those tabus trouble you.

Cliseaḋ colna, 134, a summersault: [*O'R. has* cliosgaḋ, start, bounce].

Coiḃsuiḋ, 78, calm, settled. Ba ṡiṫ-ċiúin coiḃsuiḋ na cuanta.

Coiṁiġṫeaċ, 156, a stranger; *see* coṁaiġṫeaċ.

Coiṁlinge, 168. Ag coiṁlinge ciúil, accompanying music (?).

Coirmogall, 60, carbuncle.

Cóṁall, 10. Rinne mé mo ċóṁall, I have executed my commission. Cóṁall, fulfilment.

Coṁaircuir, 156. 'Na ċoinne agus 'na ċoṁaircuir, to meet and accost or approach him.

Coṁaiġṫeaċ, 138, strange, a stranger; *see* coiṁiġṫeaċ.

Cóṁġaḃailtear, 10, cuirim i gcoṁġaḃáiltear agus i ḃfiaḋnuise.

Cóṁgar, 44, approach, nearness, joining. I gcóṁgar cinn agus muiníl, at the joining of head and neck. A gcóṁrac a ċinn agus a ṁuinéil, 68, *id.* I gcoṁgar 'Eireann agus Albann, 32, on the boundary of Ireland and Scotland.

Coṁgaireaċ, 124, shouting (?).

Com-mearaṫal, 48, confusion (?), *as if* mearḃal (?).

Cóṁrac, 68; *see* cóṁgar.

Coṁrann, *in the expression,* i gcoṁrann (*or* gcoḃrainn, 140) a sgéiṫe, in the hollow of his shield; *see* cuiḃriḃ.

Coṁṫrom, 94, a like weight or size. Coṁṫrom d'á inċean̄, its own size of his brain.

Coṁ-uaim, 98, alliteration in Irish verse.

Conaiġe, *perhaps* fortunes, *from* Conaċ, wealth. Ag milleaḋ biataċ Ṁiḋe um a mór-ċonaċ. *MS. of* Caṫ Cnuca.

Conaiġeaċ, 50, wealthy (?) [*O'R. gives* conaiḋ. soft, gentle, affable].

Confaoiḋeaċ, 84, furious. Caṫ ceann-árd confaoiḋeaċ do ṫabairt dóiḃ. "Ro gaḃ confa caṫa é," battle fury seized him. *MS of* Iollan Arm-ḋearg.

Cor tosaiġ, 58, the prow (of a ship).

Crannġaill, 162, a heap of wood (?).

Críoċnuiġ, 106, *literally* finish, *used with* cóṁairle, to settle, to arrange.

Crosair cró, 96, *for* cosar cró, a gory mass trampled down.

Cúb, 12, bend. Ċúb sé a ġlún.

Cuiḃriḃ, 128, *and* cuiḃreaċ, 188, *and* coiḃreaċ, 154, *used in the expression* i gcuiḃriḃ a sgéiṫe, in the binding or hollow of his shield: *see* coṁrann. *I find* i gcóṁrac a sgéiṫe, *used in the same sense in a MS. of* Iollan Armḋearg, *and* i gcrannóig *is also used*: *see* 94, *n.* 2.

Cuir ar, 154, 186, to oppress, affect, injure.

Cúisín, 44, cushion.

Deacraiġeaċt, 166, difficulty.

Déan ar, 18, to make for. Ag déanaṁ ar an teaċ, drawing towards the house. Déanaiḋ orra, 26, they make for *or* at them. Do rinneas uirri, 26, I made at her. Do rinn ar an loċ, 28, it made for the lake.

Déantús, 12. Déantús maiṫeasa, makings of goodness, *i.e.* peculiar excellence (?). [*O'R. has* déantas, activity.]

Dísgiġṫe, 36, exterminated, emptied of. Tá an tobar i ndísg, the well is without water (*in Munster*). Dísgiuġaḋ, extermination.

Diacraċ, *in the expression* go dil diacraċ, lovingly and fondly. [*O'R. has* diocraċ, diligent, zealous.]

Dimbriġ, 178. Deun dimbriġ de, make nothing of it, despise it.

Do. Is é áḋḃar fá raiḃ sé dóiḃ, 72, the reason he "went for them" was.

Doḃar-ċeó, 74, a water-fog. [*I find in a MS. of* Caṫ Cnuċa *the phrase* doiġir-ċeó dluṫ-leaṫan draoiḋeaċta.]

Doilḃ, 14, *literally* gloomy, *but here apparently equivalent to* doiliġ, difficult. [*O'R. has* doirḃ, hard, peevish, difficult.]

Doilḃṫe, 74, enchantment (?); *or the comparative of* doilḃ, gloomy.

Dreis, 116, *also written* dreas, greis, *and sometimes* greas, a while, a time, a spell [of work]. Déan dreis d'á snoiḋe, take a spell at whittling it. Dreas marcuiġeaċta, a spell of riding.

Druid le, 28, approach. Druid leis an teine, come near the fire. Ḋruid sé léi, he approached her.

Druimneaċ, 86, ridgy (?). Liag druimneaċ de ḋearg-ór. *In a MS. of* Caṫ Muiġe Moċruime *and elsewhere, I find the expression* sleaġ ḋruimneaċ. Boṫ druimneaċ, 186, a booth with a ridgy back (?).

Duaiḃreaċ, 74, gloomy, dark. *Of a fog,* ceó duaiḃreaċ, 74; *of a face,* duḃ-éadann duaiḃreaċ, 102. I ngleanntaiḃ duḃa duaiḃreaċa, *Love Songs of Connacht*, p. 78. *In a MS. of* Caṫ Cnuċa *I find,* ġlacadar calaḋṗort ag innḃear duaiḃreaċ Duiḃlinne.

Dulta, desirable to go.

'Eagsaṁail, 108, 122, strange. I gcruṫ éagsaṁail, in strange shape. Pobal éagsaṁail, 148, a remarkable tent, *also* beautiful. Níor ḃ' éagsaṁla mná san doṁan no iad ar ḟeaḃas a ndeilḃe, 108. Níor ḃ'éagsaṁla bean san doṁan 'ná í, 142, there was no woman in the world more beautiful than she.

'Eiḃir, 22, cloċa éiḃir, some sort of granite-like stones, called by the peasants in English, "fairy stones".

Eiṫide, 94, 118, creatures, living things; *see* feiṫide.

Eoċair-ḃláiṫ, 164, flower-bordered (?)

Eóin, 168, *plur. of* éan, a bird.

Eólċa, 56, expertness.

Eólgaireaċ, 8, knowing, knowledgeable.

Eólus, guiding, pointing out the way. Déan eólus dam, show me the way. Múin an t-eólus dam, 18, teach me the way. Rinneadar eólus na foraoise ḋó, 122, they showed him the way to the forest.

Fá, 16. Fá mar is tusa an máiġistir, since you are the master.

Faoiḋeaċ, 36. Ag gul go faoiḋeaċ, weeping bitterly. [*Common in Munster poems.*]

Fé, 32, *dialectic form of* faoi, under him.

Féaċaim, 190, I try.

Feamuinneaċ, 122, clustering (of hair); *literally* seaweed-like.

Feargaiġ, 12, to become angry.

Féiḋm, 178, service, power. Féiḋm fear an doṁain do ṡeaċnaḋ.

Feis, 38. Ar feis láiṁe na leapṫan (?).

Féiṫeaṁail, sinewy.

Fiaḋaċ, 10, *n.*, 6, a resort of deer.

Fiaḋguiḋeaċt, 10, deer-hunting.

Fiaḋ maol, 64, some sort of hornless deer (?).

Fiannuiġeaċt, 40, story-telling about the Fenians.

Fiḋ *or* fiḋe, 4, = iḋ, a chain, ring. [Iḋ means at present the extreme ring or link in the chain].

Fineaċas, 4, tribe-ship, nationhood. [*O'R. has* fineaċas, inheritance].

Finniḋeag, 6. Do finniḋeag ar na bordaiḃ, there was whitely-laid-down on the tables (?).

Finneaṁail, 8, *perhaps the same as* fineálta, 'fine,' *or cognate with* fionn, white.

Fionnaḃean, 38, *a Munsterism for* fionn-ḃean, fair woman. 'An ḟinneḃean ḟadaċroḃ áluinn óg.' *Song by David Fitzgerald.*

Fiṫeide, 66, *or* feiṫide, *also* feiṫiḋe *and* feiṫeaḋ = eiṫide *or* aṫaide, a living thing, a creature, [*often* an uncanny thing. *Keating has* aṫaide oiḋċe, things, or spirits, of the night].

Fiúġ, 20, *m.* and *f.*, *see* 21, *n.* [9], the ferule of a stick; *perhaps cognate with* ioḋ *or* iḋ; *see* fiḋ.

Foċair-ḃláiṫ, 62, *perhaps for* eoċair-ḃláiṫ, flower-bordered.

Foidreaċ, 42, of sods, soddy (?).

Fo-ḋealg, 66, 170, a spikelet.

Foir, 20, = oir, fit, suit.

Foirniata, 90, furious, powerful; *also in a MS. of* Caṫ Muiġe Moċruime, *and elsewhere.* Coṁrac féiġ fuilteaċ forbarta foirniata.

Foirdineaċ, 34. Briaṫra foirdineaċa fáiġeaṁla. This is a common expression, but the exact sense is doubtful. [*O'R. has* foirdineaċ, serious, *and* foirteanaċ, arranged in good order.]

Folċaiġ, 140, cover (?). Folaiġ, conceal.

Folmuiġ, 150, *perhaps the same as* folṁaiġ *or* folaṁaiġ, to empty. *Here it appears to mean* to vacate (a chair). Fear follṁuiġṫe, 164, an emptier.

Follraċt, 90, gore. Fuil agus follraċt.

Foltanus, 182, enmity. Sgeul méadaiġṫe foltanais | Níor ċreidte ar a ċéile. *MS. Book of the O'Byrnes*: *also* faltanas.

For-ḟáilteaċ, 66, welcome-giving.

For-órḋa, 68, 98, 170, all-golden.

Forgla, 186, a great number. Tá forgla sluaiġ an doṁain ar tí do ḃásuiġṫe: *MS. of the* Bruiġean Caorṫann. [I have heard the word foragan used in this sense.]

Forsgaoilte, 52, diffusive. Forsgaoilte re innsin.

Foraiġis, 6, = foraois, forest.

Forruis, 10, = foraois, forest.

Forbarta, 90, furious; *see* foirniata.

Fortuaṫa, 158, regions(?). [O'Donovan gives, in his supplement, "fortuaṫa, strange tribes in a territory"; but here it seems to mean the territory itself, not 'outskirts' as I have translated it].

Fosaḋ, 148, a resting. Rinneaḋ fosaḋ ḋó, *apparently*, preparations were made for his stay.

Friṫealaṁ, 24, *usually* friṫeólaḋ, ministering.

Fraoċ-ċuṫaċ, 42, mad with fury.

Friṫiḃ *or* fríoṫaiḃ, *in the phrase* i ḃfriṫiḃ na firmamente, 74, 76, 192, etc., in the expanse (?) of the firmament.

Friṫing, *in the phrase* i ḃfriṫing na conaire céadna, back over the same road.

Gaḃálta, 180, fermented.

Gaḃála, 38, *also* gaḃáltaċ, fermented. Mistranslated 'distilled' in text, as though from gaḃáil, to receive, as if 'receiving the liquor as it came from the still.' But the poteen-makers of Connacht call their 'barm' that ferments their 'pot-ale', gó-āil. Now, gaḃail, 'to sing', 'to go', 'to take', is pronounced the same way. Hence, gaḃála, gaḃaltaċ, gaḃalta, and gaḃailteaċ, must mean 'fermented with barm.'

Gaḃáilteaċ, 148, *see last word.*

Gaḃáil, 166, to take. Do ġáḃáil na caṫraċ, to take the city.

Gaḃáil, 42. Ag cur gaḃáil na mbuilliḋeaḋ ar Ṁurċaḋ *seems to mean* getting the better of Murough in blows (?).

Gaḃlánaċ, 110 (?).

Gaireaċtaċ, 52, laughing. Rosg gorm gaireaċtaċ.

Gar-ḟaillsiġ, 10, *see* graiḋlsi.

Géan, do ġean, I will do.

Glaic, 104. I nglaic caṫaoireaċ, in the seat of a chair (?).

Gloṁar gáire, 66, a yell of a laugh (?). gloṁar *also means* a muzzle for young calves. [*O'R.*]

Gráince, 104, = gránna, ugly.

Graiḋlsi, 6 (*also* garḟaillsiġ), fiaḋ-guiḋeaċta, thickets for deer-hunting (?).

Greas, 36, a spell of time or of work; *see* dreas *and* dreis.

Greasaċt, 158. Greasaċt na mbolg, the urging or puffing of the bellows.

Groḋ-neiṁneaċ, 132, swift and venomous (of winds).

Gualeire, *also* gualaire, 102, a shoulder-burden.

Iasga, 112, = éasga, the moon.

Im, *an intensitive prefix, not noted in O'Donovan's Grammar, nor in O'Reilly's Dictionary*. Im-ċian, 82, very far; im-éasgaiḋ, 54, very quick; im-reaṁar, 66, very thick; im-riġin, 72, very tough.

Imdeaġail, 154, defence (in fighting), *misspelt in* le feaḃar na h-iomdeaġla, 154.

Imriġeadar, 42, *3rd pers. plur., past tense of* imir, play, practise.

Iomdeaġla, 154, *see* imdeaġail.

Ionall, 38, appearance, guise; *properly* inneall.

Ionluaiḋte, 64, worth mentioning.

Ioruaiḋ, 52, *apparently* 'an eagle' (?).

Iostaṁail, 164, inhabited, *or* full of houses (?).

Iosdaiġṫe, 50, housed, entertained (?).

'Isleán, 42, a hollow, a low place.

Láṁ, *used with* tabair *and* gaḃ. Ṫugadar láṁ ar imṫeaċt, 162. Ġaḃadar l. a. i., 164, they took in hand their departure.

Leaṫ-iomarca, 22, *literally*, half too much, appears to mean 'unfair measure.'

Leig (*used with the acc. of the pers. pron.*), to rush. Do leig na raon ro-reaṫa é, 64, he went with a rushing race. Do leigeadar na ruaṫar ro-reaṫa iad, 80. Do leigeadar na deiċ gcéad sin iad d'ionnsaiḋe an aonaiġ, 82.

Léiriġ, 16, to arrange in definite order. Léirig is a Munster form.

Líon, 82, number. Cá líon? how many?

Loinneaḋ, 188. Do loinneaḋ faoi, he flamed up; *also* do londaiġeaḋ uime, *see* p. 189, *n.* [7]. [*O'R. has* lonaiḋ, he coloured, grew red.]

Loisgneaċ, 152, burningly, *i.e.* fiercely. Go lonn loisgneaċ.

Lúġa, 156. Fear ba lúġa orra 'ná é, a person they hated, disliked, more than he. [I have, I think, heard this idiom in Galway.]

Luine, 60, amusement.

Maiṫe, 134, kindness. Ar maiṫe re neaċ eile, for the sake of another. Ar maiṫe leis féin do ġniḋ an cat crónán, it's to please itself the cat purs (*a common proverb*).

Maidir le, 6, *apparently a Munster form of* maille le, along with. [*In Connacht* maidir le *is the modern equivalent of* iomṫusa *or* dála, as to, with regard to.]

Mám, 34, a handful.

Manaois muirne, 124, a kind of spear. [*O'R. gives* muirneann, *gen.* muirne, a dart.]

Maṫa, 158, chiefs, *more commonly* maiṫe.
Marlaṫaċ, 34, abusive (?).
Meaḃrac, 40, *used with* sgeinne, *apparently* a dagger.
Mearagánta, 32, *Munster for* meargánta, brisk, lively.
Meang, 42, neck (?), *or for* mong, hair.
Meaḋar-ġlóraċ, 38, cheerful-voiced.
Méin, 36, buḋ ṁéin liom, I would like to.

> "Taoḃ le fearaiḃ úrċroiḋeaċ buḋ ṁéin liom stad le dúil grinn."
>
> *Song of the Crúisgín lán.*

Meing = meang, treachery.
Meisgeaṁail, 180, intoxicating.
Mí-líoṫaċ, 18, of bad complexion, wan, ill-visaged.
Miocaire, 52, = mioċair, courteous, loving.
Min-ṁeaḋraḋ, 50, = min-ṁeaḃruġaḋ, closely studying.
Mion-oirneaċ, small fragments.
Moċa, 142, earliness, early hour. [*More properly* moiċe, *I should think.*]
Mong-ḟúileaċ, 62, bright-eyed (?). [*This word also occurs in a MS. of* Caṫ Cnuċa, "ingion ṁong-ḟúileaċ."]
Morc, 112, *used with* teineaḋ, a great fire. *See* tor.
Muirḟeaḋ, 184, would kill.
Muirne; *see* manaoir.

Neiṁ-ṁeirḃṫe, 172, strongly, unflinchingly.
Niaṁannaiḃ, 116, *dat. plur.* of niaṁ, brightnesses, shimmerings.
Noment, 20, moment.
Nualainn, 132, wailing.

Oiġreaṫa, 64, icy.
Oiġreaċta, 136, for oiġreata, iced, frozen.
Oiriseaṁ, 64, halt, stay.
Oir = foir, 22, *n.* [1], to fit.
Ollaṁnaiġ, 24, prepare, make ready.
Ordán, a fragment, piece. [Cf. the Shaksperian *ort*, a fragment: "The fractions of her faith, orts of her love."—*Troilus and Cressida.*]
'Orloisgṫe, 44, golden, gilt.

Partuing, 52, some red or crimson plant (?); a very common word in these stories, but not identified.
Plaitín glúine, 12, the knee-cap.
Prap, 136, quick, sudden. [*O'R. has* prab.]
Proiṁinsil, 8, Provincial, head of an order.
Proinn-teaċ, 22, refectory. [Cf. O'Coilleáin's poem on Timoleague Abbey, atá do ṗroinn-teaċ gan biaḋ 's do ṡuan-lios gan leabaiḋ ḃláiṫ.]
Port, 30. Do ṫug ar port é, he brought it ashore.

Raiġreaṁail *or* réiġreaṁail, 6, abundant. [A common word, I believe, in Munster.]
Ranngaċ, 32, bounding, swinging. Siúḃal ranngaċ, a bounding or swinging gait.
Raṫa, *probably for* reaṫa; *gen. of* riṫ, a run.
Reic, 88, tell. Do reic aiṫris.
Réiḋ, 40, *used of ale*, ready to drink (?).
Réiḋ-ṫeaġlaċ, 10, standing household (?). [Réiḋ, 'ready,' seems to imply a household always ready for service. I have heard the word in a Kerry folk-tale.]
Réiġreaṁail, 8, *see* raiġreaṁail.
Réimeaṁail, 28. Go réimeaṁail, with pride, power.
Riaġartálta, 20, *appears to mean* arranged; see *n.* [The affix álta appears to indicate a foreign word.]

Rinn, 180. Do ċuir cloċ 'na rinn reaṫa (?).

Ro-ḃuinne, 130, a great stream or throng.

Roṫnuaill, *see p.* 87, *n.* [4].

Ruṫaḋ, 150. Ruṫaḋ na feirge, a flush of anger. [*O'R. has* ruiṫean, red-hot, blazing.]

Ruiṫne, 132, flame. Ruiṫne ruaḋġaoiṫe, a rush of red [*i.e.* blighting] wind. [*O'R. has* ruiṫneaḋ, flame].

Ruṫag, 28, a rush, the run of a person who takes a leap.

Saġfaig, 20, 21, *n.* [7], = saṁaċ, *more properly* sáṁṫaċ, *pronounced* sáfaċ, a staff or big stick like the handle of a spade.

Saṁailte, 170, 180, = saṁail, like.

Seallaḋ, 50, a glance, a sight, = Siolla, *id.* 64.

Seannaṁail, 6, *perhaps for* sain-eaṁail, particular, exquisite.

Seídte, 192, exhausted, blown.

Sgabal, 10, a shoulder-piece [*in modern language* a scapular.]

Sgéal, a story, *used idiomatically for* niḋ, a thing, 108; *for* duine, a person, 150.

Sgeinn, 26, fly-off, jump.

Sgiob, 36, snatch or sweep away.

Sgoṫaċ, 32, bushy-haired.

Síl, 50, = saoil, think. [The northern pronunciation and that of Connacht is *sheel*, not *seel*, hence this verb has of late been often spelt síl.]

Sileaḋ, 4. Fleasg ag sileaḋ *aliter* filleaḋ ar a ḟolt.

Singala, 130, roaring, noise [English *sing*?].

Sioṫealta, 170, is síoṫealta briaṫra de ḋaoiniḃ, best spoken of men? [*O'R. has* sioṫoilte, purified.]

Sioṫġaoiṫe, 18, fairy. Síogaiḋe, *id.*

Siṫeaṁail. Céol siṫeaṁail, fairy-like music. [*O'R. has* siṫeaṁail, peaceable, durable.]

Siṫeal, *or* sioṫal, 186, *n.* [5], a bowl.

Sloinn, 8, to give a surname to. Sloinn do ċáirdeas dúin̄, 84, trace back, explain your friendship for us. Sloin̄ an fear sin dúinn, 150, name that man for us.

Sluim, 172. Sluim galair, a fit of sickness.

Snaoiḋ, 116, whittle, chip.

Snoiḋe, 180, to whittle, *see last word*, to meander, as water, 130. [*O'R. has* sniġim, I creep, crawl, glide.]

Socaraċt, 26, rest, easy-times. Annsin geoḃair codlaḋ socaraċt a's suaiṁneas. *O'Carolan's Ode to Whiskey.*

So-ṡiuḃlaċ, 4, easily-travelled. [*Compare* so-ḟaicseanaċ *and* so-ṫuigseanaċ *for* soi-ḟeicṫe *and* so-ṫuigste.]

Soileaċ, 64, of 'sallow' *or* 'sally' wood.

Soineaṁail, *of drink*, pleasant, 190; *of people*, fortunate, happy, 196; *of satin*, handsome, shining, 168.

Sonnaċriṫ, 18, a great shaking. [Cf. sunn-ċaṫair, a strong city; sonn-ṁarcaċ, a courier; sunn-ġaoṫ, a strong wind; *probably it is a Munsterism for* sonn-ċriṫ. *See* fionna-ḃean.]

Sprealaire, 26, a good-for-nothing. An sprealaire coire sin, that wretched pot.

Spriosántaċt, 20, a petty trifle.

Suanfaḋaċ, 180, breathing, moving. [*It seems a combination of* uanfaċt, breathing; *and* suan, slumber. Srannfaċ, *id.*]

Súr, 94, search, range: ag sur an ċaṫa, ranging the battle (?).

T', 170, = do, thy. Ar ġráḋ t' oiniġ.

Tairise, 177, loyalty. Is tairise liom, I think it an act of friendship (?).

Teangṁáil, 136, meeting, in the sense of fighting. Luċt troda no teangṁála.

Teangṁaḋ, da dteangṁaḋ, if there should meet. Teagṁóċaḋ, 168, *id.*

Teandáil, 160, a fire, burning; *see* tineal.

Tiagar, 88, *perhaps the same as* téagar, covering, shelter.

Tiberrin, 134, springing-up, welling. Tibir anios a ṫobair, *the Irish Bible.*

Tineal, 176. Tinneál, 174, a fire; *see* teandáil.

Tineaṁlaċt, 172, fieriness.

Tionnċaire, 56, a requisite. Tri ṫionnċaire loinge. [*For other forms see p.* 56, *n.* [1]].

Toll, 32, the hind-quarters (?). Tá piċe preabán ar a ṫoll, agus piċe poll ar a ċorp, *old poem, MS.* A.D. 1763. *It also means* head, *but evidently not here; see* tular.

Tor, *also* torc, *sometimes also* morc, *used with* teineaḋ, 102, a large fire.

Toraḋ, 20. Gan toraḋ gan tuarasgbáil, without tale or tidings. [*O'R. gives* tóraḋ, an answer].

Treanna, 40, *plur. of* trian, a third part.

Tuil, *v.*, 84, to flood, pour like a flood. Do ṫuil an tonn gráḋ ro mo ċroiḋe.

Ṫuirnseat, 156, they abated, ceased. Túrnaim, I lower.

Tular, 10, a head-piece, from tul, face, head; cf. tul le tul = *vis-à-vis.*

Tultánta, taltánta, 18. *Conveying the idea of* vigorous, vehement. [In these cases of almost identical adjectival repetition, the first vowel of the first adj. is short o or u, and that of the second a, as boċóideaċ baċoideaċ, fulparnaiġ agus falparnaiġ, etc.]

Uraḋ, 6, *also* iorraḋ, apparel. O.Ir., erraḋ.

Urluiġeaċt, 92, smiting, conflict. [ord urluiġe, a smiting sledge-hammer, *occurs in my MS. of* bruiġean beag no h-Alṁuinne.]

Ur-Luaċraḋ, 112, strewing a floor with fresh rushes.

Urṁaisneaċ, 54, 72, 148, *apparently* boldly, energetically.

Urraḋnós, 6, *also spelt,* ornós, honour, reputation. [*Father O'Leary of Castlelyons tells me it means the kind honour at present usually called* creideaṁaint, *or* influence.]

Urṫógbáil, 18, 24, 29, *apparently,* a vigorous hoist or lift.

CRÍOCH.

IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY.

President:

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

Vice-Presidents:

The Right Hon. Lord Castletown.
Rev. Maxwell Close, M.A., F.G.S., M.R.I.A.
His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.
John Kells Ingram, LL.D., S.F.T.C.D.
His Eminence Cardinal Moran.
The Right Hon. The O'Conor Don, D.L.
The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe.
The Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D.D.

Executive Committee:

Chairman—Professor F. York Powell.
Vice-Chairman—Goddard Orpen.

F. A. Fahy.
T. J. Flannery (T. ó Flannghaile).
George A. Greene, M.A.
John P. Henry, M.D.
Fionan MacCollum.
Daniel Mescal.
Alfred Nutt.
J. Todhunter, M.D.

Hon. Gen. Sec.—Eleanor Hull.
Hon. Sec. for Ireland—Norma Borthwick.
Hon. Treas.—J. G. O'Keeffe.

Consultative Committee:

Professor Anwyl.
Osborn Bergin.
David Comyn.
T. J. Flannery.
Henri Gaidoz.
Rev. Prof. Richard Henebry.
Rev. Prof. Michael P. Hickey, M.R.I.A., F.R.S.A.I.
Douglas Hyde, LL.D., M.R.I.A.
P. W. Joyce, LL.D., M.R.I.A.
Professor MacKinnon.
John MacNeill, B.A.
Kuno Meyer, Ph.D.
Rev. Eugene O'Growney, M.R.I.A.
Rev. Peter O'Leary, P.P.
Dr. Holger Pedersen.
Professor Rhys.
Prof. Dr. Rudolph Thurneysen.
Professor Dr. H. Zimmer.

IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY.

The Irish Texts Society, established for the purpose of publishing texts in the Irish language, accompanied by such introductions, English translations, glossaries, and notes as might be deemed desirable, held its Inaugural Meeting on April 26th, 1898.

The idea of establishing such a Society had long been contemplated by the Irish Literary Society in London, and it is to their initiative that the scheme owes its origin. So far back as 1896, a Provisional Sub-Committee was appointed by their Committee to consider the feasibility of establishing such a Society, and a circular was sent out by Mr. T. J. Flannery (Tomás ó Flannghaile), Chairman, asking for support. The response not being considered sufficiently favourable, the matter was allowed to drop until May, 1897, when the Provisional Committee was re-formed, and a fresh circular, drawn up by them, was widely distributed both in these islands and in America. The Provisional Committee was composed of the following Members:—David Comyn, Dr. A. Colles, Frank A. Fahy, T. J. Flannery, George A. Greene, M.A., Douglas Hyde, LL.D., P. W. Joyce, LL.D., J. M'Neill, Daniel Mescal, J. G. O'Keeffe, Goddard Orpen (Chairman), Michael O'Sullivan, George Sigerson, M.D. Miss N. Borthwick and Miss Eleanor Hull acted as Hon. Secs. (*interim*), and Mr. R. A. S. Macalister as Hon. Treas. (*interim*).

At the Inaugural Meeting held in the Rooms of the Irish Literary Society in April, 1898, the Chairman was able to state that 370 applications had been received for Membership, and that over £50 had been contributed to the Editorial Fund. The Provisional Committee was then dissolved, and Officers and Committee were elected by ballot.

It is intended that the work of the Society shall be chiefly directed to the publication of texts in modern Irish. Besides the literary importance of such texts, it is hoped that they will meet the increasing need of students of the modern tongue for suitable reading-books, and will enable learners to form an Irish style upon sound literary models. While occupying themselves chiefly with the production of modern texts, the Committee, however, by no means overlook the importance of the more ancient literature; and it is proposed, when funds permit, to publish occasional extra volumes, containing earlier texts of importance. The first volume of this "Additional Mediæval Series" will be published almost immediately, and will contain the Feast of Bricriu (*Fled Bricrend*), edited, with Translation and Notes, by George Henderson, M.A., PH.D.

The Annual Subscription has been fixed at 7*s.* 6*d.*, payable on January 1st of each year, on payment of which Members will be entitled to receive the Annual Volume of the Society, and any additional volumes which they may issue from time to time.

The Committee make a strong appeal to all interested in the preservation and publication of Irish Manuscripts to contribute to the funds of the Society, and especially to the Editorial Fund, which has been established for the remuneration of Editors for their arduous work.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Society was held on April 26th, 1899, in the Rooms of the Irish Literary Society, 8, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London, W.C.

On the proposal of Dr. Henry, seconded by Mr. Goddard Orpen, Mr. R. Barry O'Brien took the chair.

The following Report was read by the Honorary Secretary:—

REPORT.

It is with regret that the Committee meet their Members on this the first Annual Meeting of the Irish Texts Society without having been able to carry out their promise to produce their first volume at the date at which it was hoped that it would have been ready, namely, in March of the present year. Owing to unexpected pressure of other work, Dr. Douglas Hyde has not been able to push the volume through the press so rapidly as he had anticipated. The work is, however, well advanced, and the Committee hope to place it at an early date in the hands of their Subscribers. The volume will contain Text and Translation of two romantic tales of the 16th and 17th centuries, entitled Giolla an Ḟiuġa (Lad of the Ferule), and Eaċtra Cloinne Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe (Adventures of the Sons of the King of Norway), with Glossaries and brief Introduction.

The Committee are glad to report that the additional volume promised this year to their Subscribers is also passing through the press, the whole of the Text and Translation being now in the printers' hands. This extra volume, which it is hoped will form the first of a series of volumes containing older texts, to be published occasionally as funds permit, will contain a revision of Dr. E. Windisch's text of the *Fled Bricrend* (Feast of Bricriu), accompanied by Translation, Glossary, and Notes. The editor is Dr. George Henderson, of Edinburgh. It is hoped that this occasional series of more ancient texts will attract the interest of scholars of the older tongue, while the ordinary volumes of the Society will, it is anticipated, prove acceptable to students of modern Irish.

Tomás ó Flannghaile reports that he is engaged upon the work of editing, with translation, Beaṫa Choluim-ċille, or Life of Saint Colum-kille, and that the first half of the work, to include some 150 pages of Irish text with accompanying translation, will be ready in October. This work will be edited from the autograph MS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and will now be given to the public for the first time. The book was compiled by Maghnus ó Domhnaill (Manus O'Donnell), brother of the reigning prince of Tír-chonaill (Tyrconnell), in the early part of the 16th century.

Mr. David Comyn reports that the first volume of his complete edition of Foras Feasa ar Éirinn, or History of Ireland, by Geoffrey Keating, is in active preparation, the preliminary work of investigation and comparison of MSS. being well advanced. He hopes, if so desired by the Committee, to have the work ready to go to press before the close of the year.

The Committee have received an offer of a collection of hitherto unpublished Munster Poetry, carefully chosen from manuscripts of the last two hundred years, to be accompanied by suitable translations and glossary.

They have also had an offer of a volume containing the earliest, or Book of Leinster, text of the "Fate of the Children of Uisneach," with translation and notes on the development of the story, from the time of the earliest versions to the late folk-lore forms. These offers are under the consideration of the Committee. If accepted, this latter work would form one of the "Additional Mediæval Series" of texts.

The Committee, in December of last year, appointed a special Sub-Committee to consider the possibility of drawing up a cheap, handy, pocket dictionary of Irish-English, English-Irish words for the use of students of the modern tongue. Under the active superintendence of Mr. G. A. Greene, M.A., and chiefly through his personal exertions, this work has made some progress. After careful and lengthened consideration, the Sub-Committee decided to adopt the method of compiling the existing glossaries of modern Irish words, in order to form a foundation upon which to add words gathered from other sources. Several workers at a distance are assisting the undertaking by drawing up alphabetical lists of words in common use not to be found in the existing glossaries. These words will be added to the lists already compiled.

Rev. P. O'Leary and Mr. David Comyn have kindly offered assistance in the final revision and editing of the work.

The Society now numbers 462 Members.

The Treasurer presented a Financial Statement showing the general position of the Society at the date of the General Meeting.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.	**Expenditure.**	£	s.	d.
To Subscriptions,	115	10	3	By Postage and Stationery,	26	16	6
,, Donations,	94	14	9	,, Photographing 'Life of Saint Columkille' in Bodleian Library, Oxford,	15	0	0
				,, Remuneration to Editors,	15	0	0
				,, Refund of Subscription and Donation,	2	3	6
				,, Balance in hand,	151	5	0
Total,	£210	5	0	Total,	£210	5	0

On the motion of Mr. G. A. Greene, seconded by Mr. Goddard Orpen, supported by Mr. Monro, the Report and Financial Statement were adopted.

On the motion of Mr. Nutt, seconded by Mr. Greene, Dr. Douglas Hyde was re-elected President of the Society.

On the motion of Mr. Orpen, seconded by the Rev. M. Moloney, the Hon. Secretaries, Miss Hull and Miss Borthwick, were re-elected.

On the motion of Mr. Greene, seconded by Dr. Henry, Mr. J. G. O'Keeffe was re-elected Hon. Treasurer to the Society.

According to Rule 6, three Members of the Executive Committee retire annually by rotation, or, in case of equality, by lot. The following Members retired in accordance with this Rule:—Professor York Powell (*Chairman*), Mr. F. A. Fahy, and Mr. M. O'Sullivan. Mr. O'Sullivan has since resigned his seat owing to absence from London; but Professor York Powell and Mr. F. A. Fahy were re-elected at the General Meeting. Mr. F. MacCollum and Dr. Todhunter were elected to fill the vacancies caused by the resignations of Captain De La Hoyde and Mr. M. O'Sullivan.

GENERAL RULES.

OBJECTS.

1. The Society is instituted for the purpose of promoting the publication of Texts in the Irish Language, accompanied by such Introductions, English Translations, Glossaries, and Notes, as may be deemed desirable.

CONSTITUTION.

2. The Society shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, a Consultative Committee, an Executive Committee, and Ordinary Members.

OFFICERS.

3. The Officers of the Society shall be the President, the Honorary Secretaries, and the Honorary Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

4. The entire management of the Society shall be entrusted to the Executive Committee, consisting of the Officers of the Society and not more than ten other Members.

5. All property of the Society shall be vested in the Executive Committee, and shall be disposed of as they shall direct by a two-thirds' majority.

6. Three Members of the Executive Committee shall retire each year by rotation at the Annual General Meeting, but shall be eligible for re-election, the Members to retire being selected according to seniority of election, or, in case of equality, by lot. The Committee shall have power to co-opt Members to fill up sual vacancies occurring throughout the year.

Consultative Committee.

7. The Consultative Committee, or individual Members thereof, shall give advice, when consulted by the Executive Committee, on questions relating to the Publications of the Society, but shall not be responsible for the management of the business of the Society.

Members.

8. Members may be elected either at the Annual General Meeting, or, from time to time, by the Executive Committee.

Subscription.

9. The Subscription for each Member of the Society shall be 7/6 per annum, entitling the Member to one copy (post free) of the volume or volumes published by the Society for the year, and giving him the right to vote on all questions submitted to the General Meetings of the Society.

10. Subscriptions shall be payable in advance on the 1st January in each year.

11. Members whose Subscriptions for the year have not been paid are not entitled to any volume published by the Society for that year, and any Member whose Subscription for the current year remains unpaid, and who receives and *retains* any publication for the year, shall be held liable for the payment of the full published price of such publication.

12. The Publications of the Society shall not be sold to persons other than Members, except at an advanced price.

13. Members whose Subscriptions for the current year have been paid shall alone have the the right of voting at the General Meetings of the Society.

14. Members wishing to resign must give notice in writing to one of the Honorary Secretaries, before the end of the year, of their intention to do so, otherwise they shall be liable for their Subscriptions for the ensuing year.

Editorial Fund.

15. A fund shall be opened for the remuneration of Editors for their work in preparing Texts for publication. All subscriptions and donations to this fund shall be purely voluntary, and shall not be applicable to other purposes of the Society.

Annual General Meeting.

16. A General Meeting shall be held each year in the month of April, or as soon afterwards as the Executive Committee shall determine, when the Committee shall submit their Report and the Accounts of the Society for the preceding year, and when the seats to be vacated on the Committee shall be filled up, and the ordinary business of a General Meeting shall be transacted.

Audit.

17. The Accounts of the Society shall be audited each year by auditors appointed at the preceding General Meeting.

Changes in these Rules.

18. With the notice summoning the General Meeting, the Executive Committee shall give notice of any change proposed by them in these Rules. Ordinary Members proposing any change in the Rules must give notice thereof in writing to one of the Honorary Secretaries seven clear days before the date of the Annual General Meeting.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

[An asterisk before the name denotes that the Member has contributed to the Initial Expenses of the Society, or to the Editorial Fund.]
[A † denotes that the Member is deceased.]

Abercrombie, Hon. John.
Agnew, A. L., F.S.A. (Scot.).
Ahern, James L.
Aherne, Miss M.
*Allingham, Hugh, M.R.I.A.
*Anderson, John Norrie, J.P., Provost of Stornoway.
Anwyl, Prof. E., M.A.

Baillies' Institution Free Library, Glasgow.
Banks, John.
Barrett, S. J.
Barry, Thomas.
Beck, P.
Belfast Library and Society for Promoting Knowledge.
Bergin, Osborn J.
Berry, Captain R. G.
Berryhill, R. W.
Bigger, F. J., M.R.I.A.
Blair, Rev. Dr. Robert.
*Bolton, Miss Anna.
Borthwick, Miss N.
Boston Public Library, U.S.A.
*Boswell, C. S.
*Boyd, J. St. Clair, M D.
*Boyle, William.
Boyle, Rev. Thomas, C.C.
Brannick, L. Theobald.
*Brenan, James.
Brett, Charles H.
*Broderick, Hon. Albinia.
Brooke, Rev. Stopford A.
*Brophy, Michael M.
*Brower, John L.
*Browne, Rev. R. L., Ord. Min.
Brunskill, Rev. K. C.
Buchanan, Miss Jeannie.
*Buckley, James.
Bund, J. W. Willis, Q.C.
*Burke, Thomas.
*Burnside, W.
Byrne, Matthew J.

Calder, Rev. J.
Campbell, Lord A.
Carbray, Felix.
Carey, J.
Carmichael, Miss Ella.
Carrigan, Rev. William, C.C.
*Casey, Patrick.
Casey, Rev. Patrick.
*Castletown, Right Hon. Lord.
Cavanagh, Michael.
Clarke, Henry Wray, M.A.
Clarke, W. H., L.R.C.P. & L.R.C.S.
*Close, Rev. Maxwell H., M.R.I.A., F.G.S.
Cochrane, Robert, F.R.S.A.I., M.R.I.A.
Coffey, George, B.A., M.R.I.A.
*Colgan, Rev. William.
*Colgan, Nathaniel.
Collery, Alderman B., M.P.
Colles, Dr. Abraham.
Colles, Ramsey.
*Colman, James, M.R.S.A.I.
*Comyn, David.
Connolly, P. F.
*Conway, Rev. David.
Cooke, John.
Costello, Thomas Bodkin, M.D.
Costello, Brother Francis, O.S.F.
Cox, Michael, M.D., M.R.I.A.
Craigie, W. A.
Creighton, Dr. R. H.
Culwick, J. C., MUS. DOC.
*Cunningham, J. T.
Curran, John.
*Curren, Rev. W. H.
Cusack, Professor J.

Daly, Timothy.
Darby, Martin, M.D.
Davies, Thomas J.
*De La Hoyde, Captain Albert.
Delany, The Very Rev. Dr.
*Delany, The Very Rev. William, S.J., LL.D., M.R.I.A.
Devitt, Rev. Matthew, S.J.
Dickson, Miss Edith.
Dillon, John, M.P.
Dillon, William.
*Dix, E. Reginald McC.
Dodd, Maurice J.
Dodgson, Edward Spencer.
Doherty, Anthony J.
Donelan, James, M.B.
Doody, Patrick.
Dottin, Professor Georges.
Doyle, J. J.
Doyle, J. J.
Dresden, Königliche Oeffentliche Bibliothek.
Drury, Miss Edith.
Dufferin and Ava, The Most Hon. The Marquis of, K.P.
Duignan, W. H.
Duncan, Leland L.
Dwyer, Arthur W.

Eccles, Miss C. O'Conor.
Evans, Miss E. M.

*Fahey, Rev. J., D.D., V.G.
Fahy, Frank A.
Farquharson, J. A.
Fenton, James.
Fernan, John J.
Ferriter, P.
Fish, F. P.
Fitz Gerald, Michael J.
*Fitz Gerald Lord Walter.
*Fitzmaurice, Rev. E. B., O.S.F.
Flannery, T. J.
Forest Gate Branch of the Gaelic League.
Foreman, W. H.
Frazer, James, C.E.
†*Frederic, Harold.
Frost, James.

Gaidoz, Henri.
Gallagher, J. S.
Gallogly, Michael F.
Galway Branch of Gaelic League.
Gannon, John Patrick.
Gavigan, Thomas.
Geoghegan, Professor Richard H.
†Gilman, Herbert Webb, J.P.
Gleeson, Rev. Matthew C.
Glynn, John.
Glynn, J. A., B.A.
Glynn, Thomas.
Golden, Miss B.
Gonne, Miss Maud.
Gordon, Principal.
*Goudie, Robert.
*Grainger, William H., M.D.
*Graves, Alfred Percival, M.A.
*Gregory, Lady.
*Greene, George A., M.A.
*Griffin, Richard N.
*Gwynn, Edward John, M.A., F.T.C.D., Todd Professor, R.I.A.
Gwynn, Stephen.

Haffenden, Mrs.
Hallissy, Miss Margaret Mary.
Hamilton, G. L.
*Hartland, E. S.
Harvard College Library, Mass., U.S.A.
Hayde, Rev. John.
*Hayes, Cornelius J.
*Hayes, James.
Healy, Most Rev. John, D.D., LL.D., Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert.
*Healy, Maurice, M.P.
Henderson, George, M.A., PH.D.
Henehan, Martin J.
Henry, James, M.D.
Henry, John P., M.D.
*Heron, Francis, M.B.
*Hickey, Rev. M., M.R.I.A., F.R.S.A.I.
Hogan, John.
*Horsford, Miss Cornelia.
*Hull, Miss Eleanor.
Hurley, Timothy J.
*Hutton, Mrs. A. W.
Hyde, Douglas, LL.D., M.R.I.A.
Hynes, Rev. John, B.D.

*Ingram, John Kells, LL.D., S.F.T.C.D.
Inverness, Gaelic Society of.
Irving, Daniel.
*Iveagh, Right Hon. Edward Cecil, Baron, D.C.L.

Jack, J.
*James, W P.
Johns Hopkins University Library, Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

*O'Shaughnessy, R.
Ossory and Ferns, Right Rev. The Bishop of
O'Sullivan, D.
O'Sullivan, Daniel
O'Sullivan, Michael.
O'Sullivan, Rev. T.

Parkinson, Edward.
Pearse, P. H.
Pedersen, Dr. Holger.
Pettit, Denis.
Plummer, Rev. C.
*Powell, Professor F. York, Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford.
*Power, Edward J.
Power, Rev. P.
*Power, William Aloysius Lucas.
Pratt Institute Free Library, Brooklyn, New York, U. S. A.
Prince, J. Dyneley, PH.D.
Purcell, Joseph.

Queen's College Library, Cork.

Raleigh, William.
Rapmund, Rev. Joseph, C.C., M.R.I.A.
Rhys, Mrs. Ernest.
*Rhys, Professor John.
Rice, Hon. Mary Spring.
*Richardson, Stephen J.
Robertson, J. L.
Robinson, Professor F. N.
Rolleston, T. W.
Rossall, John H.
Rushe, Denis Carolan, B.A.
Ryan, Andrew.
*Ryan, Mark, M.D.
*Ryan, Patrick J., M.D.
*Ryan, Rev. T. E.
Ryan, W. P.

Savage-Armstrong, G. F.
Scanlan, Joseph, M.D.
Scanlan, Rev. James, C.C.
Scott, Miss Jean MacFaelan.
*Sephton, Rev. John.
*Seymour, Rev. Robert, D.D.
Shahan, Very Rev. Thomas J., D.D.
Sharp, William.
*Shaw, W. N.
Sheehan, Daniel.
Sheil, Peter.
Shekleton, A. J.
Sheridan, Rev. Joseph, C.C.
Sheridan, J. J.
Shorten, George.
Shorter, Clement.
Sigerson, George, M.D.
Sinton, Rev. Thomas.
Smyth, F. Acheson.
Sneddon, Geo. T.
Stokes, Whitley, D.C.L.
Stoney, Bindon B., M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.
Strassburg, Kaiserlich Universitäts u. Landes Bibliothek.
*Sweeny, William M.

Taylor Institution, Oxford.
Tenison, E. R., M.D.
*Thompson, Miss E. Skeffington.
Thurneysen., Professor Dr. Rudolf.
Todhunter, John, M.D.
Toronto Library.
Traherne, Llewellyn E.
Trench, F. H., Fellow of All Souls, Oxford.
Twigg, John Hill.

Vallàck, Miss A.
Vienna, Imperial University Library.

Wallace, Colonel.
Watkinson Library, Hartford, U. S. A.
Walsh, Rev. Martin, P.P.
Walsh, Martin S.
Walsh, Most Rev. William J., D.D., Lord Archbishop of Dublin.
Ward, John C.
Ward, Timothy.
*Waters, George A., M.D., Surg. R. N.
Webb, Alfred.
Weld, W. R.
Welter, Y. H.
White, Major J., J.P.
White, William Grove.
*Williams, T. W.
*Wilson, R. H.
Wilson, T. C., M.D.
Windisch, Professor Dr. Ernst.
Wood, Alexander.
Worcester Public Library, Mass., U. S. A.

Yale University Library, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.
Yeats, W. B.
Young, Miss Rose M.

Zimmer, Professor Dr. H.
Zupitza, Dr. E.

LIST OF IRISH TEXT SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS

IN HAND OR ISSUED.

1. Giolla an Ḟiuġa [The Lad of the Ferule].
   Eaċtra Cloinne Ríġ na h-Ioruaiḋe [Adventures of the Children of the King of Norway].
   (16th and 17th century texts.)
   Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

2. beata Ċoluim-cille [Life of Columba]. By MANUS O'DONNELL, 1521.
   (From the MS. Bod. Lib.)
   Edited by Tomás Ó Flannġaile.

3. Forus Feasa ar Éirinn [History of Ireland]. By GEOFFREY KEATING.
   Edited by DAVID COMYN, ESQ.

4. Collection of unpublished Munster Songs and Poems taken from MSS. of the last 200 years.
   Edited by REV. P. S. DINNEEN, S.J., M.A.

ADDITIONAL SERIES.

1. Fleḋ bricrenḋ [The Feast of Bricriu].
   (From Leabhar na h-Uidhre, with conclusion from Gaelic MS. XL. Advocates' Lib., and variants from B. M. Egerton, 93; T.C.D. H. 3. 17; Leyden Univ., Is Vossii lat. 4ª. 7.)
   Edited by GEORGE HENDERSON, M.A., PH.D.

IRISH-ENGLISH, ENGLISH-IRISH POCKET DICTIONARY.

A SPECIAL SUB-COMMITTEE has been appointed by the IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY to consider the possibility of publishing a handy Irish-English, English-Irish Pocket Dictionary of modern Irish for the use of students. The Committee, under the superintendence of Mr. G. A. Greene, M.A. (Chairman), is now actively engaged in this work, with the assistance of a number of workers at a distance, who are aiding them by drawing up lists of modern words from published texts and other sources. Offers of help in the compilation of this Dictionary will be gladly received by the Hon. Secs., Miss Hull and Miss Drury, Irish Literary Society, 8, Adelphi Terrace, London, W. C.

The Rev. Peter O'Leary, P.P., and Mr. David Comyn have kindly offered assistance in the final revision and editing of the work.

Full information will be given at a later date as to the publication and cost of the Dictionary.

DAVID NUTT, London.

MR. NUTT *has published in the Grimm Library the following works illustrative of Celtic Mythology and Romance :—*

THE VOYAGE OF BRAN, SON OF FEBAL, TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING. An Old Irish Saga now first edited, with Translation, Notes, and Glossary, by KUNO MEYER. With an Essay upon the Irish Vision of the Happy Otherworld, and the Celtic Doctrine of Rebirth, by ALFRED NUTT. 2 vols.

I. THE HAPPY OTHERWORLD. Pp. xvii + 331. 10s. 6d. net.

II. THE CELTIC DOCTRINE OF REBIRTH. Pp. xii + 352. 10s. 6d. net.

SOME PRESS NOTICES.

Monsieur H. D'Arbois de Jubainville in the "Revue Celtique."—"Œuvre d'une grande valeur scientifique et d'une lecture agréable."

Monsieur H. Gaidoz in "Mélusine."—"Édition, tradition et commentaire philologique sont d'une critique irréprochable. . . . M. Nutt est bien informé: ses matériaux sont pris aux meilleures sources: son exposition est nette et précise : son livre est une œuvre d'histoire générale à la fois des croyances et des littératures."

Monsieur Gaston Paris in "Romania."—"Trés savante étude . . . qui sera lue avec grand profit par tous ceux qui s'occupent de littérature comparée ou d'histoire religieuse."

Professor Ernst Martin in the "Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum."—"Ueberall verwertet Nutt die besten und neuesten Hilfsmittel, aber er vermehrt auch selbstständig das Material und zieht eine Reihe von Schlüssen welche er methodisch begründet und zugleich klar und fesselnd vorträgt."

Professor F. York Powell in "Folk-Lore."—"The most valuable contribution to the history of religion and religious ideas that, so far as my knowledge goes, last year gave us."

Monsieur L. Marillier in the "Revue de l'Histoire des Religions."—"M. Nutt aura rendu un éminent service en portant à la connaissance des mythologues des documents dont beaucoup malheureusement ne sont mis à profit que dans le cercle étroit des celtisants ; il en aura rendu un plus grand encore en faisant avec tant de sureté critique et de solide érudition l'analyse et l'histoire des conceptions complexes qui y sont contenues."

Notes and Queries.—"This notable contribution to the history of Celtic myth and religion."

Manchester Guardian.—"The book is important, because it is a carefully reasoned constructive effort to get a working-theory of Aryan religious history."

Inverness Northern Chronicle.—"A reconstruction of pre-Christian Irish theology. . . . Professor Meyer's translations are admirable. . . . It is impossible to give in this notice an idea of Mr. Nutt's painstaking gathering of materials, or of the scientific use he makes of them in the work of restoration."

Modern Language Notes (Baltimore).—"The field has been thoroughly examined for material; the material has been well and clearly worked over. The statements of fact are always fair; the reasoning is usually clear, forcible, and just, and the conclusions sane."

DAVID NUTT, London.

THE CUCHULLIN SAGA IN IRISH LITERATURE. Being a Collection of Stories relating to the Hero Cuchullin, translated from the Irish by various scholars. Compiled and edited, with Introduction and Notes, by ELEANOR HULL. With Map of Heroic Ireland. Pp. lxxx + 316. 7s. 6d. net.

SOME PRESS NOTICES.

The Academy.—"The English reader could not wish for a better introduction to the wildest and most fascinating division of Irish myth."

Mr. T. W. Rolleston in the "Daily Express."—"This great Saga has many aspects—mystical, historical, ethnological, and literary. I have here touched on the latter only, but the more one reads it the deeper appears its significance and value, the fuller its interest. Every Irish reader who desires to know something, as all of us should desire, of his spiritual ancestry, should place this book on his shelves."

The Scotsman.—"A selection made and annotated with much judgment."

Northern Chronicle.—"The work of compilation has been exceedingly well done."

The Outlook.—"Miss Hull's very admirable edition of the Cuchullin Saga furnishes one of the best available examples of the character of Irish romantic legend."

The Daily Nation.—"Miss Hull's introduction is one of the most lucid and careful studies of mediæval Irish literature yet published in popular form."

THE LEGEND OF SIR GAWAIN. Studies upon its Original Scope and Significance, by JESSIE L. WESTON. Pp. xiv + 117. 4s. net.

SOME PRESS NOTICES.

Manchester Guardian.—"A careful, readable, and suggestive study which adds substantially to the results obtained by Madden's well-known book."

Academy.—"Invaluable in clearing the path for a final survey of the tangled wood of Arthurian legend."

Professor W. P. Ker in "Folk-Lore."—"A clear and interesting account of the part taken by Gawain in some of the romances, with a view to the possible interpretation of the facts in connexion with Celtic, and especially with Irish literature."

⁂ The special interest of this study to Irish readers is the clear demonstration of the parallelism between the Welsh Gawain and the Irish Cuchulainn. New proof of this parallelism is afforded in Mr. Henderson's edition of *Fled Bricrend*, the second volume of the Irish Texts Society's publications.

JUL - 5 1972

Stanford University Library
Stanford, California

In order that others may use this book, please return it as soon as possible, but not later than the date due.